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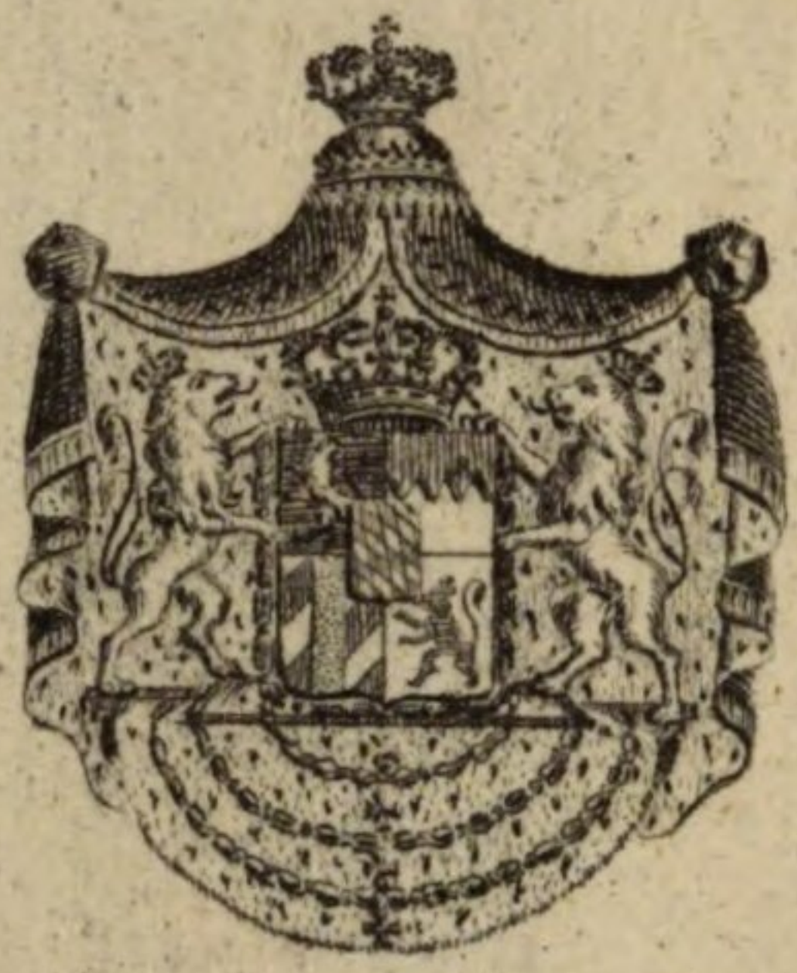

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LIVES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH

OF THE

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF THE

TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

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DIARY

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES

OF

GEORGE THE FOURTH,

INTERSPERSED WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM THE LATE

QUEEN CAROLINE,

AND FROM

VARIOUS OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

Tôt ou tard, tout se sçait.

MAINTENON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PARIS:

PRINTED BY E. FOURMESTRAUX AND C°.

—

1838

1. D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The authenticity of the following Diary and Letters is too apparent to be questioned. The reader, however, cannot fail to notice certain discrepancies which occur in the work, and more particularly in the earlier portions of it, by which it would appear to have been the intention of the editor who first undertook to prepare it for the press, to disguise—by assuming the masculine style in the Journal, and substituting the feigned for the real sex of the personage addressed in the Letters—the evident fact, of the former having been written by a female, and of the latter being communications to one of the same sex.

The reader, by being made aware of this circumstance, will be the less surprised at the other discrepancies which occur with regard to dates; some of the Letters being brought in at periods quite at variance with the dates of the Journal.

I

MEMOIRS.

SECTION I.

COURTS are strange, mysterious places; those who pretend most to despise them covet being within their precincts—those who once obtain an entrance there generally lament their fate, and yet, somehow or other, they cannot break their chains. I believe, nevertheless, that it is all one whether these circles of society, which stand apart from the rest of the world, exist under one form of government, or under another; whether under Emperors, Kings, Protectors or Consuls; they may vary as to modes and designations, but courts are courts still, from the earliest times even to these days. Intrigues, jealousies, heart-burnings, lies, dissimulation, thrive in them as mushrooms in a hot-bed. Notwithstanding, they are necessary evils, and they afford a great school both for the heart and head. It is utterly impossible, so long as the world exists, that similar societies should not exist also; and one may as well declaim against every other defect attendant upon humanity, and endeavour to extirpate crime from the world, as pretend to put down courts and their concomitant evils.

December, 1810.—Lady M—— C—— called upon me by appointment; we went together to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of B——k. She thought more

of me than she had ever done before, because I was on the road to royal favour, she herself being in her own estimation an engrafted sprig of royalty. (1) We rumbled in her old tub all the way to New-street, Spring Gardens, much to the discomfiture of my bones; for if ever the vehicle had springs, time had stiffened their joints as completely as it has done those of its *soi-disant* royal mistress. Lady M—— C—— was grandly gracious, and gave me dissertations on etiquette, such as it existed in her young days, till we reached our destination. We were ushered into the dirtiest room I ever beheld, empty, and devoid of comfort. A few filthy lamps, stood on a sideboard—common chairs were placed around very dingy walls—and in the middle of this empty space, sat the old Duchess, a melancholy specimen of decayed royalty. There is much goodness in her countenance, and a candour and sincerity in her manner, and even in her abrupt and rough conversation, which is invaluable in a person of her rank, whose life must necessarily have been passed in the society of those whose very essence is deceit. Her former friendship, for friends very dear to me, of whom she spoke in terms of respect and love, gave an interest to the visit which it could not otherwise have had. I sat, therefore, patiently listening to Lady M—— C—— and Her Royal Highness, who talked of lords and ladies of the last century, and wondered at those of the present, and passed trippingly over the peccadillos of their own contemporaries, to vent all their moral indignation upon those of mine.

(1) If Lady M—— C—— means Lady Mary Coke, it is well known she supposed herself to be the widow of the antecedent Duke of York; for when her mother one day found the Duke in her apartment, and rated her for the impropriety of her conduct, she drew herself up with ineffable dignity, and replied, "Madam, do you know *whom* you are talking to? You are talking to the Duchess of York."—ED.

Old Mr. L——ne (1) was announced: poor man, what did he get by his attendance on royalty? the ill-will of all parties. He knows many things which, if told, would set London on fire. Soon after his entrance, Lady M—— C—— arose, and, kicking her train behind her, backed out of the room in capital style. How the heart dilates or closes in the presence of different persons! It must surely be very unwholesome to be with those in whose society the latter is the case.

Went to Kensington—a great ball—every body of the highest fashion—Dukes of Portland and Beaufort, Earl Harrowby, (2) etc., etc. As I always wished the royal hostess well, I was glad to observe that the company then frequenting the palace were of the best. I sat down by some old friends, and felt that to be near them was a comfort, surrounded as I was by persons for whom I cared not, and who cared not for me; but the Princess beckoned to me, and taking my arm, leant upon it, parading me around the apartments. The inner room was set out with refreshments, and a profusion of gold plate—which, by the way, in after times I never saw: was it taken away, or was it otherwise disposed of? I know not. Sofas were placed around the tables, and the whole thing was well managed.

Her Royal Highness wished the company to come into this banquetting room; but, either out of respect, and not knowing whether they ought to do so or not, or because they preferred the outer room, no one would

(1) If these initials designate Mr. Livingstone, the tutor of some of the Princes, he was a good dull man, not likely to be intrusted with state secrets.—Ed.

(2) These noblemen and their wives continued to visit Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales till the King was declared too ill to reign, and the Prince became in fact Regent; then those ladies disappeared that moment from Kensington, and were never seen there more. It was the besom of expediency, which swept them all away.

come in, except Lady O——d, Lord H. Fitzgerald, and Lord G——r, who was forcibly seized upon by Lady O——d. Altogether, in my quality of looker-on, I could not but think that lady was no honour to society; and it was only surprising to remark in her instance, as well as in that of many others, how well impudence succeeds, even with the mild and the noble, who are often subdued by its arrogant assumption of command.

The Princess complained of the weight of some jewels she wore in her head, and said they gave her the headache; then turning to a person who was evidently a favourite, asked, "May I not take them off now that the first parade is over?" He replied in his own doucereux voice, "Your Royal Highness is the best judge; but, now that you have shown off the magnificence of the ornament, I think it would be cruel that you should condemn yourself to suffer by wearing it longer. In my opinion you will be just as handsome without it."

I was convinced, from the manner in which these words were spoken, that that man loved her. Poor soul! of all those on whom she conferred benefits, I think he was the only man or woman who could be said to have *loved her*,—and he ought not to have done so.

I dined again at Kensington. There were assembled a company of the very first persons of the realm. I was glad to see that what had been told me of low company was not true.

Wednesday, 9th, 1810.—This day, I found Her Royal Highness sitting for her picture. She received me with her usual graciousness of manner, and desired me to "come and sit,"—her phrase for feeling comfortable and at one's ease. She informed me that Mr. S——, the painter engaged upon the picture, was only altering

the costume of a portrait taken many years back, which she said was by no means doing his talent justice. Certainly the picture was frightful, and I have often regretted that I never saw a tolerable likeness painted of her. Although during the last years of her life she was bloated and disfigured by sorrow and by the life she led, the Princess was in her early youth a pretty woman; fine light hair—very delicately formed features, and a fine complexion—quick, glancing, penetrating eyes, long cut and rather sunk in the head, which gave them much expression—and a remarkably delicately formed mouth; but her head was always too large for her body, and her neck too short; and latterly, her whole figure was like a ball, and her countenance became hardened, and an expression of defiance and boldness took possession of it, that was very unpleasant. Nevertheless, when she chose to assume it, she had a very noble air, and I have seen her on more than one occasion put on a dignified carriage, which became her much more than the affectation of girlishness which she generally preferred.

To-day I received the following letter from my friend "Matt. Lewis:" (1)—

(Dated) "Holland House, Dec. 9, 1810.

"The only news which is likely to be *very* interesting to you is, that I have got a violent cold; and that, too, can scarcely be called *news*, for I have now had it about a week. Perhaps you may think this a subject of much interest to myself, but of very little to you; but I can assure

(1) Matt. Lewis, known to the public as "Monk Lewis." He was one of the most original characters I ever knew; he possessed generous and noble feelings, and talents of a very high description; but the whole was marred by conceit, which frequently rendered him ridiculous: nevertheless, his friends, who profited by his good qualities, and enjoyed the amusement which no one could at times better supply to society than himself, will not like to see even this shade thrown upon his character.—Ed.

you that you are likely to feel the bad effects of it, for it makes me so cross and so stupid, that you must not expect to find in this letter the slightest scrap of good-nature or the faintest spark of entertainment.

"Since you left town, I have been to Brocket Hall, and passed ten very pleasant days there *en trio* with William (1) and Lady Caroline Lamb. I was at Kensington, both Saturday and Sunday last, and dine there again to-morrow. The Princess was quite well—very anxious about the dear good King; talked a great deal about you, and expressed much impatience for a letter from you, giving an account of the wedding, and its antecedents and consequences. Nothing is talked of, but the fluctuations in the King's health, and the probable consequences, till I am wearied to death of the eternal discussion. Sometimes he is said to be so much better that Parliament is to be immediately prorogued; then he is considerably worse, and the Prince is to be appointed Regent, with full powers, the next day. The King's situation is so doubtful that Perceval is resolved to protract measures as much as possible, and the regal power is at present to be confided to a commission of Lords Justices; then again, the Prince, and the King, and the Lords Justices, are all to be laid on the shelf together, and the Regency is to be vested in Her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

"All these projects in their turns are sifted, and supported, and contradicted, and laid down again, leaving one, at the end of the discussion, just as ignorant and as confused as at the beginning. So that I grow quite wearied and impatient with the subject, and am in the precise situation of Sir Philip Francis, when the Prince was telling him a long prosing story, which still went on and went on, without coming to a conclusion: 'Well, Sir? well, Sir?' cried Sir Philip, out of all patience—

(1) Now Lord Melbourne.

'Well, Sir, well! and what then, Sir? what then?' At last the Prince said, 'Why, what's the matter with you, Sir Francis? what do you want?' 'Want, Sir, want? What's the matter with me? Sir, I want a *result*.' And this is precisely the only thing now which I want to hear about the Regency. Moreover, it is at last certain that latterly the King's general health is worse than it was; in particular, he has lately had an internal complaint, which in his peculiar circumstances is said frequently to be the forerunner of idiotcy.

"For my own part, I am for having the Queen at the head of the government; it is certain, that having a man there, has as yet produced but little good against Bonaparte, and therefore I should like to try a woman. Who knows, but the Queen may be the very woman mentioned in the Revelations, who is destined to be crowned with glory, and conquer the beast; and therefore, as soon as she is appointed Regent, I would immediately have her send a challenge to Bonaparte; decide the whole dispute by single combat; and if she will but follow the example of that illustrious heroine, the Princess Rusty Fusty, in setting her back against a tree, and defending herself with her fan and her scissors, I make no doubt she will have the same success, and lay the holy Roman Emperor dead at her feet.

"In the midst of all these political speculations, Lord Grey has made the disputants a low bow, and has gone back to Northumberland, to remain there till the middle of January. I asked Lord Lauderdale, if Lord Grey's friends did not find fault with his being out of the way at such a moment? 'By no means,' answered he with great gravity; 'Lady Grey is to be confined very soon, and he sacrifices every thing to the consideration of his wife. He was quite in the right. I always do the same thing.' (1)

(1) This is rather a strange affirmation for the man who is surnamed "The Father of Divorces."

London is very full, and the Duchess of Gordon has had some good assemblies. The Princess of Wales lives quietly; never has above four or five people at dinner, and has quite given up going to the play, though she owns, she considers this is a very great privation. I have been teased into promising to put together some showy spectacle for Covent-Garden; and the Princess insists on its not being produced before Easter Monday, as she says that till then she has no hopes of being allowed to visit the theatre.

"I am quite impatient for your return to town, not only because I shall be very glad to see you again, but for your own sake, that you may see La Perouse. I am certain you will be pleased with it out of all measure. I saw it the other night, and was quite delighted: and I promise myself great pleasure in seeing the pleasure which it will give you. There is besides a new actress, a Miss Booth, who promises to be the greatest acquisition that the stage has made for many years. She plays Mrs. Jordan's characters with great sprightliness; a very pretty little figure (but *not* a very pretty face, at least to *my* taste); great intelligence, much appearance of sensibility and *naïveté*, and, above all, a voice very sweet, touching, and so articulate, that it can be heard all over the house, even in a whisper. She dances, too, remarkably well, and is very good in pantomime. The only thing in which she fails is her singing, which is abominable; but I trust (as she is to set herself to the study of music immediately, with all her might and main,) perhaps she may mend this deficiency.

"How do you like Thalaba? There are always so many nothings to be done in London daily, that I have not read ten lines for the last ten weeks, till I came to Holland House, where I have galloped through two volumes of Madame Du Deffand's Letters, and with much amusement, though the anecdotes are in them-

selves of no great value; still, being written on the spot, and at the moment, they have a vivacity and interest which make one read letter after letter without weariness. The extracts from Lord Orford's letters contain frequently excellent things; and indeed, in Madame Du Deffand's own general observations, there is much good sense and plain truth; but that sense and truth, being generally grounded upon knowledge of the world, and experience of its inhabitants, it unfortunately follows, of course, that the information which it conveys must be of a disagreeable and humiliating complexion; but what puts me out of all patience, and seems to me quite hard-hearted, is Lord Orford's perpetually torturing the poor old blind woman upon her vanity and her indiscretion, and producing all her defects before her in terrible array, and that too, in the most unqualified language. Could he expect, that at eighty she would cure herself of her faults, or that if time had not rendered her discreet, his lectures would,—and if being indiscreet, contributed to her amusement, in the name of Heaven, why (situated as she was) should she not be so. I really think that this plain-dealing with a poor old blind woman, who had passed her eighty long years in frivolity, vanity, and dissipation, something barbarous; and I cannot see any purpose which this opening her eyes to her imperfections could possibly answer, except that of vexing and mortifying her: for, as to correcting her, she must have been long past that, and the idea was ridiculous, though, to be sure, the poor old soul frequently promises to set about the amendment of her faults, as if she was a little school girl, which is, in truth, almost as ridiculous as the advice.

"Have you read these letters? You know, of course, that they were edited by your friend, Miss Berry, who has also written the Preface, the Life, and the Notes, all of which are most outrageously abused by

many persons, though, in my opinion, without any just grounds. (1)

"Believe me, ever yours truly,

(Signed) "M. G. LEWIS."

To-day, I was invited to dine at Kensington. It was a private dinner party; the table lighted from above, and there were dumb waiters.

Thursday, December.—This was the Princess's birth-day. I went to pay my respects. Her Royal Highness was very injudiciously attired,—wrapped in a pink dressing-gown. Lady C——n was with her; she seemed dead tired of the latter, who in truth appears to be a dull woman, and there is an expression in her features of something very like deceit, and a sneer, which makes me grave in despite of myself. Shortly after her departure, came the Duke of Brunswick. He paid his sister a set compliment, and gave her a ring of no value.—(N.B. All princes and princesses give shabby presents).

The Duke of Brunswick is very near being a handsome man; his figure is light and graceful; and were it not that he carries his head ill, he would be a noble looking

(1) It would be difficult to account for this "outrageous abuse," were it not an established fact, that all women who meddle with literature, especially those in the higher ranks of life, place themselves in a pillory, at which every impertinent idler conceives he has a right to throw his rotten eggs. Miss Berry has, however, established her reputation as an authoress, in spite of all detraction. Her comparative view of social life, in England and France, is assuredly one of the best written and most comprehensive views of the subject which can issue from the press, and combines all the tact of woman's feeling, with the strength and terseness ascribed to male intellect alone. This work, so superior to the ephemeral fictions of the day, has obtained for her the sober and lasting suffrage of the public. The affection and admiration of a wide circle of friends, (a dearer boon still, to one whose heart, like hers, rests its happiness on *them*,) is that which it has ever been her privilege to call her own, and *their* pride to bestow.—ED.

creature. His eyes are deep sunk in his head, more so than I ever saw in any one, and his brows are remarkably prominent, with shaggy eyebrows. This circumstance gives him a sombre expression, and indeed, the whole cast of his countenance is gloomy, but his features are regular; and when he smiles, there is a transitory sweetness which is very striking, by the contrast to his usual severity of expression. In manner he is very reserved,—stiff and Germanic. He remained some time conversing with his sister in German, eyeing the lady in waiting occasionally askance. He seemed glad to take his leave.

Her Royal Highness the old Duchess of Brunswick next arrived, and still I was desired to remain. I thought this conference would never end; and yet it seemed not to delight either party. What a factitious life! The Duchess appears kind-hearted; the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said the poor Princess Amelia cannot live: she seemed really affected. I take her to be a kind-hearted upright woman, but not in the least clever, very slow in her speech and in her comprehension, whereas her daughter is precisely the reverse, and has no patience with the repetition of phrases, and the lengthiness of histories, for which, in fact, she feels no interest.

To-day, I had the honour of meeting the Princess Charlotte, at her grandmother's. She is very clever, but has at present the manners of a hoyden school girl; she talked all sorts of nonsense to me; she is a fine piece of flesh and blood, but can put on dignity when she chooses, though it seems to sit uneasily upon her. What will be her fate? It is impossible not to feel an interest in any human being upon whom such a weight of responsibility is placed.

There is no company at the Duchess of Brunswick's, but old women of the last century, and naturally the

Princess calls this a *dullification*. It is unwise for the old to forget that they were once young; this it is which always put the Princess out of humour when she is there, and she yawns and shows it.

There was a Count Munster who sat next to me at dinner, who seems quite ill placed in a court; for he appears to me to be a delightful and a particularly sincere person. He expresses himself on many subjects with great enthusiasm, and has all the sentiment of a German. He said Italy was a country in which one should not live too long. I asked him, "Why?" His reply was, "It is too delightful." The Princess of Wales told him, that whatever little good she had in her, she owed it to his mother, who had been her governess.

One day, Her Royal Highness said to me, "If I lived always with my cousins, the royal family, and if they were kind to me, I should like them, and care for them; but I cannot say, treating me as they do, that I feel that affection for them I should otherwise feel, except indeed for my dear old uncle; and he, poor dear, is lost to me now: so I confess all I am afraid of is, lest the Princess Amelia should die, because I could not then get out to amuse myself." There was a levity in this confession, certainly, but yet there was a sincerity in it, which made me augur well of the ingenuousness of her character.

The royal family had sent her presents on her birthday; the Queen, a very handsome aigrette, which the young Princess Charlotte observed was really pretty well, considering who sent it. She then laughed heartily, her own peculiar loud but musical laugh.

To-day, I received the following letter from Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales:—

"Monday, Dec. 10, 1810.

"I am just on the point of setting out for the Priory, my dear Lord ~~letter~~, where I don't expect to be much

enlivened, but go partly from civility, and partly from curiosity, to make the acquaintance with the 'Ida of Athens,' which I trust will gratify my search for knowledge, or my taste for quizzing.

"There is nothing new here under the sun, since you left the metropolis, and I lead literally the life of a recluse, for still public amusements are prohibited for the present. Thanks to heaven, no Lord Chamberlain has been appointed yet, otherwise the dear operas would have begun by this time, and I should have felt myself obliged to renounce this great amusement. The parties in Hanover Square, are not more lively than they were last winter in Spring Gardens, except we miss the galanti show, which was exhibited, of all the 'old fograms, since the reign of George the First,' which, I suppose, was intended to show the difference that existed between them and the beauties of Charles the Second, painted by Sir Peter Lely; but I am afraid his pencil, as that of Titian, or of Marc Angelo, (1) would never have succeeded in making them rivals of that happy century;—their beauty was much more valued and praised, except there is one precedent, which will remain on record in the Argyle family. (2) Your letter arrived most welcomely, as there had been various reports about a suspension d'armes, an armistice, or a retreat, resembling that of Massena; but all this puff must have been merely raised by envy, love of gossip, and newsmongers.

"I intend to go to Blackheath, before Christmas, to take in an additional stock of health, and strength, and spirits for the winter campaign, which I suspect will be rather longer than usual, parliament having met so early. Blackheath will be called Le Palais des. . . . (3) as the

(1) It would appear, her Royal Highness was not very learned in vertù, or very correct in nomenclature.

(2) I suppose Her Royal Highness alluded to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the beauty of the Argyle family of that day.

(3) This word is illegible in the original letter.

sleep will be the most predominant amusement and relaxation, otherwise I would feel myself dans l'ordre de la Trappe, being with my lay sister, (1) Mrs. Lisle, who has taken her resemblance from the springing skeleton. If any body would take the pains to write my biography, they would inform the public, that for some secret and dreadful crime this penance was inflicted upon her. This is the way one may vouch for the historian's veracity; but as I flatter myself, that this wonderful production of epistolary punning will remain in the archives of the illustrious family of the ——, that upon record, matter of fact reasons of my absence from Kensington will be known. "Believe me, for ever, your most sincere

(Signed) "C. P."

"P.S.—As much as you may admire eccentricity, I defy any person of taste and tact to admire Miss O——; she is just what Molière describes so well, in one of his plays, of the 'Precieuses Ridicules,' very plain, and has an unpleasing expression in her countenance; her figure is the most diminutive I ever saw, both in height and breadth, without manners and without grace; she sings, what every other person would call, like a crow, and plays the harp like a young school miss: in short, I trust that we shall not meet again. (2) And I can easily imagine, that all men, except the Marquis, hold her in abhorrence."

The above letter may convey to posterity an idea of

(1) Rather a confusion here of similes, and metaphors, and persons.

(2) This abuse is, and will be thought by most readers, to be unjust and false, and seems dictated by some private pique. Did Miss O—— ever offend Her Royal Highness, who was in general a good-humoured person? Miss O——, now Lady M——, was far removed above the reach of such squibs; and her decided superiority of talent ranks her amongst those who depend not on royal favour for success.—Ed.

the kind of ill-assorted matter, which filled the mind of this unfortunate Princess; but something must be attributed to her want of knowledge of the English language, and much indulgence may be extended to a person in Her Royal Highness's situation, who was constantly goaded publicly and privately, to irritation—a fact, which she was too proud to acknowledge, but which made her take refuge in an affected jocularity, and a pretence to wit.

Mr. Ward is certainly a clever man. He is frequently one of the Kensington guests; indeed, there is a great and laudable wish on the part of the Princess to attract extraordinary persons around her: this desire, properly directed might turn to her own advantage, and that of those who belong to her; but it evaporates in vanity, and produces no effectual improvement in her society. Mr. Ward (1) is a man concerning whom great expectations are formed, and various parties look at him as a card which, in their own hands, they might like to play; but there is something uncertain and wayward about him, which, just as one is going to like him, prevents one's doing so—though I was very near the mark the other night in favour of what he said of the Moon. (2) The Princess calls Mr. Forbes (3) *Mr. Fob.*—There is something ludicrously appropriate in this mispronunciation, I cannot tell why.

Again, I received a note from Her Royal Highness; the following is a curious extract from it:—

"The only astonishing news I can offer you is, that the Regent is dangerously ill; still I am not sanguine enough to flatter myself that the period to all my troubles

(1) Afterwards Lord Dudley, who promised much, performed little, and died mad.

(2) Madame de Stael said of him, he was the only man of *sentiment* she had met with in England!

(3) Now minister at Dresden; a remarkably clever agreeable person.—Ed.

and misfortunes is yet come—yet one must hope for the best.—Ever yours,

"C. P."

This day, dined at Kensington, *en petit comité*: no servants, but dumb waiters. These dinners are peculiarly agreeable—nothing to impede the flow of soul, whatever there may be of the feast of reason. The Princess gave a long detailed account of her marriage, and the circumstances which brought it about. "I,—you know, was the victim of mammon; the Prince of Wales's debts must be paid, and poor little I's person was the pretence. Parliament would vote supplies for the Heir-Apparent's *marriage*; the King would help his little help. A Protestant Princess must be found—they fixed upon the Prince's cousin. To tell you God's truth, [a favourite expression,] I always hated it; but to oblige my father, any thing. But the first moment I saw my *futur* and Lady J——y together, I knew how it all was, and I said to myself, 'Oh, very well!' I took my partie—and so it would have been, if—but, Oh, *mine God!*" she added, throwing up her head, "I could be the slave of a man I love; but to one whom I loved not, and who did not love me,—impossible—c'est autre chose.

"One of the civil things His Royal Highness did just at first, was to find fault with my shoes; and as I was very young and lively in those days, I told him to make me a better pair, and bring them to me. I brought letters from all the Princes and Princesses to him from all the petty courts, and I tossed them to him, and said, 'There—that's to prove I'm not an impostor.'"

Lady Oxford observed, "Well, Madam, it is the most surprising thing in the world, that the Prince was not desperately in love with your Royal Highness." "Not at all," she replied; "in the first place, very few husbands

love their wives; and I confess, the moment one is obliged to marry any person, it is enough to render them hateful. Had I come over here as a Princess with my father on a visit, as Mr. Pitt once wanted my father to have done, things might have been very different! but what is done cannot be undone."

"What a delightful court we should have now," said one of the party, "if Her Royal Highness was Queen!"

"I never wish to be Queen," replied the Princess; "the Queen's mother is enough for me."

Lord Abercorn was, at this time, a great friend of the Princess's; he frequently wrote to her, and was very curious to know how she got on with a new person who had lately come to her court. This lady had once been in his society, but had not seen him for years: "I will not satisfy his curiosity," said the Princess; "let him come and see;" but he came not.

To-day the Princess was in one of her most communicative humours. Poor thing! she was always looking about for some one to pour out her heart to, and never found one. Some dared not listen to her, others would not, and others, again, did so only to answer their own purposes; but as she was quick at reading characters, she often set the latter upon a wrong scent, which was amusing enough. In general, when I had the honour of being invited to Kensington, I avoided all questions, and endeavoured neither to deceive nor be deceived; but sometimes it was next to impossible not to ask a question, or make an observation, which the next moment was repented of. For instance, when she inveighed against England and the British court, I asked her if she had left Brunswick with regret: "Not at all; I was sick, tired of it; but I was sorry to leave my father. I loved my father dearly, better nor any oder person;" and the tears poured over her face. "I will tell you," she went on to say, and she mastered her emotion—"I will tell

you, there is none affection more power ful than dat we feel for a good fader; but dere were some unlucky tings in our court, which made my position difficult. My fader was most entirely attached to a lady for thirty years, who in fact was his mistress; she was the beautifullest creature, and the cleverest; but, though my father continued to pay my moder all possible respect, my poor moder could not suffer this attachment, and de consequence was, I did not know what to do between them; when I was civil to the one, I was scolded by the other, and was very tired of being shuttlecock between them." (1)

The Princess had a custom, whe n she drove out, of never giving an order, but pointing to the quarter to which she wished to be driven. The postillion watched her eye, and with wonderful quickness took the direction which it (and it alone, very often) designated. I have wondered sometimes, what this dumb-show mystery meant; I can only account for it by believing that royal persons divert themselves with very puerile devices, and that they play at secrets, as children do at hide-and-seek.

The Princess sometimes goes to see the Duke of Brunswick's two boys. (2) She climbs to the very top of a house at Vauxhall, where they are living, and having talked for some time to them, goes away again. These visits do not seem to afford either party much pleasure. She complains that they are frightful to look upon.

The Princess often does the most extraordinary things, apparently for no other purpose than to make her attendants stare. Very frequently, she will take one of her ladies along with her, to walk in Kensington Gardens—who are accordingly dressed—[it may be] in a costume very unsuited to the public highway; and, all of a sud-

(1) In this fact there is the seed sown, which brought forth the rankest weeds.—Ed.

(2) One of these is the ex-Duke of Brunswick, who went up the other day in a balloon, and is not a little eccentric.—Ed.

den, she will bolt out at one of the smaller gates, and walk all over Bayswater, and along the Paddington Canal, at the risk of being insulted, or, if known, mobbed,—enjoying the terror of the unfortunate attendant who may be destined to walk after her. One day, Her Royal Highness inquired at all the doors of Bayswater and its neighbourhood, if there were any houses to be let, and went into many of them, till at last she came to one, where some children of a friend of hers (Lord H. F.) were placed for change of air, and she was quite enchanted to be known by them, and to boast of her extraordinary mode of walking over the country.

Sometimes the Princess philosophizes; here is a sample of *her* philosophy. She said one day, "Suspense is very great bore, but we live only de poor beings of de hour—and we ought always to try to make us happy so long we do live. To tell you God's truth,"—her favourite expression, not always used appropriately,—"To tell you God's truth, I have had as many vexations as most people; but we must make up *vons* mind to enjoy de good, spite of de bad; and I mind now de last no more dan dat," snapping her fingers.

Princess Charlotte came pretty frequently to K——n at this epoch. Lady De Clifford was then her governess—that is to say, so named, for the Princess is her own governess.

The Princess of Wales speaks highly of Mrs. Fitzherbert; she always says, "that is the Prince's true wife; she is an excellent woman; it is a great pity for him he ever broke vid her. Do you know I know de man who was present at his marriage, the late Lord B——d. (1) He declared to a friend of mine, that when he went to inform Mrs. Fitzherbert that the Prince bad married me, she would not believe it, for she knew she was herself married to him."

(1) Probably O——o B——n, that was,

The Princess took great pleasure in explaining the state of politics and parties. She thought she had it all at her fingers' ends, because she had lived with Canning and Mr. Perceval; but she saw every thing through the mist of her own passions and prejudices; and consequently saw every thing falsely. She used to say, "the nation will go safe enough, whoever are de ministers, so long as de King lives; but when he dies every ting will be overturned. You will see; mark my words. The House of Commons do now busy themselves with trifles, which they had better let alone. 'Mais il faut être juste.' Ministers would never have brought in the Duke of Y——'s business had he not misled them. Had he told them the truth, confided in them, and said, I have committed a folly, save me from exposure, I will do so no more, he would have been saved, and de constitution too, perhaps, for the business would have been hushed up;—but no, his friends believed that he was intact; (our friends do more harm than enemies sometimes;) they said, the more the matter is investigated, the more it will be to his honour. You saw how de matter turn out,"—and she shrugged her shoulders. "I do assure you—to tell you God's truth,—had those letters been published, which were brought up, they might have produced a revolution; for they not only told all that is true, but a great deal that is not true."

The Princess was in the habit of saying jocularly, I have nine children. And when her hearers laughed at the joke as such, she would say, "It is true, upon honour; dat is to say, I take care of eight boys (1) and one girl; the girl I took by a very romantic accident. In the time of the disturbances in Ireland, a man and woman, apparently of the better class, left a female infant with a poor old peasant woman, who lives at Blackheath, and

(1) "De boys shall serve de king.—My good friend, Sir J. B., will take care of some."

with the infant, a sum of money sufficient to support it a certain time; but the time elapsed, the money was spent, and no one came to supply the old woman with means for the babe's future exigencies: so she came to me and told her story, and asked what she should do. At first, I thought of putting the child to the parish, but somehow I could not bear that, so it ended in my taking charge of the infant entirely at my own expense. She is now at school at Bath, under the care of a Mrs. Twiss, sister of Mrs. Siddons. I have not seen the child for five years, and do not mean to see her till she is grown up: she is now twelve years old." (1)

"It appears to me," said the Princess one day, "that jealousy and politics are untying the knot of Lord A—— H——'s love for Lady O——d: it is said that Lady O——d visits Mr. O'Connell and Sir F—— B——t (2) every day, and Lord A——d does not approve, but the greater reason still, is, that the Lady prefers Lord G——r." (3)

The Princess's villa at Blackheath is an incongruous piece of patch-work; it may dazzle for a moment when lighted up at night, but it is all glitter, and glare, and trick; every thing is tinsel and trumpery about it; it is altogether like a bad dream.

One day, the Princess showed me a large book in which she had written characters of a great many of the leading persons in England; she read me some of them; they were drawn with spirit, but I could not form any opi-

(1) Afterwards the Princess took this child, then grown up, abroad with her. She married, but I never heard what became of her.

(2) Sir F—— B——t, if it be he who is meant, in 1813 and 1833, is a very different person.—Ed.

(3) If ever Lord G——r was in such ignoble thrall it could not hold him long. He was too high, too noble, too much above the coarseness of manner and mind of that lady to become for any length of time ensnared.—Ed.

nion of their justice—first, because a mere outline, however boldly sketched, cannot convey a faithful portraiture of character; and secondly, because many of the persons mentioned therein were unknown to me. Upon the whole, these characters impressed me with a high opinion of her discernment and power of expression;—not that it was good English, but that it was strong sense;—but how dangerous! If that book exists, it would form a curious episode in the memoirs of those times.

The Princess told one of her friends one day, who repeated it to me, that her life had been an eventful one from her earliest years—that at one period, she was to have been married to the uncle of the Queen of Prussia—at another, to the Prince of Orange—at another, to this Queen's brother; the latter she said was a most agreeable man, not at all ugly, and very pleasant in his manners—that she had liked him very much as a friend, but nothing more. Prince George of Darmstadt (I think that was the name she gave the Queen of Prussia's uncle) was a very handsome man, tall, light, yet not too thin. "He turned all de women's heads except mine. I like him very much, but he was very perfide to me—a false perfidious friend. It was he who was the lover of the late Queen of France, and he was the real father of the last Dauphin. Just before I came to this country, I was very unhappy. My father said to me, if I would marry on the continent, he never wished to get rid of me, or to send me away; but if I was determined not to marry, that this situation which presented itself seemed sent by Providence to my advantage, and he would not suffer me to slight it. So, as a drowning wretch catches at a straw, I caught at this crown and sceptre; but if I had not been miraculously supported, I could not have outlived all I have done: there are moments when one is supernaturally helped." The Princess became very grave after this conversation, and soon retired.

The Princess of Wales is not what I think a female character should be, but she has a bold and independent mind, which is a principal ingredient in the formation of a great queen or an illustrious woman.

The Princess Charlotte always dines with her mother on Saturdays; this day, Her Royal Highness came with Lady De Clifford and the Duke of Brunswick. As soon as she grows intimate with any one, she gives way to her natural feelings, and there is an openness and candour in her conversation which is very captivating. I pity her that she is born to be a queen—she would be a much happier being if she were a private individual. I cannot make out what the Duke of Brunswick's character really is. The Princess of Wales seems fond of him, yet as she never speaks openly of him, I conceive there is something about him which does not please her. A son of Lord H. F——d dined at K——n, a boy of about fourteen years of age, who appeared uncommonly clever and very agreeable. He is being educated at Westminster. I asked him many questions about the school, which he answered most intelligently; but from all I can learn, the Etonians are more polished; perhaps I am partial to the school at which I was myself educated.

Lady De Clifford seems to be a good-natured, commonplace person, and the young Princess appears attached to her, which is a good indication of her ladyship's temper.

The dinner over, which always weighs heavy on the Princess, when composed of a family party only, Her Royal Highness recovered her natural gaiety, as soon as she returned to the drawing-room, and began talking eagerly to Lady De Clifford *en tête-à-tête*. The Princess Charlotte ran from one end of the room to the other to fetch herself a chair. I rose and said how shocked I was, that her Royal Highness had not commanded me to do her bidding. "Oh!" said her mother, "I assure you

she likes it; it is an amusement for her; she is kept so very strict, it is like feeling herself at liberty to fly about, —is it not, Lady De Clifford?" To which the latter replied sharply, "I assure your Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte has liberty enough with me." This retort again produced a stiffness, and the time seemed to drag on heavily until the Princess Charlotte and the Duke of Brunswick withdrew, when we went to the Opera. Mr. Ward, Mr. H. F——d, Mr. L——lle, (1) Mr. Lewis, Mr. North, and Mr. Macdonald came to pay their respects in her box. Mr. Lewis, the author of "The Monk," was not, however, a very suitable attendant upon royalty. Mr. Ward was clever and pleasing; but Her Royal Highness was not, upon the whole, much flattered by her visiters, neither had she much cause to be so.

Sunday.—There was, as is customary on this day, a large party at Kensington—but it was not so pleasant a dinner as usual, for the Duchess of R——d and her daughter, with Lady S——y and her daughter also, rendered it rather formal—and it troubled the Princess to make herself agreeable to them.

After dinner, there was an addition of Mrs. Poole, (2) Mrs. Lock, (3) Lady Dunmore, etc., and professional singers—Pucitta, his wife, Naldi, and Tremazotti. The music was procured only for the sake of making a noise —as it is merely an affair of custom with the Princess to have musicians, in order that it may be said she has had a concert; cats would do just as well. Lord A——d H——n was in a bad humour with Lady O——d; conse-

(1) If Mr. L——lle means Mr. Luttrell, that man so famed for wit and for eating, he was a kind and constant adherent to her Royal Highness, and proved his attachment by accepting frequent invitations to very bad food and worse wine.—Ed.

(2) Now Lady Maryborough.

(3) The once beautiful Mrs. Lock, La Belle Jennings de son temps.

quently, with everybody else. She is only seeking an excuse to break with him, in order to pursue a new intrigue with Lord G——r. The latter is much too good for her. These worldly intrigues are melancholy proofs of depravity—long attachments, even when not sanctioned by morality, excite compassion; but the ephemeral fires of passion, intrigue, interest, and pleasure, are loathsome.

The Princess dined with her mother, the Duchess of Brunswick. The Duchess of R——d, her two daughters, and the Princess Charlotte formed the principal part of the company; the Duke of Brunswick and myself were the only gentlemen. He is very silent, and appears to be somewhat of a misanthrope.

The Princess went to the play, a resource she always reserves to herself, to escape from a dull dinner. She was accompanied by Lord Fitz—d, her lady in waiting, and myself. After the play, I was invited to sup with her Royal Highness—as usual, she talked of her own situation, and her previous life. "Judge," said she, "what it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal-night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him. If anybody say to me at dis moment will you pass your life over again, or be killed, I would choose death, for you know, a little sooner or later, we must all die; but to live a life of wretchedness twice over,—oh! mine God, no. Well, time went on, and de case was, I began to be wid child, and all the wise people said so; but I pitied dem, for I no more believed it dan any ting for long time—at last, Charlotte was born. Well, after I lay in,—je vous jure 'tis true; upon my honour; upon my soul, 'tis true, —I received a message, through Lord Cholmondeley, to tell me I never was to have de great honour of inhabiting de same room wid my husband again. I said very well—but, as my memory was short, I begged to have dis polite message in writing from him. I had it—and was

free—I left Carlton House, and went to Charlton. Oh! how happy I was—everybody blamed me, but I never repented me of dis step. Oh! mine God, what I have suffered—luckily, I had a spirit, or I never should have outlived it." She said more, but I never can remember *all* she says. Poor Princess! she was an ill-treated woman, but a very wrong-headed one. Had she remained quietly at Carlton House, and conducted herself with silent dignity, how different might have been her lot. It is true, as her Privy Purse, Miss H——n once told a person of my acquaintance, she was so insulted whilst there, that every bit of furniture was taken out of the room she dined in, except two shabby chairs; and the pearl bracelets, which had been given her by the Prince, were taken from her to decorate the arms of Lady J——y. Still, had the Princess had the courage which arises from principle, and not that which is merely the offspring of a daring spirit, she would have sat out the storm, and weathered it.

The Princess, in one of her confidential humours, declared she believed that "Lady H——d was a woman of intact virtue—it is only a *liaison* of vanity on her part with my better half, but it will not last long, she is too formal for him." (1) I dined with the Princess and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the latter a most amiable and delightful person; but she is so witty and so very brilliant, so full of repartee, that her society dazzles my duller senses; and, instead of being exhilarated by it, I become lowered. (2) I often say to myself in society, "*Où trouverai-je ma place?*"—Total retirement, secondary intellect, se-

(1) These words were quickly verified in another attachment to a younger and more beautiful woman, but one not calculated to be so judicious or true a friend.

(2) What bad taste!! if ever there was wit which could exhilarate without wounding, or inspire gaiety without thorns, Lady C. Lindsay's was of that peculiar quality, and it was difficult to decide whether her powers of amusing, or her qualities to command esteem and love, were most pre-eminent.—Ed.

condary rank does not suit me—yet the world and the first circles, and the wittiest and the prettiest suit me not either—'t is not affectation, 't is a melancholy truth.

In speaking of Mr. Ward one day, the Princess said, "I will tell you what Mr. Ward is. He is a man all of vanity—he would marry for money or Parliamentary interest, or to a very fashionable woman, who would make a fool of him; but though *il joue le sentiment*, sometimes," she said, shaking her head, "I do no believe he has one grain of it in his composition. Did you ever observe how he eats? just like a hog with his snout sucking a trough."

* * * * *

A long lapse in my journal. My own life during this time, has been far more interesting to me than when in the busy scenes of court life, for I have spent the hours with ——. She left town to-day; so I had nothing to do but to take to my books and my violin, *et je me suis fait raison;* but it is a hard work, and an ugly manufacture. Lord G—bie paid me a visit, and announced Lord G—d's marriage with Miss B.—I don't know why, but I felt sorry; what business has that old drunken man to marry so late in the day? I received Her Royal Highness's commands to dine with her. She had been very ill with an *attaque de bile*, as she called it, and was lying on her sofa. After some attempts at conversation, which I had no spirits to keep up, I asked leave to read to Her Royal Highness, and I began *Les Malheurs de l'Inconstance*, and at seven, dinner was announced; the lady in waiting and myself, were the only company, for every person who had been invited, sent an excuse, except Mr. W., who neither sent nor came—how rude; these indignities were, however, in a great measure brought down upon herself by her own conduct. How true it is, that vulgar familiarity breeds contempt. The Princess was very ill during dinner-time; nevertheless, she would go

to the play for the sake of her little protégé *Williloin*, as she called him, whose birth-day it was. There was nobody at the play in her box, but Lord H. F——d. *My* nobody is, however, somebody's everybody. What is it makes me find the hours and days so long? Hours and days are coloured by our fancy, not by the sun or by the shade of nature.

The next day, I again dined at Kensington. Sir Harry Englefield, Mr. Gell (1), Lady O——d were the only guests. I was tired to death; oh, yes, to the death of all pleasure.

One day, the Princess set out to walk, accompanied by myself and one of her ladies, round Kensington Gardens. At last, being wearied, Her Royal Highness sat down on a bench occupied by two old persons, and she conversed with them, to my infinite amusement, they being perfectly ignorant who she was. She asked them all manner of questions about herself, to which they replied favourably; but her lady, I observed, was considerably alarmed, and was obliged to draw her veil over her face to prevent betraying herself, and every moment I was myself afraid that something not so favourable might be expressed by these good people: fortunately, this was not the case, and Her Royal Highness walked away undiscovered, having informed them that, if they would be at such a door at such an hour at the palace on any day, they would meet with the Princess of Wales, to see whom they expressed the strongest desire. This Haroun Al-Raschid expedition passed off happily, but I own I dreaded its repetition. It is said that listeners hear no good of themselves. That evening, as the carriage drove up to the door to take the Princess to the Opera, the box on which the coachman sat, broke, fell upon the

(1) Afterwards Sir William Gell—well known in the scientific and literary world—and best liked by those who knew him most; simple-minded, kind-hearted, and true.

horses, frightened them, and threw off the unfortunate man, who in the fall broke his leg. The Princess was shocked, but not sufficiently to prevent her from going to the Opera. Royal nerves are made of tough materials.

Sunday.—As usual to-day, there was a large dinner party. After myself, Lord Rivers was the first arrival; and the Princess, not being yet dressed, we had a *tête-à-tête*. He is a pleasant and an elegant man—one of the last of that race of persons, who were the dandies of a former century, and how much preferable were they to those of the present day. In the evening, the family of the C—gs came. I know not why, but there is something not altogether pleasant about them, though their talents command a sort of admiration, but too much is done for display. Miss C—— sings scientifically, still her voice is not *voce di petto*, not a delicious breathing of sentiment, which goes to the soul—it is studied, made out, acquired—not, in short, the *Canto che nel anima si sente*. I think the young man is better, though prim and pragmatical; but his verses on the dying Gladiator are full of spirit, and seem the dictates of a natural gift. (1)

I am half inclined to like Mr. Brougham, yet I feel afraid of him—a mind that accustoms itself always to look at every thing in a ludicrous point of view—everything especially that has to do with feeling (2)—cannot have one chord in unison with mine.

(1) These persons have been the victims of such shafts of fortune, that there is something painful in seeing their names thus harshly dealt with.—Ed.

(2) Mr. Brougham—now Lord Brougham. If such was his habitual frame of mind with regard to others, how many persons since have viewed him in a similar light;—what public character has ever afforded more scope for satire, not only with but at him? And yet he is an extraordinarily clever man—even his enemies do not deny it. The late Lord A—— said he was the cleverest man of his time, only he wondered what could make a person of his great abilities choose his line in politics.—Ed.

Mr. Ward I positively dislike—in the ignoble necessity of eating and drinking, as the Princess observed, he renders himself an unpleasant companion at table—then his person looks so dirty, and he has such a sneer in his laugh, and is so impious as well as grossly indecent in his conversation, that I cannot like this clever man. The night dragged on heavily, but as the Princess was not well, she soon dismissed her company.

Tuesday.—The Princess went to see a ship launched, the Queen Charlotte. We were too late for the actual ceremony, but what we did see was one of the finest sights as a moving picture that I ever beheld. Innumerable vessels gliding about, or rather driving one against another, filled with people gaily dressed—all appearing pleased with the show; but how false the appearance was in many instances, I myself can testify. Nevertheless, the pageant had a temporary effect in drawing off attention from individual sorrows.

The Princess went on board the Commissioner's yacht, where luncheon was prepared for Her Royal Highness and her party, which consisted of Lord Aberdeen, Lord H. F——d, myself, and her ladies. Lord Aberdeen is said to be very wise, but he does not condescend to display his stores.

After spending two or three hours on board the yacht, the Princess said she must take us to see Charlton, where she had passed the happiest moments of her life, and the tears rolled down her face as she spoke;—those tears were genuine. We walked accordingly to Charlton; it is a very fine situation, only looking over the low county of Essex, gives one an idea of marshy land, which makes one suspect it must be unhealthy.

When we returned to dinner at Blackheath, we found Lady O——d, Mr. Gell, Lord A. H——n, and Lady Jane

Harley, (1) Sir H. Englefield, Miss Berry, Lord R——, Lady G——d; the latter is a most curious-looking woman, but I think she has sense and originality. I like Mr. Gell more and more every time I see him. He is so good-humoured, so unobtrusive, so ready to oblige, that with his talents and temper one overlooks a slight degree of vulgarity in his manners. Lord R—— is less informed, less amiable; but in him there is a native elegance, and his voice in singing is most melodious: what a charm there is in perfect high breeding! (2)

To-day, Mr. P——, an old friend, came to see me, and painfully awoke feelings that had long lain dormant. How seldom after an absence do we meet with any person whose heart makes response to our own—either they are colder, or their manners, at least, are different from what they were when we parted with them, which makes them appear changed to us, whether they are so in reality or not. I thought nine years had sadly altered him, and obliterated all remembrance of the past,—but nine years effaces many things; it is the melancholy fate of every one who lives any time in the world to prove this truth. After he was gone, I accompanied Her Royal Highness, together with Mr. Craven, Mr. Mercer, and Mr. Gell, and the Princess's ladies, to the British Museum. "Now," said the Princess, as she was getting into her carriage, "toss up a guinea, to know which shall be the happy two who are to come with me;" but we had not a guinea amongst us, and we resigned the honour to Mr. Mercer and Mr. Craven. I cared not for it, but Mr. Gell, I saw, had rather have been one of them, for he blushed. Away we went, I was interested in walking through the magnificent library, and in looking at the statues—yet whenever I view these collections my mind is depressed.

(1) Now Lady Langdale.

(2) High breeding—the term is nearly obsolete; it requires a long and learned note, and then would not be understood.—Ed.

I devoured with greedy eyes the outside of the volumes, and wished—oh! how vainly—that their contents were stored in my brain. The whole life of a learned and laborious man would not suffice for that; what chance have I then, in the middle of my days, of accomplishing such a wish?—Then those beautiful statues, which, even in their mutilated state, testify the glorious conceptions of the minds that formed them! Yes, they breathe the spirit of departed genius, and will continue to do so, to ages yet unborn; but I—I—shall leave nothing to excite one emulative sigh when I am gone! I shall die, and nothing will tell of my existence! But happier far are those who have never indulged a wish for fame; if a few who have loved us in life mourn us when dead, that is the only tribute to our memories which is, in fact, worth seeking for. Down, then, proud thought, of living in after ages—be that which you are destined to be—fulfil the course which is pointed out by Providence, and be content. I have often wondered whether to a youthful mind it were an advantage or otherwise, to be led to view the highest works of art or literature at once, without previous preparation. If persons have great sensibility, I think it might rather be a discouragement—like the eye from which a cataract has been removed, and which cannot endure the broad beam of day, so a very young and tender mind should be gradually led on as its own powers develope themselves, to the contemplation of the most sublime objects, not as it were made blind with light.

I was informed that two of Lord H——F——d's children were dying. The Princess went to see him,—poor Lord H——F—— was in a state of despair, such as the fondest father only can feel. I like him, he is very amiable; but I regretted that Her Royal Highness should have exposed herself and him by forcing her presence upon him at such a time—the world failed not to lay

hold of the circumstance, and turned it to her disadvantage.

The next day, the Princess commanded me to accompany her to Lord A——'s, at the Priory. I had not been at that place for many years. What a change those years had wrought in that family; all the younger branches were grown up, some of them become mothers —and there was *another* Lady A——n! The present one is reckoned agreeable and clever, but how unlike her predecessor in beauty and charm! Lord A——n alone appeared unchanged, though all was changed around him; he sang, stalked about the room, and in short was *toujours lui*. He never will allow, I am told, any person to mention the children he has had the misfortune to lose. Alas! poor man, he does not foresee that soon another will drop into the grave. This wilful blindness to God's will is very awful. Lady M—— (1) alone, of all the family, seems blooming and healthy. I hope she at least will live. Altogether this visit was not very pleasing to me, I felt too much like St. Leon. The trees even had grown out of all proportion to my remembrance of them; but that remembrance was perfectly clear and distinct; it had been stamped into my very being, and only gave a more strange effect to my present sensations, contrasted as they were with the actual scene.

July 27.—Slept restlessly and ill. The past and the present floated in a turbid stream of thought, and the current glided so rapidly along, that I could not distinguish the objects it bore upon its surface. My impression was that of standing in the midst of a chafing, boiling current, against which I was vainly endeavouring to stand upright. The effect of this sort of waking dream was intensely painful. 'T is such nights that unfit us for

(1) How soon the blight fell upon her also! What a rapid decay in a family! A sad but salutary lesson!!

the days which are to follow. Mr. T—— again visited me; but I sought in vain for those traces of feeling, or any reference to the past, which I fancied he would evince—I did not meet with one. Paid a dull visit—what a pity it is when truth is not accompanied by any charms. Miss Smith, I think it is, who has said, that to be dull and disagreeable is high treason against virtue. To-day, saw Mrs. L— looking like a rose, and her husband like a sensitive plant sitting near her—from the *Basse Cour* to the garden was a delicious change. There is something very interesting in Mr. L—, but I believe it is because he takes no interest in anything—not that he is devoid of affection for his wife and children, but the finer particles of his nature, those evanescent emanations of spirit which are only cognizable to the very few, and which thrive not unless under the influence of congenial feelings, are dried up and withered within himself; and I should think can hardly be called to life again by any living object—perhaps the very woman whom he first truly loved could no longer exercise that power over him which she once possessed, even were there no barriers to their reunion. The fair illusion which presented her all perfect to his fancy existed only, it may be, in his imagination:—when time withdrew that heavenly veil in which he had clothed her, here ended the romance, but not the longing after that which he was destined never to find. It is to be lamented that no wholesome resolve has sprung up in its place to recover the waste of life, the listless hours—the effeminacy—which too often succeeds to excitement; there are always honourable pursuits open to an aspiring mind, and and there are realities in life which are worthy of the most noble and generous natures.

SECTION II.

FEBRUARY 10TH, 1811. — Of the many times in which I have commenced writing a journal, some reason or other has prevented its continuance, or at least thrown upon it that check which diminishes the pleasure of writing, and renders the matter less interesting. If nobody is ever to read what one writes, there is no satisfaction in writing; and if any body does see it, mischief ensues. So I will not write a journal, but brief notes of such things as I conceive may be amusing, without incurring danger to myself or others.

I am sorry to observe that the poor Princess is losing ground every day in the opinion of the public. There is a strong and a bitter party against her; and she is always irritating some one or other of these persons, and drawing down upon herself an excuse for their malevolence by her imprudence. It is to be lamented that she has no mental pursuits; that is the only safeguard against a love of intrigue. People must do something to amuse themselves, and when they are not employed in any work worthy of the dignity of human nature, they will do mischief out of mere idleness.

The Princess often read aloud. It was difficult to understand her Germanised French, and still more, her composite English. She was particularly amused at the Margravine de Bareith's Memoirs; this lady was sister of Frederick the Great—Devil. In truth they were amusing, as all memoirs are that merely relate facts. Her Royal Highness told me that if she were to die, her papers would be all examined; for which reason she had burned a great many, and that the rest — particularly the letters she had received from the Prince, either from

himself or written by his orders, previous to her having left Carlton House,—were in safe custody.

To-day, I had a letter from the most entertaining of all correspondents. Lord Orford's is a joke to this epistolary phenomenon.

"Christ Church, Oxford, 15th March, 1811.

"DEAR LORD ——

"It vexes me extremely to think that I must have appeared so ungrateful to your Lordship (provided that you did me the honour to remember that there was such a person in existence) by not sooner performing my promise respecting the drawing which you were so good as to desire, and my gleanings which regard the family of ——; but the truth is, that what with bad eyes, indifferent health, and a perpetual motion from one set of lodgings to another, I have scarcely been able to wield a pen, or open a book since I left London. Even now, my eyes feel as those of Juno's cow-boy must have done, when fixed upon her peacock's tail; and my eyelids resemble in comfort a couple of hedgehog skins inverted. Your Lordship must have seen a pair of dice in red leather dice-boxes—my optics exhibit exactly such a spectacle: then my head aches as if I were with child of Minerva every other day, though alas! there is but little of the Goddess in that quarter. When I last arrived in Oxford, I found that my rooms had been demolished in my absence, and discovered all my articles of furniture and study in the most chaotic confusion: so I looked out for a new abode, carrying with much pain and labour my *débris* about with me. But here, the sitting-room was too small, there, too large; in this place, the chimney smoked, in that, the housemaid was slovenly, and the cat in love. I could settle with comfort no where. My luggage, however, like Æsop's basket, became lighter by degrees, as I left half a dozen things

behind me at every lodging which I relinquished, and I never could hear tidings of them after. In fine, I am at last fixed—laid by for a while, like a poor slipper that hath been hunted through many unseemly places. I now send you the first fruits of my repose—a representation of Titania, with that little boy in her arms, concerning whom she hath a feud with her spouse in The Midsummer-Night's Dream. It is a wretched performance, but the best that my slender capacity can furnish; therefore I beseech you to cast an eye of compassion on its beastliness.

* * * *

Talking of books, we have lately had a literary Sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former luminaries must hide their diminished heads—a Mr. Shelley, of University College, who lives upon arsenic, aqua-fortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is desperately in love with the memory of Margaret Nicholson. He hath published what he terms the Posthumous Poems, printed for the benefit of Mr. Peter Finnerty, which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treason, is extremely dull; but the Author is a great genius, and if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Charwell. Our College of Christ Church is so full of noblemen at present, that one's eyes require green spectacles to preserve them from the glare of the golden tufts among these peers. The Dukes of Leinster and Dorset are pre-eminent, and both very good men, though the one will never head an Irish rebellion, nor the other write a poem quite so pretty as 'To all you ladies now on land.' The Irish Duke is much cried up for his beauty, but he does not strike me as being remarkably handsome, because his nose is fashioned like a monkey, and he hath got what in Ireland is called 'clober heels.' As to Dorset, he is exactly like a sick

Canary bird in a hard frost; all the milliners in the place admire Lord Herbert, while the wives of the Dean and Canons affect to admire Lord Apsley, he is so monstrous genteel and sickly. Shelley's style is much like that of Moore burlesqued, for Frank is a very foul-mouthed fellow, and Charlotte, one of the most impudent brides that I ever met with in a book. Our Apollo next came out with a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism, which I have not as yet seen; and there appeared a monstrous romance in one volume, called St. Ircoyne, or the Rosicrucian.—Here is another pearl of price! all the heroes are confirmed robbers and causeless murderers, while the heroines glide *en chemise* through the streets of Geneva, tap at the palazzo doors of their sweethearts, and on being denied admittance, leave no cards, but run home to their warm beds, and kill themselves. If your lordship would like to see this treasure I will send it. Shelley's last exhibition is a Poem on the State of Public Affairs. I fear, my dear Lord, you will be quite disgusted with all this stuff, so I shall discreetly make an end, requesting you to believe me your lordship's faithful servant, "C. R."

1811.—The tide of time bears in its flux and reflux many things away, and brings in others to supply their place. Thus, as we glide down the current, this life sometimes resembles a bleak and dreary shore, at others, the beautiful margin of some bounded sea, fringed with wood, and clothed with luxuriant vegetation—but still 'tis but a shore whose varying aspect, as we drift along, reminds us that it is no fixed abode. But there is a land of promise beyond the horizon of time, where time itself will be as though it ne'er had been. As years fly swiftly away never to be recalled, it is impossible but that at the return of the epoch which marks their flight, every thinking being should not pause, and reflect; and

standing as it were on the isthmus which separates the past from the future, trace out the path they have trod, and with inquiring glance look on to that which they are yet to tread. Regret, disappointment, misfortune, error, strew the track of most earthly pilgrimages—happy are those whose thorns and briers have not been self-planted, and who can, amongst their griefs and sorrows retain in memory's store the faithful lineaments of some pure happiness. To dwell long upon the irrevocable past, is vain—repentance should be deep and sincere—by its fruits the tree is known—so should its truth be proved, but to sink beneath the overwhelming nature of a gloomy self-reproach, to heap difficulties in our onward road, is to mar its best uses.

I draw the veil of private life upon one year; I have little to dwell upon during its progress that does not bring pain along with it. Since the month of June last my days have past in one uniform tenor, but not thus has my mind rested in abeyance. No! it has pondered deeply, and I find the result of these meditations to be, that religion and a future life are all that is really worth thinking about. The heart that acknowledges within it a hopeless vacuum—which has been disappointed in all its expectations, has burnt out its affections to the very ashes, and from nourishing every feeling to excess is forced to subside in the fixed calmness of indifference, and be content with common lifemust surely perish from inanition, if it aspires not to the life to come—"*heureusement, quand les mystères de ce monde finissent, ceux de la mort commencent.*" I henceforth determine to live mentally to myself. My out ward life will probably be a busy one; the worldly characters and worldly vices, and strange stories that I may hear shall be set down on paper without many remarks of my own, for which I may neither have time nor inclination. *La vie intérieure* is another thing.

Saturday, the 4th of ——, 1811.—Saw Sir Walter Farquhar. (1) He had been dining with the Regent, as he had been obliged to do for a week past. He would not say all he *could* have said, but from what I gathered, it is evident he thinks as all those must think who have access to know the truth; namely, that a long course of indulgence has at last undermined his Royal Highness's constitution, both mentally and physically speaking. It is given out that the Regent has got spasms in his arms, owing to his having leaned on his elbows at the time he sprained his arm, to save himself from pressing on his ancle! What egregious nonsense! But the same sort of stuff has been always said concerning Princes, whenever they were to be sick or well to suit public or private concerns. Unfortunately for myself, I have bought experience at too dear a rate, not to know, by seeing the Regent, what is his malady, and what is the cause;—a course of excessive and habitual drinking is invariably followed by debility, and will end in bringing most persons to a premature grave. The ministers now in power are in fact the Regent. The Regent dares not say nay, even when he secretly disagrees with them, and all the sense he has left is, to know that if the limitation placed by them were taken off, he would be utterly overwhelmed by the host of persons to whom he has made promises, that he neither can nor will fulfil;—for this reason, whenever the Regent has been called upon to come forward and act, the public papers have always made the unfortunate Monarch better, in order that there might be a plausible pretext, in bringing forward filial duty as virtuous forbearance, and making excuses for

(1) Sir Walter Farquhar, a man whose memory is scarcely done justice to, though he was sought after, trusted, and courted in life. If ever there was an Israelite without guile—one who had the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove — that man was Sir Walter Farquhar.

deferring that which he himself dreads—namely, the possession of the power to fulfil promises he has no longer the inclination to keep. I think the party who have looked up so long to him cannot continue to be thus gulled without showing their teeth;—in fact, the throne totters, and the country, which has hitherto supported it, is not steady. In the language of Scripture, it "reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man." (1)

To-day, I was again one of the guests at Kensington. The Princess Charlotte was there. She is grown excessively, and has all the fulness of a person of five-and-twenty. She is neither graceful nor elegant, yet she has a peculiar air, *et tous les prestiges de la royauté et du pouvoir*. In spite of the higher powers of reason and of justice, these always cast a dazzling lustre, through which it is difficult to see the individuals as they really are. The Princess Charlotte is above the middle height, extremely spread for her age; her bosom full, but finely shaped; her shoulders large, and her whole person voluptuous; but of a nature to become soon spoiled, and without much care and exercise she will shortly lose all beauty in fat and clumsiness. Her skin is white, but not a transparent white—little or no shade in her face,—but her features are very fine. Their expression, together with that of her general demeanour, is noble. Her feet are rather small, and her hands and arms are finely moulded. She has a hesitation in her speech, amounting almost to a stammer, an additional proof, if any were wanting, of her being her father's own child; but

(1) There is nothing new in this conduct of the Regent; all Princes who scorn their father's ministers and measures during their minority, generally adopt both, when they come to reign. The likeness so often drawn between the Regent in his youth to the Hal of Shakspeare, and the similar change of conduct with that Prince when he came to the throne, and which is made an excuse for every caprice of humour and every change of system, has told the tale long ago of an heir-apparent and a crowned monarch.

in every thing, she is his very prototype. Her voice is flexible, its tones dulcet, except when she laughs, then it becomes too loud, but is never unmusical. She seems to wish to be admired more as a lovely woman than a Queen. Yet she has lost quickness both of fancy and penetration, and would fain reign despotically, or I am much mistaken. I fear that she is capricious, self-willed, and obstinate. I think she is kind-hearted, clever, and enthusiastic. Her faults have evidently never been checked, nor her virtues fostered. The "generous purpose" may have risen in her breast, but it has never been *fixed there*. How much does every day's experience convince me, that from the crowned head to the labouring peasant, no fine qualities are truly valuable without a fixed principle to bind them together and give them stability.

The Princess Charlotte was excessively gracious to me; the wind blew my way "*wooingly*," but that was all. Never was a truer word spoken by man, than that Princes *are a race à part*.

I cannot conceive why the Princess of Wales should dislike that any friend of hers should become intimate with her mother's lady, Madame de Haeckle. I met the latter this day, but found that this short visit was all the communication I was ever to have with her, if I desired to retain the favour of Her Royal Highness. I conclude, therefore, she knows more than is wished. Lord L—— has been paying Her Royal Highness great court lately. I fear perhaps that, when she broke with her former counsellor, she made a confidant of this man, and so she has fallen into his power, and he is making a tool of her. I see by the great fuss she has made, and the curiosity she has evinced about the Duke of D——, that Lord L—— has been schooling Her Royal Highness respecting his Grace; but what a weak man Lord L—— was to suppose that he will ever marry his

daughter to the Duke through her means. The Princess naturally wishes it: first, for the amusement of having something to occupy her; and secondly, thinking, I suppose, to gain in her turn, through Lord L——'s interest, a powerful friend and supporter in the Duke of D——, should he become the Prince's son-in-law. How little do all these people know of the matter they are fighting about. I know not much, but I think better of him than to suppose he would be the tool of such machinations. The more I see of courts and of the world, the more I wish to escape their polluting influence. The spirit of intrigue which reigns around, the petty passions and debasing contrivances which take place in them, are apt to deaden the finer qualities both of heart and head. The danger is, lest they should become wholly crushed and withered.

Her Royal Highness talked a great deal of the D——s as a family, knowing nothing at all about them. She abused and *denigréd* the ladies, and repeated all that Mr. G—— had once told her of their being false friends. This gossip she related in her favourite way, saying—A person once told *her*, that another person, a gentleman, a friend of both parties, told *him*, that one of the ladies had spoken very ill of *a lady* she pretends to like. If this is true, it is a pity, and I have other reasons for thinking there may be some truth in the story; but who can aver that they have not themselves been occasionally guilty of saying unkind or pettish things of a friend? If every thing was repeated, what would become of society? *Le palais de la vérité* would be a hell upon earth. The Princess further went on to say, that she had been credibly informed, "I tell you God's truth," (her favourite expression) when the second Duchess of D. was at C——k, she spent about twelve hundred pounds in five weeks; and on the Duke's man

of business representing that measures should be taken to regulate the household, the Duchess took offence and immediately went away—that was the only way of settling the business: but what is very odd, continued the Princess, is, that in arranging her future furniture, etc., the family diamonds were not appointed to any one. Sir S—— R—— gave it as his opinion, that they, in consequence, became the Duchess's, being considered as part of her paraphernalia; but the comical part of all the story is that she wrote a letter to the D——, saying, for his sake, his sister's sake, and all their sakes, she should take the diamonds, but that if he ever married, her Grace would return them to his wife. Vat did she mean?—tell me dat riddle.—Every body laughed at the Princess's amusing way of telling a story.

Mrs. A—— and Mr. Davy dined with Her Royal Highness. I also was of the party. I had never yet become acquainted with this celebrated man, so I took his superior abilities upon trust. His superior ugliness I know by ocular demonstration. Mrs. A—— seems tinctured with something like love. I wonder if he will analyze the sentiment. (1) In the evening, the Princess went to the Duchess of Brunswick's. I am not permitted to talk to Madame de Haeckle, or I should be very much amused. But no,—that is forbidden ground; and whenever we attempt conversation, the Royalties interfere, and there is an end of it. If ever I might converse with the old Duchess of Brunswick freely, there is such a pleasure in pleasing, and it is so easy to please an old person, that from that source also I could derive interest. But I must not. Oh! it is a hard thing to be placed amongst many women, (the devil among the tailors is a joke to it,) and bound to be civil and make the agree-

(1) Afterwards Sir Humphry Davy, and who married Mrs. A——. He was a very delightful man, and she a still more delightful woman, but neither of them the least suited to each other.

able to all; but there is a hardness of manner in the Princess towards her mother, unlike her general demeanour to others, which sometimes revolts me.

Her Royal Highness once read through the whole of *Candide* to one of her ladies, who told me her opinion of it, which does her honour. She said,—"its character as a work of extreme cleverness has been so long established, that to venture in the least to detract from it, is to encounter the ridicule of a multitude. I must say, however, that the persiflage which reigns throughout, and in which its whole essence consists, is not consonant to my taste or understanding. Vicious subjects ought not to be treated lightly; they merit the coarsest clothing, and ought to be arrayed in language which would create abhorrence and disgust. But the whole work seems designed to turn vice into virtue. Either it has no aim or end, or it has one which should be loathed. It must be confessed, however, that the tripping levity of its self-assurance, and the sarcastic drollery of its phrase, excite laughter; but it is a poor prerogative after all to be the mental buffoon of ages."

Though I, perhaps, have more indulgence for Voltaire, in consideration of his vast talents, than my fair friend, yet I admired the *woman* who thought and spoke thus, and Her Royal Highness is fortunate in having such a friend. But I fear princes and princesses do not suffer those who are inclined to be their true friends to be so long.

To-day I was admitted to the Duchess of Brunswick, to pay my respects in a morning visit, and had a *tête-à-tête*, interview. I found her sitting, as usual, in the middle of her empty dull room. It is wonderful how little power *locale* has over some persons, and how much it affects others. She made my heart ache for her, poor old soul, when she said, "I have nothing to love; no one loves me!"—Alas! what a picture of human wretch-

edness did that short sentence comprise. I have had too much reason to know since, that she spoke the truth. The heart that thus seeks in vain for some reciprocal affection, must either break or become callous. I know not which is the preferable alternative.

About this time, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was introduced, by a very injudicious friend of hers, to a set of low persons, totally unfitting her private society :—viz. three singers, the father, mother, and son; and also a number of people belonging to a school, whom Her Royal Highness allowed and encouraged to treat her very disrespectfully. This at first originated in her love of ease and indolence, which is indulged by living with persons of inferior rank; but in after-times I much fear there were other reasons for submiting to such an unworthy set of people.

The Princess sent for me to execute a commission, of selling two enormous unset diamonds. I did not like the office, and cannot understand what could induce Her Royal Highness to part with them, or why she should be in difficulty for any sum of money which she can reasonably want. Is she then drained by the old music master, and will her eyes never be opened to his rapaciousness? or is there a worse reason?

I went yesterday to Mrs. N——, paid a long visit, and asked to see her children, and admired them by words, but cared not twopence for them,—poor little ugly things! What duplicity does the civilization of mankind naturally impose! So I sometimes think, and turn from myself and others equally disgusted; but as there must be *de la petite monnaie*—base coin though it be,—this currency of dross is only received as it is given :—and besides, as long as we do not do any thing base or wicked in order to please, it is amiable to please, even at the expense of sincerity.—I took the diamonds with which I had been intrusted to several jewellers; one man

offered only a hundred and fifty pounds for them. I knew this was ridiculous, and so I restored them to Her Royal Highness:—what became of them I know not, but this I do know, that one of the jewellers, by referring to his books, declared that they were jewels belonging to the Crown.

Received an invitation from Her Royal Highness to go to Brandenburgh House. When I arrived I found her walking in her garden with Lord L——. Shortly after, he went away, and Her Royal Highness talked over the present state of politics and royal feuds. She was low, but not subdued in spirit; wounded, but not malignant. She related with great spirit and drollery the visit of the Queen to the Duchess of Brunswick, and told me that when she, the Princess of Wales, was at her mother's the other day, the old lady (1) said in her blunt way, "Madame de Haeckle, you may have a day to yourself on Wednesday next, for the Prince has invited me to dine at Carlton House, and he will not suffer any lady-attendants to go there; and as my son accompanies me, I shall not want you." This speech astonished all present save her daughter, who had been apprised by the Duke of Kent that such an invitation would take place. It was so unfeeling to announce this with an air of triumph to the Princess of Wales, that but for the poor Duchess being very weak and easily gulled, one must have conceived her to be devoid of all heart. This speech was followed by a general cessation of all conversation, Madame de Haeckle only looking dismayed. The Duchess of Brunswick first broke silence, by turning suddenly to her daughter and saying, "Do you think I should be carried up stairs on my cushion?" To which

(1) It is difficult to understand how a mother could like to affront her own child; but such are the unnatural discrepancies in the human character, in that of princes particularly; for on the whole the Duchess of B. was a kind-hearted woman.

the Princess, with a curious presence of mind, replied coolly, "There is no up stairs, I believe; the apartments are all on one floor." "Oh, charming, that is delightful!" rejoined the Duchess; and with a few more queries, to which the Princess always replied with the greatest self-possession and sang froid, as though she was not in the least hurt, this strange royal farce ended.

The Duke of Brunswick, however, came to the Princess his sister, and said, "This must not be. You must not suffer her to think of going." Accordingly, Lady G—— was despatched the next morning with a long letter written by the Princess to her mother, explaining to her that if she went to Carlton House, her presence there would seem like a tacit acknowledgment that she was satisfied with the Prince's conduct to her daughter; that he was in the right; that she, the Princess, merited the treatment he gave her. Lady G—— read the letter to the Duchess, then by word of mouth confirmed the contents, and further commented thereon; but the Duchess was immoveable in her intention, and persisted in going. "No," said she; "I see the business quite in another point of wiew from what you do; I love my daughter above all things, and would do any thing in the world for her, but I must go to Carlton House." Lady G—— continued in earnest converse and entreaty with her for two hours, but nothing appeared to move the old lady from her determination; when weary and worn, the ambassadress was about to depart, the Duchess cried out—"No, no: tell her I love her of all things, but give her no hopes upon this subject. The Princess has a jewel in you; (1) you have done your embassy well; but give her no hopes."

"*Eh bien!*" said the Princess, continuing her narration of this curious scene, and drawing her breath as she

(1) That was true: a more delightful or good person never existed—one who united so many rare qualities in one person.

usually does when she is angry. "I gave the matter up, and thought, like many other things, it could not be helped; when the next day I received a letter from my mother, saying, 'Far be it from me to do any thing contrary to your interests: and hearing that there is a doubt upon the subject, I shall not go to Carlton House.' This resolve astonished me as much as my mother's previous determination, and I immediately wrote to say how grateful I was to her; in proof of which, I begged to dine with her the next day, and added that I should take no notice of what had passed." "Accordingly," she continued, "nothing was said upon the subject, and there the business ended; but was there ever such an idea entered a mother's head!" added the Princess. "It was so evidently a trap, that was set to inveigle the poor old Duchess into a tacit condemnation of *me!*"

The one half of human life is generally passed in giving oneself wounds, the other in healing them. Lady M——, whom I conveyed in my carriage to her lone empty house, left a sadness in my mind. She has not perhaps one real friend among all the numerous worldly persons, calling themselves such, for whom she has sacrificed her affections and her life. Her tastes are of the most extravagant kind, and above her fortune, and her mind has been too long suffered to waste itself in desultory pursuits after phantoms, to be able to recover its tone, and derive from its own resources that interest, which the world can neither give nor take away. Yet I think her case peculiarly hard. Lady H—— ought never to have forsaken her. But she is one of the many who have loved and lived in vain.

I was sent for to Kensington: found Her Royal Highness talking to Dr. Moseley and Lady A—— H——n. I overheard her say to the latter, "Now, dear Lady Anne, take Dr. Moseley and show him the apartments above stairs." I understood what that meant, and that my visit

must be a *tête-à-tête*. I trembled, for I fear it is in vain to do her any good. She came to me; and having spoken a few phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wishes to have published:—her whole correspondence with the Prince relative to Lady J— —' dismissal; his subsequent neglect of the Princess; and, finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, etc., at the time of the secret inquiry,—when, if proof could have been brought against her, it certainly would have been done; and which acquittal, to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time. A common criminal is publicly condemned or acquitted. Her Royal Highness commanded me to have these letters published forthwith,—saying, "You may sell them for a great sum." At first, (for she had spoken to me before concerning this business,) I thought of availing myself of the opportunity; but upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation; for if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will do so at least from good and disinterested motives, not from any sordid views. The Princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue, but not for fare or fee. I own I tremble, not so much for myself as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published.—Why make a secret of it at all? If wrong, it should not be done; if right, it should be done openly and in the face of her enemies. In Her Royal Highness's case, as in that of wronged princes in general, why do they shrink from straight-forward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked policy? I wish in this particular instance I could make Her Royal Highness feel thus; but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and will not condescend to an avowed explanation. She wishes her cause to be espoused by others.—This appears

to me a very false pride. But were I to propose to Her Royal Highness to place this affair in other and abler hands than my own, she would suppose that I shrunk from the task. Now that is not the case; whatever imprudence there may be, there is no dishonour in the service I am about to render her; let me not therefore seem to wish to avoid it.

Shortly after, for some reason or other, which never came to my knowledge, I was spared all further anxiety upon the subject, as other parties stepped forward, and Her Royal Highness, knowing that I would not profit by the transaction, permitted her papers to be placed in their hands.

Friday, October 21st.—Yesterday, the melancholy Lady M—— came to see me. I was obliged to go to Kensington by appointment, so I could not take Lady M—— with me in the carriage, and she walked away on foot. I was quite grieved at heart for her. She was more depressed in spirit than ever. When I arrived at the palace, Her Royal Highness was standing at the window, evidently awaiting my arrival impatiently. She finished reading to me the rest of the papers and correspondence, which occupy at present so much of her thoughts. I have never known a more extraordinary person than the Princess. She writes occasionally with much spirit, and many of the copies of her letters to the Prince are both clever and touching; sometimes there is a series of exalted sentiment in what she says and does that quite astonishes me, and makes me rub my eyes and open my ears, to know if it is the *same* person who condescends to talk low nonsense, and sometimes even gross ribaldry. One day I think her all perfection—another I know not what to think. The tissue of her character is certainly more uneven than that of any other person I was ever acquainted with. One day, there is

tinsel and tawdry—another worsted—another silk and satin—another gold and jewels—another *de la boue, de la crasse,—que dirais-je? et peut-être j'ai trop dit.*

I have so often determined to write a consecutive journal, and have so often failed, not from idleness, which is not my besetting sin, but from the danger of telling all I think—all I know—that I have shrunk back into silence, and thought it better, wiser perhaps, to forget entirely the passing events of the day, than to record them.

After the examination of the papers, I was desired to remain during luncheon. Lady A—— H——d was the lady in waiting, and she was sent for to attend. I believe the Princess has told the whole story to her, and, as she is very fond of secrets, I make no doubt she has heard them in all their details. Then there are other ladies who, I shrewdly suspect, have also been admitted to this confidence. Most women, indeed, think a secret is not worth knowing, if one may not tell it to a dozen or two intimate friends. To own the truth, I am a very bad hand at keeping secrets myself, and my best chance of doing so is the great facility with which I forget them. Nothing that does not interest my heart or my passions has any great hold over my imagination or thoughts. I am only vulnerable through my affections. My weal and woe lie all in that quarter; what then can it have in common with a court?

Saturday, the 28th October, 1811.—Yesterday Sir Walter F—— came and told me a curious conversation which he had held the night before with the Prince Regent. "Well, F——r, so you were paying your court to the Princess of Wales at Tonbridge I hear;" alluding to the day he went there last May, when she *spoke* to Sir Walter. The Baronet:—"Yes, Sir, Her Royal Highness was very gracious to me, and I thought it my duty to show the Princess of Wales every respect; but I did

not stay to supper, though she was graciously pleased to invite me; because I thought, if your Royal Highness heard of it, you might not have been pleased." Regent—"What did she say to you?" "She asked me, Sir, why I had not advised the Princess Charlotte to go to the sea-side for change of air,—saying 'it would do Her Royal Highness a great deal of good,' and insisted upon it that I ought to do so." "And what did you reply?" eagerly questioned the Prince. "I replied, Sir, that when I had last the honour of seeing Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, she was in such perfect health that she appeared not to require any medical advice; consequently, it would be highly improper that I should interfere." "Oh, Sir Walter F——," rejoined the Princess of Wales, "you are a courtier;" and we both laughed." Regent—'Was that all?'—'Yes, Sir, that was all—stay, another word I recollect; when the Princess first did me the honour to speak to me, she said, 'I know you dare not, you must not speak to me?' to which I answered, 'Pardon me, Madam; I never had any orders from the Prince not to speak to the Princess of Wales.'"

At this, Sir Walter said, the Prince seemed pleased. Persons, however lost to rectitude, are not lost to the sense of it; and he felt that the meaning of these words was, what *he ought to feel*, and what his friend ought to have answered. The Prince then observed, "I hear Lady Charlotte Campbell is very tired of her situation;" to which Sir Walter replied, "That he had never known Lady Charlotte to have expressed such a sentiment." Here the conversation ended.

Sir Walter told me that by what he could gather from all the Carlton House courtiers, he thought it most likely, if any question came on in Parliament respecting an additional allowance to the Princess, it would be favourably received. This looks, I think, as if they were afraid

her wrongs might, if not redressed, in pecuniary matters at least, raise a strong party in her favour, and, what is worse for the ministers and placemen, *against* the Prince. Unfortunately (I say unfortunately, because the dissensions of all families, and more especially of Royal families, frequently lead to incalculable evils, and often overturn kingdoms, and principalities, and powers,)—unfortunately the Princess of Wales cannot become popular without the Prince of Wales becoming the reverse; for the odium which is taken from her, must of necessity fall upon him; and this, in these changeable times, when the dregs of the nation are all shook into commotion, is any thing but desirable. Who can say where discontent may end, if it once lift up its hydra head; or whether redress of public grievances, even if they be really such, and not innovations, may not lead to the ultimate subversion and overthrow of the constitution? Yet, on the other hand, a blind and bigoted adherence to the past, and a venal Parliament, who are slaves to the monarch and his minions, are not less dangerous.—No, the lungs of Englishmen will not breathe freely under a corrupt government; and though evil spirits ever have arisen, and ever will arise, when the tempest breaks forth, yet to submit to present evil for fear of greater danger, is not the characteristic of the nation; though it has long shown patience with its rulers, even under discontent at their supineness. This century will not pass without many awful changes. We are come to a crisis. Nothing stands still in this world—our prosperity has reached its highest point—all things now tend to change. What leads me more particularly to think so is the blindness of those in power. "Whom the gods mean to destroy, they blind;" and in all events of magnitude, whether in social life or in that of nations, the truth of this observation is exemplified. The security, the self-sufficiency of princes and their creatures, and above

all, the blindness of princes themselves, is a forcible comment upon this remark.

I grieve to think that the Princess of Wales is obstinately bent upon bringing forward her wrongs and her complaints at this moment. She will only now be made the tool of party. Had she waited till her daughter was of age, to have backed her cause, and supported it with filial love, as well as by the influence which a young heir-apparent Queen would necessarily exercise over the minds of her future subjects, then she might have succeeded. But as it is—alas! alas! all public, like private greatness, rests its security on moral rectitude; and where that is deficient, the edifice is built on sand. No marvel, that those who are denominated *the vulgar* should be so taken by the bait of rank and greatness. Rank and greatness are in themselves truly admirable; real greatness, in its original and highest sense is an attribute of the Divinity, and earthly grandeur is the visible sign by which it is presented to our senses. The misfortune is, that there is hardly such an image of the Divinity existing as true greatness.

My pen has never before busied itself with such a subject, but my situation naturally makes me sometimes reflect upon things, from which I turn away with pleasure to the illusory world that I have created for myself—that *vie intérieure* which is worth all the rest, and to those simple realities which nature and natural pleasures afford.

I went this evening to a friend of mine, Miss B——: this person, whom I have known so long and esteem so highly, has not always a winning manner, and certainly every now and then talks to her friends in a way that is not pleasant. The love that is much stronger on the one side than on the other, is always painful to witness: as to myself, the natural suavity of my manner and temper (no praise, since it is constitutional)—a suavity that I

sometimes blame myself for, when it induces me to gloss over sentiments to which a more bold frame of mind would express its dislike or abhorrence,—imparts somewhat of its own nature to those with whom I associate, and with those of my friends in whose tempers and manners the angular sharp predominates—I am less apt to *heurter* myself against these than they are against each other. This I felt yesterday evening; but if my friend Miss B—— sacrifices somewhat to the world, it must be said to her honour, that that sacrifice is never kindness of heart or integrity of character.

It is not always in our power to be generous, or to render great services, but it is always in our power to soothe a mind and exhilarate spirits less fortunately constituted than our own, and I do not feel it to be lost time when I have dedicated some hours to such a purpose, or at least to the attempt. Went again to Miss B——; Sir Humphry and Lady Davy were there; Sir Humphry, accustomed to adulation, seems to fall into surliness or dulness where he meets it not;—his allowed pre-eminence in the science of chemistry places him in that respect above every one, but I never could find that there was great superiority in other respects. No person moving in the same sphere as myself is less liable to be led away to like or dislike persons who are a little more or less vulgar in point of manner, but there is a peculiar degree of under-breeding in Sir Humphry, which is indicative of inferiority of intellect. I believe this proceeds from his always trying to be what he is not, a *joli cœur*; (1) if every body would only be *natural*—but it is

(1) Sir Humphry Davy is harshly judged in this paragraph. He was a man of exceeding refinement of mind and singular discrimination of character: if he sometimes indulged more than became the philosopher in the pleasures of the table, he never did so to any degrading excess;—what if a little misplaced vanity, at times, rendered him too emulous to please? there was a great redeeming point in his character, which raised him alike from becoming

natural to some people to be affected. Lady Davy makes what I call a *douce société*; never in my life heard her speak ill of any person; she is frank and kind hearted, and has much acquirement with a wish and thirst for more, which it is pleasing to see: anything, even a perpetual bustle after knowledge, is preferable to the careless and dreaming way in which some persons pass their insignificant lives—pampering every appetite and never cultivating the only spark of being they ought to be proud of, the intellectual one, without which the animals are our superiors; yet how many of those who form what is called *good society* are sunk in this sensual sloth.

Wednesday, 28th of October.—Dined at Fish Crawfurd's, an old epicure and *bon vivant*, but one who has seen much of the world. He has lived with all the celebrated people of his time, Madame Du Deffand, Voltaire, Hume, etc., etc., and he seems to remember with pleasure that he has done so, though gout and the consequences of indulgence render him crabbed and complaining. His table, his house, is most luxurious, but his own dissatisfied mind, his emaciated body, and bloated face, give the lie to happiness. I have ever felt that old age, even in its least respectable form, is still to be respected, and I have a peculiar pleasure in pleasing old people. I reckon, that yesterday's dinner was a lesson; there was elegance, luxury—all that can flatter the fancy with well chosen and appropriate objects, as well as the palate,—but pleasure, happiness, where was it? Does it sit at the board of the epicurean? —is it enthroned in purple and fine linen?—No. A very modified quantum of these, with vigour of mind and body the slave of this grovelling propensity, or from plunging into any habits derogatory to his fame. Sir Humphry Davy was a religious man, and his last two works will ever be most valuable testimonies, (if such were wanting,) to prove that science is not necessarily the foe of Christianity.

—a fair and honourable pursuit, a goal in view—and contentment at one's right hand, be it gained or not—these are, I believe, the best ingredients to form the mixed good, which men have agreed to call happiness. It was melancholy to observe this old man, in the possession of all which can gratify human desires, and yet repining, and in fact, wretched. A Tantalus, with the cup of enjoyment at his lip,—but there are many such,—how many! There ever have been, there ever will be such, so long as people live to themselves alone.

The Princess said, that the complaints made in parliament, of government's not having sent over supplies to Lord Wellington in the number, and with the celerity he demanded them, looked like an *avant-propos* for more complaints, and would end by Lord Wellesley's becoming prime minister; then, said she, "blood and treasure would not be spared, and the constitution and country will be lost." (1) I see many other reasons for the ruin of the country, but those who might do good are blind. Lord Moira is sent off to India;—I call it being sent off, for it is evident the Regent cannot bear to have him near his person. How few people in any rank of life have sufficient nobility of soul to love those to whom they stand indebted! Would you lose a friend, oblige him—not in the minor circumstances of life, but let the obligation be vast, and it crushes friendship to death.

Lord Moira has accepted this honourable banishment, because he cannot help himself, and is ruined—but who ruined him? He lent uncounted sums of money in former years, of which no note whatever was taken, and of which he never will see one farthing in return. Yet no

(1) How ill she judged. It was the Duke of Wellington who saved the country, who saved the constitution. He never committed but one great blunder, and that was in yielding to the cry of the day—the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics. The sensible part of that persuasion of Christians themselves say, the English Constitution was uprooted by the measure.

one pities or feels for this man. Why?—because he is of nobler stuff than the common herd. Vanity and ambition perhaps, his only flaws, if flaws they be; but his attachment, or rather devotion to the Regent was sincere, chivalric, and of a romantic kind, such as the world neither believes in nor understands: it was a kind of affection which amounted even to a passion of the mind, and like all passions, led him into one or two acts beneath the "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*;" (1) but nevertheless he is a noble creature upon the whole; and what can poor human nature ever be more? Formed to live in another day than the present, some men seem born too late, and some men too soon; perhaps the only wise men are those who fulfil their course at the time, and in the manner, where providence has placed them, suiting their conduct and their actions to the present, rather than indulging in speculative theories for the future, or vain regrets for the past, neither of which can they judge with truth, for former times are seen through

(1) A very fine sonnet by Lord Moira, will express the high-toned sentiment which really was his.

SONNET. BY LORD MOIRA.

"What splendid vision o'er my fancy flies,
And with long dormant heat my bosom warms,
Banners and barbed steeds, and loud alarms,
And listed fields, and love the mighty prize;
Bewitching to my thought the years arise
When chivalry refined the pride of arms:
Then valour sought its meed from female charms,
And fierceness melted at the fair one's eyes.
O days, congenial to the noble soul!
Then love was dignity, then falsehood shame;
Then conscious truth a generous boast allowed.—
Now, under fashion's frivolous control,
'T is ridicule to bear a towering name,
Or hold a post distinguished from the crowd."

the medium of other men's minds, and the future belongs to the All-seeing eye alone: if the present moment be ever well employed, the bygone and the *to come* will take care of themselves.

Very frequently, the dinners at Kensington were exceedingly agreeable, the company well chosen, and sufficient liberty given to admit of their conversing with unrestrained freedom;—this expression does not imply a licentious mode of conversation, although sometimes, in favour of wit, discretion and modesty were trenched upon. Still that was by no means the general turn of the discourse. Mr. Gell and Mr. Craven, in particular, though often very droll, were never indecorous; I think I never knew a man of a more kind and gentle turn of mind, nor one so humanized by literature and the particular pursuits to which he devoted himself, as Mr. Gell; affectionate in the highest degree, and willing to impart all he knew, (no common stock of information,) in the least pedantic and most agreeable manner; and if ever he indulged in a joke that was questionable, it was in a manner so devoid of real vice, that the most punctilious or delicate female could scarce take offence at it. Mr. Craven likewise, his intimate friend, without possessing the strength of mind and the classical knowledge of Mr. Gell, was full of talent, and all those lighter acquirements which adorn, if they do not instruct society.

To-day, I received another letter from my amusing friend, C. K. S.

"Christ Church, Oxford, October, 1811.

"DEAR ——

"What can I say to the generous return for my abominable scribbles, which you have made me by your delightful letter, and I cannot for my life think of another case than the bounty of the outlandish queen, who gave a heap of diamonds for a wash-hand basin, which

was a sin of ignorance, as when Lady Strathmore married Bowes, or C——a D——d, P——r B——l. Oh! heavens, I forget myself, do not tell ——. I wish that I had as many eyes as Fame or Argus, or a spider, which I am told hath eight. Alas! that Lady D——s, who is the very reverse of a spider in every thing but her industry, hath but one. Oh! that I possessed as many hands as Briareus, or some of the Hindoo gods, that I might produce a weekly drawing, provided my humble efforts were crowned with such a rich reward about once a quarter, as your epistles are calculated to bestow; but lack-a-day! my eyes, which scarcely can be called a pair, demand a string like a doll's, in the simple operation of turning, and my fingers are about as unwieldy as an Irishman's legs in the gout; nevertheless, I am resolved, in spite of nature and my stars, to write, that is, to wield a goose-quill in your Lordship's service, as long as I possess a little more vision than the mole, and energies that may in any measure rival those of the unfortunate sloth. In truth, the honour of any command or employment from you, is sufficient to transform a sloth into a squirrel, for I must tell you, my dear fellow, that you are one of the most extraordinary personages of the present time; perhaps you did not know it before; but only consider a little in the first place, nothing can be more honourable and illustrious than your family, and your rank is suitable to it. Your Lordship doth not resemble some very fine and lofty gentlemen of my acquaintance, who, however high their place may now be, had merchants and mechanics for their fathers, and *middens*, I guess, for their grandsires: then Nature seems to have run hiddy-giddy in your formation, for she made you noble too in mind, and, moreover, gave you a voice of unexampled power and sweetness, which, in my humble opinion, is one of her greatest bestowments,—and here allow me just to hint at your Lordship's scientific pursuits, and, in short, what-

ever is praise-worthy, and fitting the true dignity of human nature; all of which is wonderful in any body, but in one so spoiled, so favoured, I should say perfectly prodigious! (1) As to your more exalted merits, I shall not particularize them, my rude pen being altogether unworthy; only this I may say, that if your Lordship, according to the chances of this world, hath not always more than King Montezuma, who reclined upon a bed of roses, yet your pious fortitude and resignation have given a wholesome lesson to your inferiors, and added graces to yourself.

"From all that I have ever heard or seen, I am convinced that you were intended to make as conspicuous a figure in the next world as in this—and that a sentence in the funeral sermon of Mary, Duchess of Queensberry, who was a very exalted character, might with great justice be applied to you—the preacher says, 'But dry up yours tears, my brethren, and weep no more, for this most illustrious Princess, who, though she was a great and good Duchess on earth, is now a great and good Duchess in Heaven.' This is not very neat, but it is all very true, so that I may say with the clown, in Measure for Measure, 'here be truths.'

"Alas!—your account of London, I shall not for a great while experience the truth of, as when I leave this place I must repair to Scotland, where I am to remain for ages—

> "To me the gods, severely kind, ordain
> A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain."

However, as the dulness you mentioned must exist in the mass of people, (for it cannot possibly be in you,) I must try to extract a sour-grape comfort from the consi-

(1) Was there ever such fulsome flattery addressed from one man to another? Did the man want to be made a lord of the bedchamber?

deration, that London is not what it was. Meanwhile, be it known unto you that the ingenious Mr. Shelley hath been expelled from the University on account of his atheistical pamphlet. Was ever such bad taste and barbarity known? He behaved like a hero; 'he showed to Fortune's frowns a brow serene,' and declared his intention of emigrating to America. (1) I send his romance, which would have reached you sooner had not an impudent person cribbed it from my rooms. I also transmit Octavian, and a volume of poems written by a friend of mine. He is, poor fellow! in the last stage of a consumption; so the critics should be merciful, for he will never write better, nor worse, (which is of more consequence to brother authors,) and a death-bed repentance of such literary crimes is as bitter as it is useless. Doubtless, after this cargo of Oxford goods, your Lordship will exclaim, Enough, enough; no more of it, *de grace*. I am not wise in sending you such a dose at once, for I fear that our poetical fervours will prove little better than camomile, only not so wholesome, and that you will never more endure the sight of such another *bouquet*. I transmit my treasures of Parnassus by the coach, but this shall move per post, as I am ever dubious concerning the delivery of small parcels in London; and though my books and my letters be of little consequence, yet, I would fain not appear wanting in respect where so very much is due. I have finished your portrait, and it is not like, so I have met the fate of all my painting predecessors. Yet to catch your Lordship's likeness would not be quite impos-

(1) In my opinion, Mr. Shelley merited the opinion here formed of him. Nevertheless he had genius, he had power; but his genius was an evil one, and his powers were directed to a bad end, or, what was the same in effect, to no end at all: the best parts of his phrenzied compositions have all the deleterious qualities of alcohol; and Hamlet would scarcely think it necessary to apostrophize his shade in the questioning words—"Bring'st with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?"—but, *de mortuis*—He was drowned in a storm!!!

sible, if this system of galvanism could be improved, and four painters of ancient times rendered as lively by it, as a pig's tail is at present. I would rouse from his dull repose Titian, to paint your head; Sir Peter Lely your neck, Vandyke your hands, and Rubens for the draperies and back-ground of the picture;—then, perchance, one might have something worth looking at;—as matters stand, I confess I am in utter despair. Will you deign to read some Oxford gaiety?—I was at a rout at the Deanery last night. The Deaneress, Mrs. Hall, ci-devant Miss Byng, and sister to the P—e, a fine lady, in white satin, telling us the price of every thing in her drawing-room, from the mantel-piece to her own dickey. We had tea and cards, and,—what a Miss, whose name never reached me, called music. After a long silence, 'But where are the sweet children?' cried a parson present: on which, after two tugs of the bell, the door flew open, and *voilà, toute la singerie*!—a thousand little things, with monstrous mouths, hopped in, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, and surrounded the poor dean, who resembled St. Anthony in one of his Dutch temptations, squalling aloud for cake and tea, and I know not what. I was glad to escape, leaving the eldest boy amusing himself with tickling the noses of all the company in turns, with a handful of dirty hog-bristles, to the great delight of his mother, who esteems him a decided wit.—Apropos of wits, Lady Westmoreland hath been at Lord Abingdon's, near this town, astonishing the weak minds of sundry poor youths with her vivacities: she talked to a friend of mine of ——'s account of the plague at Athens, which scared him sadly; he told me that he swore it was d—d fine, though he had never read a word of it: and she played on a Spanish guitar, sitting on a cushion in the lobby by the light of the lamps, to the admiration of sundry bores, who read Sir Charles Grandison, and think a mad countess a fine thing. For my part, I have been

told that she is really not clever, and I never could admire her looks,—she hath such a huge nose that she resembles a hussar's sabre with the pouch and straps—she's principally nose, and all the rest of her seems to belong to it. (1)—But it is time for me to have done, there being scarcely any space on the paper left for the name of

"Your Lordship's faithful servant."

FROM H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"I SHOULD not so soon have encroached on your time, my dear Lord, but that there has happened a few coincidences, which to relate to you would perhaps afford you amusement.—Lord Deerhurst is quite a joke to the secret marriage of the *ci-devant* Mrs. Panton with a Mr. Geldi, an acquaintance of Batty's, and why it is kept a secret, and why it is made public, nobody can guess, as she was her own mistress,—or that she thought that she was public property, and that it would be essential to have an act of parliament to make an enclosure to become private property at a moment's warning.—Town grows every day thinner and thinner; though I had last Monday a large party at dinner, and, in the evening, a little hop for the young ladies, yet I felt how useful you would have been to make the party go off more lively and merrily. *Clan Rowland*, very unusually, danced with great glee the whole evening with Lady C—— E——; he supped at my table with her, and I have not the smallest doubt that Hymen will soon crown that work. Lord M—— E—— e

(1) This is a false and altogether caricature portraiture of a lady who deserves to be far otherwise transmitted on paper to posterity. To great talents she united a warm and affectionate heart.—She was a singularly delicate and sensible woman.—Her judgment was of the finest order, and her perception in reading characters partook of divination—so rapid, so clear, so penetrating were her decisions. But with nerves too finely strung—the instrument has jarred under rough hands and common treatment;—had she met with an answering mind she would not have been torn—buffeted—destroyed!

looked pleased with him, and praised him to me to the skies; poor Miss R—— is quite forsaken by him, and I trust she will be wise enough to console herself, as Ariadne did—and not choose a Bacchus, but something more eligible to her taste.

"Though Lady Harriet is very cunning and sly, still I have discovered that she is the match-making lady to her brother. She brought Lady E—— to dinner, and did nothing than prosing in praise of her.—Lady G—— M—— takes her to ——, and Lord H ——is also of the party, and the final proposal will be made under the shady trees, or by the placid light of the moon.—The great ball at D—— House, I heard, was magnificent: Lord H—— began the dance with Lady E——, and she was introduced to the old Duke, who, I hear, was very much charmed with her beauty, and I dare say this marriage will be settled before we meet again.

"The H——, Lady P——, and the daughters came also to my party; the old lady looked like the head of a ship. Lady P—— very embarrassed, the two young ladies, as usual, frightfully dressed—like naughty girls, with grey stuff gowns, to make them learn their lesson better the next day. The eldest danced with B—— N——, and the two younger ones danced together. They did not stay supper, but went away very early. I heard the next day that Lady C——s had sprained her ancle, which prevented her from going to dance cotillons next day at Lord D——'s. She sent, instead, early in the morning, for a surgeon, to Mr. D s Hayes, the dancer, and he came and said, 'My Lady, je sais bien arranger des jambes qui se portent bien, mais pas celles qui sont malades;' and so he left the room, and she was obliged to keep company with the sofa.

"Monday next my humble habitation will be graced with the presence of Louis XVIII., Madame D'Angoulême, and all the French princes, and above thirty French

people at a breakfast;—my mother, and the Princess Sophia, and some old fograms, male and female, will be there to enliven the party. This is all the merriment of my budget which I can offer you to-day.

"Mr. Arbuthnot looks shy and dismal. I think he must feel ashamed of his cowardice, never to have asked me to one of the many suppers which he has given lately. There have been, I hear, very charming masquerades; but I speak from report merely. 'Mes beaux jours sont passés.' But be that as it may, I always remain,

"Your affectionate friend,

"C. P."

Wednesday the 19th.—I dined at Kensington. All the pleasure of the party was marred by distant looks, and silence that boded coming storms. There was Miss B——, Mr. Ward, Mr. Knight, (1) and Sir James Mackintosh, (2)—the latter, a very charming man; but as much leaven was thrown into this society as the Princess of Wales could put into it, to make it disagreeable.

Thursday.—I went to Lady D——y's, where, amongst much rubbish, there were some persons worth conver-

(1) Mr. Knight, the author of a work on Taste, which it has been the fashion to receive as a standard work, but which is more pompous and dictatorial, more factitious and learned, than gifted with the spirit of his subject. Mr. K. was a man whom too much learning had made 'not mad' but pompous, not wise but artificial; a man of systems and nomenclatures, dates and dulness; whose boast was scepticism, and whose enjoyments were those of a bon vivant. Yet, in his own family he was loved, for he was generous and kind-hearted. Oh! the mixed texture of human nature!

(2) Some men perform more than is expected of them throughout life, whilst others never answer to the idea that is formed of their capacity. Sir James Mackintosh had considerable fascination and extreme suavity of manner. He impressed his hearers with the belief that a great deal more remained to be said than he actually expressed; and thus his credit was unlimited, while his means were, perhaps, not of vast extent.

sing with. I met there, my old friend Lord D——ley. There are some persons whom one feels to be sure friends. It is impossible for a being gifted with quick sensations to be deceived in this respect. I know not if it can be accounted for philosophically, but I always return to my own system of fascination and attraction, sans rhyme ni raison. Lady M. came to see me.—I never saw so melancholy a proof of the extent of punishment that conscience can inflict on those who have not fulfilled the severer duties of life. The leaven of disappointment has soured all the genuine virtues of her disposition, while the acuteness of her intellect, and her quick and warm affections, have been fatally conducive to misery instead of happiness. Yet, like a wayward child that has been long indulged, I would not thwart her, or use violence to instil other thoughts to counteract the poison; I would, on the contrary, soothe and lull her wounds with the sedative of affection, before I attempted to give stronger medicines to turn her mind and views into another channel. Alas! riches and power afford the means to do many kind things; but who can say, that when the means are ours the inclination will remain? The amusements of London, unless accompanied by all which can pamper and satisfy ambition, cease to be pleasures.

I learnt to-day that an old servant of my family was at the point of death. The idea that this was the case, and that he had not perhaps sufficient means to render his transit to another world as little painful as possible, affected me. The great are not sufficiently attentive to the wants of their dependents—persons who, after perhaps pass[illegible] a lifetime in their service, often die poorly, if at all provided for by them. This sometimes happens from procrastination; not from a determined neglect or a hardened indifference, but from the vague sensation that we will do to-morrow what we are not inclined to do to-day. The longer I live the more I am convinced, that

to put off a good intention is generally to render it abortive.

NOTE FROM H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"All the news I can offer you, my dear ——, is a most dreadful blunder which that wonderful woman, Madame De Stael, has committed. She was in some party several evenings ago, and mistook old Mrs. B—— for the Marchioness of Hertford. She began by assuring her 'que la renommée avait vanté sa beauté et son esprit par tout le continent—que ses portraits étaient gravés, et faisaient les charmes et l'ornement de tous les palais.'—Of course, you may imagine that this event has been the laughing-stock of these last eight and forty hours. I had the unexpected happiness of seeing my brother return; he gives no sanguine hopes at all of the restoration of Germany, and he has a very sad opinion of Bernadotte. To conclude my letter, I must only give you another piece of information, that Madame De Stael has not discovered la Pierre Philosophale, but 'that Lord Castlereagh's speech about the treaty with Sweden, was the most eloquent, most rhetorical and persuasive speech that ever was made in parliament;' these are Madame De Stael's own words. I fear this is not the way of pleasing in this country, at least not the generality of the English people. She also had a great dispute with Lord Lansdowne about the Catholic question, which has, of course, given great offence to all the opposition; at least he might have supposed that Madame De Stael must be tolerant; but writing and speaking seem to be two different things with her. I will not longer dwell upon her, (1) and only anticipate the

1) Very few persons of all those who wrote or spoke of Madame De Stael were at all competent to form any just judgment of her character—I would rather say, of her whole moral being, —not from deficiency in point of talent on their parts, but because they applied squares and rules to that which was immeasurable, and beyond all received standards of mensuration, Madame De

pleasure of having an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with you on Sunday morning. Yours sincerely, (Signed) "C. P."

Stael seems to me to have been one of those creations which appear "few and far between" in the generations of mankind. It would be wholly unfair to judge her by any common standard of her sex. In all that pertained to mind she was of no sex; those qualities which are supposed by divine right to belong to men alone—vigour of understanding—abstract reasoning—vastness of conception—the power of overleaping or discarding all minor considerations to arrive at a conclusion,—were peculiarly her attributes, and never did the epithet of *Great* pertain more justly to any human being than to herself. She has been accused of vanity, but it was falsely. She was ambitious—not vain; and she showed that she was so with such an honest frankness, that little minds could not understand the *bonhommie* which avowed itself athirst for commendation:—not the puerile commendation only of contemporary praise, but the lasting eulogy of well-earned fame. It was not wise to betray this feeling; it gave an ample field for detractors to carp at, and it sometimes degenerated into an egotism that distressed her true admirers. But if Madame De Stael was ambitious of admiration, she was ambitious also of a woman's prerogative—of being loved as a woman. It is, perhaps, incompatible to unite the two passions, and to be successful in both love and ambition; for the latter must yield to the former in woman's breast. A woman who loves has no ambition but what is vested in the object of that love. According to all memoirs of Madame De Stael's early life, she was unhappy in her affections; and when at last she fixed the heart of a young and handsome man—one whom she deemed worthy of becoming her master—I have heard her say, as she watched the approach of that fatal disease, consumption, which was bearing him rapidly to the tomb, "All I pray for is to die before him."—Her prayer was granted; nor did he long survive her. In regard to all the common things of life, she was as ignorant as a child. She has been known to say, "I will marry my daughter to an Englishman"—and when the person to whom she said it laughed, and replied, "that may not be so easy, and if you could do so, it might not be for the happiness of either party;" her astonishment was unfeigned. The "*comment donc!*" so naïvely pronounced, was replied to by all those self-evident common-places which would have suggested themselves to any one save her; such as difference of education—of habits—of country; while she saw nothing but her own very charming daughter, and the propriety of securing her happiness, by marrying her to "*un brave Anglais*;"—for even Madame De Stael forgot, in her eagerness

"London, Wednesday.

"DEAR ——,

"Lady M. informs me that you desire I should write; so I hasten to obey your commands, though the weather and my present mode of life are very far from propitious to epistolary exertion. Nothing but smothering heat, and parties that melt one into inanity. To go into the streets is to endure the fiery ordeal; (which none of us here at present can well abide;) and to venture into an evening assembly is to tumble into a kettle of boiling sprats. For my part, I have endured every culinary effect of fire mentioned by Hannah Glasse, and all the newer processes of steam besides. I am in the condition of that poor Princess in the Arabian Nights, who fought so fatally with the genius about the transformation of a monkey—(my concerns are full as apish,) and I might most justly exclaim with Nourmahal,

'I burn—I more than burn; I'm all afire;
See how my mouth and nostrils flames expire!'

Thank heaven, however, I am not in love! That alone to secure that good for her child, that it, in fact, only rests in the self-choice of the heart. One of the instances where Madame De Stael exercised a woman's right, a prerogative of which she was very tenacious, was in making the Prince of Wales pay her a first visit in her lodgings in Argyll Street. She likewise made some injudicious attacks upon the great political characters of the day; questioning them on points which they neither could nor would answer, and which shocked the received notions of the country she was in. But these are specks and flaws in the surface of her character only; mean and envious persons dwell on these, but it will ever be delightful to those of another stamp to consider her character in the aggregate, and do homage to her vast superiority over the generality of human kind. Her kindness to her inferiors in station and in intellect—her total freedom from all affectation—her strong sense of natural religion—the enthusiasm of her nature,—were qualities as admirable as they were attractive. It was impossible for any one to like Madame De Stael by halves. She was destined to be either loved or hated. No wonder Bonaparte did the latter: perhaps she was the only human being he feared, and could not conquer.

saves me from utter conflagration; for indeed, dear ——, I cannot join the multitude to do evil, in finding Lady Elizabeth B——m, and Miss Rumbold, and twenty more, so very, very charming. Perhaps my taste is bad, and these belles are fairer than the houris; but they do not strike me;—a circumstance which can give *them* no concern, and is, on the whole, very lucky for the second son of a poor gentleman. And now, I wonder if you will care to hear about routs and such things. I shall talk a little on that subject at a venture; for you can burn this as soon as you please, or give it to your hound to mumble, if there happeneth to be no fire (as is most likely) in your chamber. But I am firmly resolved not to say one word about the disasters at Carlton House; though I saw one miserable person brought out upon a board, and many gentlewomen worse attired than Eve in her primitive simplicity. You must have heard all these horrors long ago; so I shall begin with Lady Mary L. Crawford's ball, most magnanimously given in the Argyll Street rooms to all her friends, or rather her enemies—as even by her own account of the matter, she is at deadly feud with the whole world. I could admire nothing at the entertainment—not even herself. Fancy her attired in draperies of muslin covered with gold spots the size of a sixpence! When she reclined under that frippery canvass bower at the end of the ball-room, she looked exactly like an ill-favoured picture of Danaë in the shower of gold. To crown the whole, S——, (1) with rouge on his cheeks and ultramarine on his nose, handed her to supper! 'Sure such a pair!'

I was one of the happy few at H——'s ball, given in B——m House—a house I had been long anxious to see, as it is rendered classical by the peu of Pope and

(1) Mr. S—— is still alive, the very wreck of a beau: he is to be seen sometimes like a fly half dead and stupified, which has outlived the summer

the pencil of Hogarth. It is in a woeful condition, and, as I hear, to be pulled down. The company was very *genteel* (I can't get a less vulgar word to express the sort of things) and very dull; but all the ladies were vastly refreshed with an inscription chalked upon the floor, which each applied to herself. Within a wreath of laurel, like burdock, fastened with fifty crooked true-love knots, were the mysterious words '*Pour elle*.' Indeed, my dear ——, the words written on the wall, which we read of in the Bible, could not have produced a greater sensation. First, there was such a flocking to the centre of the room—such a whispering—such a 'Dear, I should like to see it!'—'Pray, Lady Louisa, let me see it!'—'Goodness! whom can it mean?'—and then a triumphant retreat; smiles upon every lip, exultation in every eye. It was quite amusing afterwards to ask any lady who the '*elle*' could be—the downcast-look of affected humility, then the little sigh of half-surfeited vanity, and then the stare of confident triumph, crowned with 'How should I know?' were delightful. After all, the true *elle* is said to be Lady E. B——, for whom a friend of mine is at present very sick, and carving her name upon every tree he finds in the country. But I am not quite sure that she will be Lady H——, as I do not think that the swain looks much in love. (1) We had much waltzing and quadrilling, the last of which is certainly very abominable. I am not prude enough to be offended with waltzing, in which I can see no other harm than that it disorders the stomach, and sometimes makes people look very ridiculous; but after all, moralists, with the Duchess of G—— at their head, who never had a moral in her life, exclaim dreadfully against it. Nay, I am told that these magical wheelings have already roused poor Lord Dartmouth from his grave to suppress

(1) Perhaps that ball at B—— House was given for one who was not permitted to attend it.

them. Alas! after all, people set about it as gravely as a company of dervises, and seem to be paying adoration to Pluto rather than to Cupid. But the quadrilles I can by no means endure; for till ladies and gentlemen have joints at their ancles, which is impossible, it is worse than impudent to make such exhibitions, more particulary in a place where there are public ballets every Tuesday and Saturday. When people dance to be looked at, they surely should dance to perfection. Even the Duchess of Bedford, who is the Angiolini of the group, would make an indifferent figurante at the Opera: and the principal male dancer, Mr. North, reminds one of a gibbeted malefactor, moved to and fro by the winds, but from no personal exertion. Since I had the honour of seeing you last, I have been introduced to the Princess of Wales, and have dined several times at Kensington. Her Royal Highness has been very good to me, which I in a great measure attribute to the favourable manner in which you had mentioned me to her. One night we went through all the upper rooms in the palace, to examine the pictures, and many seemed excellent in their way; but one can see little by candle-light; and there was a sad want of names, which takes away all the pleasure of portraits. The Scotch picture, as an altar-piece, is very curious; though, from the style of painting, I guess that it must have been done a long while after the death of the persons represented.

Since I have been in London I have read nothing save Miss Seward's letters and Miss Owenson's Missionary. Of Miss Seward I am bound to speak well, as she doth so of me; and her monodies are beautiful; but the letters are naught; they abound in false sentiment, and a great many other false things. As to the Missionary, Ambrosio is his father and Matilde his mother; but, wanting the indelicacy of papa, and the delicacy of mamma, he 's a dull fellow. I could think of nothing but poor Mar-

garet Stewart of Blantyre, and her presbyterian minister, while I read this book. Miss Luxina brought her hogs to a bad market, for Hilarion was little better than a beast. Walter Scott's last poem I have also seen, but so hastily that I can be no competent judge of its merits. Talking of works, allow me to recommend to you Ford's Plays, lately re-published. Some of them are excellent; the first in the series, (which hath an awkward name, I must confess,) and the Broken Heart, are particularly admirable. I am sure that you will be struck with them; for Ford is almost as moving as Otway or Lee, who is the mad poet I adore, yet I can persuade nobody to read him. The History of the Somerville family, which I have seen in MS., is soon to be printed, and that of Sutherland is to be out shortly. So much for books—saving that Sir John Murray hath found the whole correspondence of the Earl of Chesterfield, who flourished in King Charles the Second's time, in Bath House, containing most curious letters of the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Southesk, and many other personages, whom Count Hamilton has rendered so interesting. I shall try to get Sir John to publish them, for such things should not run the risk of fire, not to mention rats and mice. There is a sort of memoir of Lord Chesterfield at the beginning of the volume, in which he says that his second wife died of the spotted fever or plague; but, in fact, he is said to have poisoned her in the wine of the Sacrament, to be revenged for her gallantries, which were notorious; that old villain, Sir John Denham, having shown him the way, by getting rid of his wife after a fashion nearly similar. I have written so much that I can find no room for Mrs. Dawson's masquerade, where it was said that the only good mask was Mr. Fitzharding in the character of Lord Berkeley; nor Deerhurst's marriage, nor Lady O——'s adventure with that rogue her brother;—but if you will

signify to me that a second gazette extraordinary will be acceptable, I shall be greatly flattered. Meanwhile I remain, dear ——,

"Your faithful servant."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE SAME.

"London, Sunday —— 1811.

"DEAR ——,

"You flatter me greatly by desiring a second number of the gazette extraordinary, which I hasten to transmit, albeit the adventures of Lady O—— and her brother are now what is termed in Scotland, Piper's news. But before I touch seriously upon that legend, you must permit me to disclaim all title to the knowledge of a certain art, the first rudiments of which may be gathered from the 'Academy of Compliments' and 'Walton's Complete Angler;' indeed, my dear ——, I never was accused of such a thing before; nay, I have been told by many persons that I am too innocent of the sin, and that my fortunes in life are impeded thereby; and I verily do believe it. In your especial case, however, it is scarcely possible to commit this crime, except one were to give you wings at once, and—but I shall say no more on that subject for fear of fresh accusations; and return discreetly to my news, ancient and modern, according to the tenor of the permission through which I have the honour of corresponding with you. Lady O——, poor Lady O——! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin grammars; for she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the melange in the newspapers, but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to

buy it, of course crying 'shameful' all the while; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago; but the days are gone by wherein my Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England was wont to go a love-making to Mrs. Fleetwood with the Bible under his arm. And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited to such a Vulcan, whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published—full of sad and scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely one word is true. In former times the Duchess of St. A——'s made use of these elegant epistles in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone; but that ruse would not avail, so in spite, they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures!—Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium!

"Tuesday morning.—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable, much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea, which looks vastly well in one of Vander Velde's pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his *Elle* (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and, I be-

lieve, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable helpmate? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.

"Thursday.—I verily do believe that I never shall get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard of interruptions have I had; and now I have been to Vauxhall and caught the tooth-ache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——'s party,—very dull; the lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

'Much ado was there, God wot,
She would love, but he would not:'

He ate a great deal of ice, though he did not seem to require it; and she "faisait les yeux doux," enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the mean time Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature. Avarice in children is shocking—yet the united schools of Eton and Westminster are gaping after this girl, as if she were fairer than a myriad of Venuses. Apropos, I have discovered a Venus—a Mrs. Owen; she is beautiful, but she looks vulgar, and is horridly affected. I think that the Adonis of this year is Grammont. He is handsomer than any body, and I know three fat ladies who are expiring through the love they bear him. Lady Barbara Ashley is to marry him, it is said; and now admire, my dear ——, the strange change of opinion which takes place in families! Here is a person descended from a precise Puritan, and the trumper-up of the popish plot,

herself a Papist, and about to marry one. The Count descends prodigiously to wed such an ill-born mushroom; but she has money and he hath not. Here is another change; but he has much more excuse for what he does than Miss Long's pack of truffle hunters. When Miss Porter's Don Sebastian came out, I expected to find the Margravine, Keppel Craven (with whom the fair authoress was in love,) and many of my other friends there; in place of which I found nothing but such heroes and heroines as might have been fashionable and common formerly, but who are wonderfully out of date and rare now; so that circumstances gave me a disgust to the book. As to my own romance, which you have done me the honour of accepting, I feel such prodigious qualms about its publication, that I scarcely think it will ever see the light. When it is quite finished you shall have it in your power, as to a perusal. The subject is certainly good, though my hero was a sad fool, and my heroine (Lady H. W——) little better than a baggage; but I have not done it justice, and people persuade me that these melanges of truth and fiction are pernicious, or at least worthless. On the score of *impropriety* you will find nothing offensive; and the moral of the Duke of M——'s life is excellent, for his errors, poor soul, were venial, and his punishment most exemplary. Lady H—— never held up her head after the intelligence of his death reached her; and his Duchess, who was a very unfeeling woman, that breakfasted on cold haggiss, married Lord C——, and concluded her career very comfortably. And here it is time that I should conclude mine for the present, as far as writing goes—so, with ten thousand thanks for your letter, which I dare not call amusing, lest you should say I flatter, and living in hopes of being honoured with hearing from you again, "I am, Dear ——,

"Your faithful servant."

FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"Wednesday, ——, 1811.

"The accounts from Windsor certainly have been very terrifying for a few days, which has prevented my going since a week to the opera; but the accounts are now very much the same as they were a month ago, and I feel no apprehension that it will be worse, nor, I fear, better. My mother has been very ill indeed: her dinners have been postponed since a fortnight. I have been much at home, and not at all the worse for having seen a few people whom I liked the best. Mr. Sharpe (1) would do very well if he was not a great gossip; and there are days and times that it would be very inconvenient to have him in society. The two marriages in question are still a profound secret, and the formal proposals are not yet made, of which I am certain. All parties are on the point of going into the country, and before next year I believe nothing will be settled. Mr. Macdonald is at Mr. E——'s, and I suppose that it will be arranged soon. Your letter is safely burnt, and a *feu de joie* made of it, my dear ——. When the royal visiters left me, Louis the XVIIIth could only offer me the gout in one knee and in one toe, and Madame D'Angoulême a swelled face; (2) so that I have not been blessed with a sight of these charming creatures. Still I was reduced to the satisfaction of having forty, including my own family, to this great feast. The sight was not enchanting, as it was loaded with old fograms. My usual resource on this occasion is to show them the great

(1) If her Royal Highness meant Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and had banished him from her society, she would have lost one of the most amusing persons in the world, and one whose wit was as harmless as it was light and bright.

(2) All the ailings probably befel the royal family of France at the command of the Prince Regent of England.

apartments and the rarities they contain.(1) At last, (every thing, alas! ends,) we were obliged to take to another resource, which was walking in the great avenue; and there we walked with all the plebeians, and with all the mobs. As our conviviality was exhausted as well as our wit, the military band supplied the sound of our voices. We lounged there till happily the clock struck eight, and then the party was swept away like magic.

"Lord Harrington gives a great ball at Burlington House, which is his new residence, and I suspect that this ball, which was given quite suddenly, was for some matrimonial reasons."

ANOTHER FROM H. R. H. TO THE SAME.

"DEAR ——,

"I have lived in such a confusion since you left me, that I don't know whether I am the besieged or the besieger. Lady Anne and I began by receiving an ambassador, the second day after she had been installed into all the secresy of our nunnery. He was sent by our gracious Majesty; in short, it was the Vice-Chamberlain, Colonel Desbrowe; his object being to stop my going to Windsor, and convey a refusal to my request of having my daughter to come to see me last Saturday. I was just sitting in Lady Anne's room, opposite to the

(1) This was a circumstance which Her Royal Highness's enemies laid hold of to turn to her disadvantage; and the newspapers of the day found great fault with the Princess for taking her guests into those apartments, and insinuated that they were the scenes of improper conduct, being but partially lighted: whereas Her Royal Highness only took her company there when she had no other means of entertaining them. Thus was she often falsely accused; and, unfortunately for her own welfare, (though I think, in *many* instances, it speaks well for her character,) the Princess of Wales did not heed what interpretation her enemies put on her actions.

sofa on which she was placed, when he was announced; she had never heard of his name, and supposed that he was a young and fashionable beau. She behaved like Joan of Arc in the whole of this business, and was immoveable; not a muscle of her face altered at the eloquent speech of this knight-errant. I desired him to write it down on paper, to refresh my memory now and then with it; but he refused. Lady Anne then took her pen, and in the presence of this ambassador, she conveyed his message to paper, which he read himself before he left the room and took his departure. I think this scene will make a pretty figure in the Morning Chronicle or in the Examiner; but I leave that to a much abler pen than mine.

"One day I went with Lady Anne to see the English 'St. Cyr'(1) at Lee, where I met Lady Perceval. I think you would have been amused for a moment with hearing the second Miss Grimani sing; she is one of the governesses. Sapio and his wife also sang duetts and trios with her, and I was much gratified by the exquisite taste and great flexibility of voice of this young person.

"Poor Lady C—— is, I fear, at this moment in great anxiety and tribulation, as she has been absolutely refused, under any condition, to have the house at Kensington. She had offered to take upon herself all the repairs and finishing, that it might prove no incumbrance to the Board of Works; in short *He* is a brute, and unqualified to be called a gentleman through his behaviour, this Lord Chamberlain. And now I must tell you something else—I am so accustomed, my dear Lord, to disappointments since my childhood, that one more or less makes not much effect upon my temper. I am only astonished how very little chivalresque feeling is remaining in this country, and Mr. Drummond cer-

(1) A school founded by and under the protection of Lady Anne Hamilton

tainly shall not be the banker to George IVth's Queen ;(1) for any historian, who would write the biography of the ex-Princess of Wales, would not a little astonish the world, in relating that she could not procure the sum of 500*l*., at the rate of paying 500*l*. a-*year* per annum for it ! !"

LETTER FROM M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

"The Albany, November 10th.

"MY DEAR——,

"Lord Aberdeen is a candidate for the Presidentship of the Antiquarian Society; and I need not tell you, that I am extremely anxious to promote his success, and intreat you to use all your influence in obtaining votes for his support. (2)

"I hear that Lady —— is living at Constantinople with young B——, avowedly as his *chère amie*; and that she says nobody was ever so handsome, nor so clever, and that he is in short, and *is to be*, one of the first characters in these kingdoms. I wish him joy of his conquest, and had rather *he* than *I*. (3)

(1) The banking house of Mr. Drummond refused to advance the sum of £500 for Her Royal Highness. The reason assigned was, its being inconsistent with the rule of their house to obey her commands; but one might have supposed that an exception could be made in favour of the Princess of Wales, especially considering the small amount of the sum.

(2) The person to whom this letter was addressed, canvassed for the two competitors, both Lord Aberdeen and Sir Harry Englefield, with perfect good humour and *bonhommie*, not being aware (from a strange confusion and ignorance on such matters that such efforts must of necessity be rendered nugatory to both parties. This blunder caused much laughter at the time.

(3) If ever there was a person to whom the Scotch proverb of "*Great cry and little wool*" is applicable, it was so to Mr. B——. He began his career as a spoilt child, he pursued it as a spoilt youth, and, after having become an eastern dandy, returned to enact the part of a hero in a Parisian melodrama. Having reached London, with all his honours fresh upon his head, he turned the heads of several elderly ladies, and ended his public career by

"I send you some verses which I read in the Examiner; I think them very witty, although very abominable.

"Believe me, most truly yours,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE WHALE.

"Io! Pæan! Io! sing,
To the finny people's king!
Not a mightier whale than this,
In the vast Atlantic is;
Not a fatter fish than he,
Flounders round the Polar sea!
See his blubber at his gills,—
What a world of drink he swills!
From his trunk, as from a spout,
Which next moment he pours out.
Such his person—next declare,
Muse! who his companions are:
Every fish of generous kind,
Stands aside or slinks behind;
But about his presence keep,
All the monsters of the deep:
Mermaids with their tails and singing,
His delighted fancy stinging:
Crooked dolphins, they surround him,
Dog-like seals they fawn around him:
Following hard, the progress mark,
Of one intolerant salt sea shark;
For his solace and relief,
Flat fish are his courtiers chief:
Last and lowest in his train,
Tub-fish, libellers of the main,
Their black liquor shed in spite:
Such on earth the things that write.

marrying a widow lady with several children. Mr. B—— would have been a very harmless and rather ornamental member of society in his youth, had not an overweening vanity rendered him the dupe of flattery and froth.

In his stomach some do say
No good thing can ever stay:
Had it been the fortune of it,
To have swallowed that old prophet,
Three days there he'd not have dwell'd,
But in one have been expell'd.
Hapless mariners are they,
Who beguiled, as seamen say,
Deeming him some rock or island,
Footing sure, safe spot, or dry land,
Anchor in his scaly rind;
Soon the difference they find:
Sudden, plump, he sinks beneath them,
Does to ruthless waves bequeath them.
Name or title, what has he?
Is he Regent of the sea?
From that difficulty free us,
Buffon, Banks, or sage Linnæus:
With his wondrous attributes,
Say what appellation suits,
By his bulk and by his size,
By his oily qualities,
This (or else my eyesight fails),
This should be the Prince of Whales!!

Who is there that may not be caricatured, when the most avowedly graceful man of his time, or perhaps of any time, can thus be personally ridiculed?—And who is there that is safe from the bitter tongue of scandal, when a kindly hearted monarch is represented under such malignant and dark colours?

To-day I went to see Mrs. Nugent. She is more like a corpse than any thing can be that is not one. I have paid her several visits. Her conversation is sensible and composed. Whatever scandal may have formerly said against her, must I conclude, now be silenced; though I believe, like the Gowls in the Arabian Nights, it ever feeds upon decayed carcases.

I see strange reports in the papers about the poor

Princess. Turning her out of Kensington palace, for that is the true meaning of procuring her another domicile, appears to me to be the forerunner of new troubles. It is said she is to be sent abroad. How can that be, without bringing her to public disgrace? It is further reported, that no ministers will be accepted by the Prince, except such as will further his plans respecting the Princess. Now is the time when Her Royal Highness should seek for the protection of the greatest of the land. Talent alone is not sufficient to bear her up counter to the tide which has set in against her. When people forsake their own position—their own station in life—to cast themselves upon the aid of those beneath them, it is an invariable rule that they fall into a pit from which none can extricate them. The latter are generally incompetent to judge of the conduct of those who are in a totally different position from themselves. There is nothing perhaps so difficult as to place oneself in another's identity, in any circumstance or station of existence; and those who attempt this, in regard to princes, must be very honourable persons indeed, not to be swayed in their judgment by party, by prejudice, or by self-interest. No royal person ever experienced this truth more fatally than the unfortunate Princess of Wales. She was alternately under the influence of all these contending powers; and even the best of Her Royal Highness's advisers, those who were honest and honourable in their intentions towards her, were not free from party spirit—whilst others again used her merely as a ladder on which to climb to power. But then, it must be said in justice to those who tried to serve her and failed, that she frequently marred their endeavours by underhand confidences to persons of opposite principles, when she did not like a measure, and yet did not dare openly to run counter to it.

This was vexatious to those who really were desirous to be of use to her, and failed of making her any stable friends with any set of political men.

The tissue of all human character is more or less uneven, but I never knew greater inequality than in that of this very extraordinary woman. Posterity will never do justice to her memory—for, as in most cases, the bad and inferior parts of her character were tangible and prominent to the observation, while those alone who lived in her intimate society, knew of the many good and great ingredients which formed a part of the heterogeneous mixture. A friend of the Prince, one who leant with steady affection to His Royal Highness's interest, said to me the other day, "The Princess has behaved towards me with a candour and good-nature that do her honour;" (alluding to that person's never having waited upon her, for fear of offending the Prince;) "few royal persons are sufficiently liberal to set down a seeming omission of duty, even of the most trifling nature, to its true cause, when no direspect is intended." It ought to be recorded to the honour of the Princess, that until she was goaded to madness, she never felt any hatred against the Prince's friends, as such;—only against persons who had been her adherents, and turned from her to bow the knee to Baal, did she show any resentment.

Returned to town—was invited to sup at Kensington—a very agreeable party, but, unfortunately, the Princess prolonged her pleasures till they became pains. No appetite for converse, no strength of nerves, no love for any individual who might be present, could possibly enable any person, *who was not royal*, (they certainly are gifted with supernatural strength,) to sit for five or six hours at table, and keep vigil till morning light. Some one, I remember, present that night, ventured to hint that morning was at hand. "Ah!" said the Princess,

"God, he knows when we may all meet again to—tell you God's truth, when I am happy and comfortable, I could sit on for ever."

There was heaviness in her mirth, and every body seemed to feel it, so they sat on. At last we rose from table; many of the guests went away; some few lingered in the drawing-room, amongst whom I was one. I was left the last of all. Scarcely had Sir H. Englefield, Sir William Gell, and Mr. Craven reached the ante-room, when a long and protracted roll of thunder echoed all around, and shook the palace to its very foundations; a bright light shone into the room—brighter than the beams of the sun; a violent hissing noise followed, and some ball of electric fluid, very like that which is represented on the stage, seemed to fall close to the window where we were standing. Scarcely had we recovered the shock, when all the gentlemen who had gone out, returned, and Sir H. Englefield informed us, that the sentinel at the door was knocked down, a great portion of the gravel walk torn up, and every servant and soldier were terrified. "Ah!" said the Princess, undismayed but solemnly—"this forbodes my downfall," and she shook her head; then rallying, she desired Sir H. Englefield to take especial notice of this meteoric phænomenon, and give an account of it in the Philosophical Transactions—which he did.

I learnt the next day that three new mad doctors had been called in to the poor King: Monro, Symons, and J. Willis. Heberden was dismissed, and is to see him no more. It is settled, that a new plan is to be adopted:—as all the physicians now allow that the King's mind is quite gone, he is to be left to himself, except at moments of violence,—no longer to be tormented with medicine or questions, etc., etc., and only attended by the doctors who profess to treat insane persons, and by one regular physician. By all this it appears certain, that at

the expiration of the year at latest, that is to say, in the course of next February, all restrictions will be taken off the Prince Regent, and he will act as King. What is to follow, time only can show.

Heard to-day of the marriage of Mrs. Bouverie, which event has given rise to a great deal of wit. They say that in her youth she wore a cloak, and in her old age a Spencer.

The Princess communicated to me a letter from Mr. Brougham. It is very like a conjuror's hocus-pocus; for I defy any one, and certainly Her Royal Highness, to understand distinctly what it means. It is a very ingenious mystification, however.

COPY OF MR. BROUGHAM'S NOTE.

"I have seen Lord Grey, and Lord Lansdowne, and others. The Prince did not propose to Lord Wellesley anything about seeing or speaking to the opposition; but Lord Wellesley proposed it, and the Prince did not object. Lord W. saw Lord G. yesterday, and to-day he saw Lord Y. and Lord Grenville—and then he saw Lord Moira and others. He *has* proposed several principles, in which he thinks they may all agree—the Catholic question, and the war in Spain. Nothing has been proposed in the order in council; which is the chief difficulty in the opinion of many. As yet nothing is fixed, nor has any mention been made as to arrangements of the offices; they are only negotiating to try to come to an understanding upon principles. If they succeed in that, the rest will be quite easy, as far as relates to them; and I fancy Lord Grey will be minister; and the Prince reserves to himself to agree to or refuse the project they may finally submit to him. The thing is still going on, and they seem to think Lord Wellesley has completely quarrelled with the old cabinet—with some (Lords Bathurst and Harrowby) irreconcileably. I never believe in such

irreconcileable quarrels. The opposition (with a few exceptions) are all against their coming into office, and I am sure Whitbread, Coke, etc., will be decidedly so."

About this time there was a talk of publishing some statement of facts, in favour of the Princess, which was either got up by Brougham or some of the party, but which they chose to envelope in a sort of mystery;—whether or not to deceive the Princess, or whether to serve her or themselves and their party, I never could understand. Her Royal Highness showed me the following sentence in a note of Mr. Brougham's concerning them.

(Copy.)—"The papers have been sent to me by a mysterious personage, with the view to publication. I have fully considered the subject, and have written a *cautious* answer, which has not been called for, though I have twice advertised in the newspaper, as directed by the stranger. I had intended to send a copy of my answer, but it is scarcely worth while; the substance is strongly to advise publication, but accompanied with a *proper narrative*, which I have engaged a most unexceptionable person to write as soon as required, namely, Mr. Hunt." (1)

While Mr. Brougham was thus busily engaged, as it appeared, in procuring or buying up papers, supposed to be in favour of Her Royal Highness, she herself was equally busy on her part in a similar scheme; but by all I ever could make out, it was kept a profound secret from Mr. Brougham.

(1) Docctors differ, and so do other people, in their estimation of proper and mproper. Some have ventured to think that Mr. Hunt was the very reverse, as an agent for the Princess of Wales.

FROM MR. M. G. LEWIS.

"The Albany, Nov. 20th.

"MY DEAR ——,

"In the first place you must understand, that I have been all my life the most careful person in the world respecting letters, and that the late instances of the Duke of York and Lord Folkestone have by no means operated to produce an abatement of caution. London is still very empty, and there is nothing to be done except going to the play. Luckily that is one of my favourite amusements; and still more luckily, the few people who are in town seem to be of the same opinion; so that, whenever there is any thing worth going to see, a couple of boxes are taken, in which Lady Le Despencer and her daughters, Lady de Ros, Lady Perceval, and all the men they can pick up, establish themselves, and we generally sup at Lady Le Despencer's afterwards. I have neither seen nor heard anything of the Princess, since she removed to Blackheath, except a report that she is in future to reside at Hampton Court, because the Princess Charlotte wants the apartments at Kensington; but I cannot believe that the young Princess, who has been always described to me as so partial to her mother, would endure to turn her out of her apartment, or suffer it to be done. I have also been positively assured, that the Prince has announced that the first exertion of his power will be to decide the fate of the Princess; and that Perceval, even though he demurred at endeavouring to bring about a divorce, gave it to be understood that he should have no objection to her being excluded from the coronation, and exiled to Holyrood House. (1) How-

(1) I am confident, that such a course would never have been adopted by Mr. Perceval. He was not a man to lend himself to any measures which were not strictly consonant with open, upright honour. Had he been convinced of the Princess's guilt, he would not have upheld her, or *professed* himself her friend, while in secret he joined in the party against her.

ever, I only give you these as reports, for which I know no foundation, and sincerely hope that there is none of a solid nature. While on the subject of royalties, I may as well tell you an anecdote, which, whether true or false, has amused me very much. They say, that when the Duke of C—— deputed Mrs. F.——n to make his proposals of marriage to Miss L—ng, she went to her and stated very gravely that the Duke of C—— was willing to part with Mrs. J——n, and give her place in his affections to Miss L——; on which the poor little girl thought that she was intended to officiate in *the same capacity* with her predecessor: so she fell a crying, and called the unlucky ambassadress all the bad names that she could think of.

"Donald Macdonald called on me a few days ago, to tell me that his brother's marriage with Lady Caroline Edgcumbe is finally settled, and will take place with all possible expedition. I am heartily glad of it. Sir John Sinclair (the Duchess of Gordon's grandson) is going to be married to the daughter of Admiral de Courcy. Lady Oxford is returned to town to lie in; somebody said (in allusion to the old joke about the Harleian Miscellany) that to judge by her size, this production would be a very voluminous work indeed. I have not yet seen her myself, but I hear that she is looking extremely ill, is in very low spirits, and in short is evidently quite chapfallen.

"You say, 'I wonder what you think of Trotter's Life of Fox?'—Now I wonder that, supposing I had only read two paragraphs, you could have any doubt of what I must think; and still more I should wonder, if supposing that I *had* read the paragraphs, you should imagine it possible for me to read two more. I contented myself with the extracts in the newspapers, which were quite numerous enough to satisfy my curiosity, and prevent my wishing to see any more of the work. The author was a person merely taken into Fox's family

because he was a relation of the widow of the Bishop of Down, who was Fox's tutor; and he was only employed (as I understand) in making extracts from different works at Paris, which contained matters connected with Fox's projected History. This man has since thought himself not sufficiently taken notice of, nor provided for by his patrons, relations, and friends, and he is therefore supposed to have published these memoirs with the benevolent intention of vexing them. The work is evidently the production of a disappointed man. His late dispute with the physicians, respecting his charge of their having accelerated Fox's death by the use of digitalis, is sufficient to show how little he is to be relied upon for accuracy; and as to his style, it is the most inflated bombastic manner of writing that ever yet came in my way, and would be much better adapted to 'the sorrows of Lady Henrietta Heartbroke, being the first literary attempt of a young lady.' Lord Holland is so much offended, both at the manner and matter of the work, that he will not suffer it to occupy a place in his library, where even my trash finds room.

"I have heard of nothing good in the literary way; but I read three volumes yesterday of the strangest, dullest, and most incomprehensible trash imaginable, two or three passages in which made me laugh above measure, owing solely (I verily believe) to the writer's being half a fool, and half a madwoman. It is the life of Mrs. Wells, a ci-devant actress; in which, among other things, she proves that the Duke of —— has given himself a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; a thing of which I never should have suspected him. It seems what when a person is married already, and wants to marry somebody else, nothing in the world is necessary but the simplest and easiest thing possible: he has nothing upon earth to do but to turn Jew! This is what Mrs. Wells did with the greatest success; and she always takes care

not to confound her personages together. There is, 'her first husband;' and then there is 'her second husband;' and then again there is 'the father of her children;' and I assure you, of all the distinctions I ever met with, these different distinctions are made out the clearest. As she was always in debt, she inveighs bitterly against the power of arrest; and prays devoutly that the earth may open and swallow all the *lock-up* houses. And she says that being at Hastings's trial, a citizen's wife, who had looked at her, indolently begged her to lend her the newspaper; on which, says Mrs. Wells, I said, loud enough for every body to hear me, 'I 'll see you at the devil first.' Every eye was instantly fixed on the citizen's wife; she sank into her original littleness, and hastily quitted a society where she had made herself so ridiculous!!—Addio.

"Ever yours, "M. G. LEWIS."

Sunday, February 23d, 1812.—The Princess Charlotte was at the opera last night for the first time, and much delighted, as it seemed. She leant over the box and bowed to every person she knew. I could not learn if she was applauded or not. She went with the Duchess of York, Lord De Clifford, and Bloomfield to attend her. Some one of her royal uncles, and Erskine were, I understand, in the box.

Monday.—I was glad to hear a person, very much *against* the Princess of Wales, say, that he considered what had passed in the House of Commons as decisive in her favour, and that nothing more can be attempted to be brought against her, nor would *dare* to be attempted on the other side—for the unpopularity is extreme. The Prince Regent went yesterday in grand state to the Chapel Royal—the first time of his appearance as sovereign. As he proceeded from Carlton House to St.

James's surrounded by all his pomp, etc., not a single huzza from the crowd assembled to behold him! Not a hat off! Of this I was assured by a gentleman present, on whom I can depend.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

Dated "Saturday, 11th May, 1812.

"I was actually going to write to you about this said *insolent* drawing-room; for such it is, and will help, I think, much to raise *commencing* indignation! but, for heaven's sake, let any who may, advise the Princess to remain where she is, and not stir hand or foot for herself, but leave that to others, and be *assured* "qu'il s'en *présentera*." I have heard, and in a way that makes me give some credit to it, that a man unconnected with opposition, who wishes to come forward and be talked of, rich and independant, is in possession of a copy of *The Book*, and that he means to purchase a seat, for the purpose of laying this book before Parliament—to the dismay and confusion of Perceval and others of his followers."

I hear, that in consequence of the Princess having gone to Windsor to see her daughter, a message was sent to her from the Regent by Lord Liverpool, to desire her not to go there again. Her reply was, that if she saw the Princess Charlotte as usual, once a-week, she would obey; but if not, she thought her duty in respect to her child was paramount to all others. The Princess Charlotte *has* not come to her, and the Princess of Wales is determined to go again to Windsor. Her Royal Highness knows she will be refused seeing her daughter, but wishes to have the refusal in black and white; and also to be able to say that she did all in her power to prove her love for Princess Charlotte. (1)

(1) This conduct would have been natural and praise-worthy, had genuine affection for her child been the real motive; but it

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"What you have the goodness to ask as a favour, my dear ——, I need not say I look upon as an honour; and I have finished two daubs, which I shall take the earliest private opportunity of sending to you. The one is Queen Elizabeth dancing, the other Louis XIV and the Duchesse de la Vallière. Whichever of these unworthy performances you deem best, pray retain for yourself; for though the Princess Charlotte is certainly a great personage, and a budding queen, and one may give oneself great airs on having done a drawing for her, yet I am a Jacobite and a Scotchman;—so I would rather have the best of my poor efforts in the possession of yourself, than in that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Ever since I have possessed eyes and ears, I have known how to appreciate the honours done me by the former. Things have gone on rather stupidly, I think, since you left Edinburgh. There have been some parties, where people pretended to waltz and imagined they were singing. Indeed, not to be above one's trade, with some exceptions, this city containeth few pretty, well-dressed women, and a number of Antropophagi, and men whose heads ——

Do grow beneath their shoulders.

"I had the honour of being at Lady C——'s one evening lately, and saw some French country dances. I wish that you and Miss C—— had seen them also: there was every step of a dancing duck, and the line of beauty formed the wrong way. Pray tell Miss C—— that the principal Vestris was her humble admirer Charles C——, was too evidently pique and a revenge for self-indignities, which instigated this undignified mode of showing her displeasure. More patience and forbearance, on this as on many other occasions, would have given her a better chance of carrying her point; but if ever woman was goaded to intemperate display of passion, the Princess was that woman.

figuring with a new French (I presume) head, his hair being peaked up like Corporal Trim's Montero cap, or some of the foretops in Captain Cook's Voyages;—with this head-gear, and holding his legs like a frog swimming, he was enough to kill one with laughing;—and he never could have his fill of it—for when any poor Miss fell piping hot upon her chair, out of the ring, he always handed her up again, with a kick-out of his heels that beggars all description.

"I saw Dr. A. R—— there, in very good health, but still busy with the measled children in George's Square. His brother, an officer in the 92d, is a very descendant of Adonis, and all the pelisses in Princes Street are in love with him. However, 't is said he confines himself entirely to Miss G——, a lady rich in money and a hump, to which I fear Adolphus will never find a discussing plaster, for it appears to be a mighty obstinate tumour. She does not care so very much for good looks, but she is extremely fond of laurels, and R—— was at * * *; so she will wear his garlands upon her shoulders * * *; while he will find her money a much more comfortable and substantial thing than a night-cap of green leaves.

I saw Mr. C—— here the other day. He is, I think, grown fat, and has always more light in his face than anybody; but I wish he were away from this odious town,—I mean odious with respect to young men of fortune, and indeed to young men of any sort: for I am old-fashioned, I confess, in many points, and deem this place a very poison to the youthful soul. In London, young lads are dissipated enough, and thoughtless; but I never found them set up, as they universally do here, for atheistic professors of every thing foolish and impious. David Hume has left that legacy to his unfortunate countrymen; his ill-grounded reputation dazzles our college and our bar; and I actually believe that there is not one Christian, I had almost said Theist, on the benches of

our lecture-rooms, or on the boards of our Parliament-House.

"Apropos, our *ladies* are greatly shocked with the free use of scriptural phrases in the ******, and very angry with the author on that account. For my part, as I have read a great many of the old Presbyterian sermons, I do not see those passages in so atrocious a light; for they are nothing to the wonderful things one meets with in the effusions of Peden and Cargill; whose favourite scriptural book appears to have been the Song of Solomon:—which song, by the way, I lately found in MS. in the Advocates' Library, translated into rhyme by Mistress Barbara Macky, and humbly dedicated to that most noble lady the Countess of Caithness, daughter to that thrice worthy marquess, my Lord Marquess of Argyll. And a conscientious translator Mistress Barbara was; for she leaves not out one word of her original; but her fidelity is superior to her metre by many degrees. The Countess to whom she dedicates was twice married; first to Lord Caithness, and then to Lord Breadalbane. Her picture, extremely pretty, is at Holyrood House.

"Talking of pictures, poor B. H. has got such a cold (I suppose by sitting to T—— as Venus) that she coughs the castle rocks into ten thousand echoes, and rouses the 9-d there every five minutes with the trumpet of her nose. I never saw her in so sad a condition. Not so Lady C——l, who is going to marry Mr. B——s forthwith, and seems very comfortable on the prospect. However, she will not have the satisfaction of carrying on the S—— family; for it appears that Mr. B—— hath a son, an unlicked lad; and I was told that, the other evening, B——'s old nurse (who always lives with him) and his landlady, looking out of the back windows by moonlight, beheld master salute the house-maid as they met in the cabbage garden; on which the two indignant Lucretias sallied down stairs, and fell each upon her own

property, with blows as well as words—and a dreadful scene there was! Nothing like the uproar hath been heard thereabouts, since the murder of David Rizzio. They had all been very nearly seized by the police. What became of the nymphs I know not; but Master B—— is transmitted to the birch of the minister at Aberlady, there to mortify in sackcloth and sea-coal ashes. If I did not know your goodness, dear ——, I should beg ten thousand pardons for all this stuff; but as it is, offering my very best wishes and respect,

"I rest your ever obliged," etc.

Monday.—I was shown to-day some verses by an accomplished man, which made me wish to be a free agent, and to visit the scenes which he describes so well. Mr. K. C——n addressed them to a lady, a friend of mine. Mr. K. C——n was one of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales's most intimate friends, and she valued his acquaintance. A mind that was capable of appreciating such characters and talents as his, could not itself be devoid of taste and delicacy.

Dated "Scio, March, 1812.

"Think not, fair lady, though in foreign clime,
'Midst isles remote, a wanderer still I roam,
That length of travel, or that lapse of time,
Hath banish'd every thought of distant home;

That home, where all my old attachments dwell,
Where infant hopes and young emotions grew,
Where breathe the valued friends I love so well,
Warm in affection, though in number few.

Then, lady, wonder not that when I view'd
The lines you traced, my cheek with pleasure glow'd;
Nor deem it strange that thus my gratitude
Should own the comfort which those lines bestow'd.

Oh! they were doubly welcome at that hour,
When solitude and sickness were my lot;
They proved by words of soft persuasive power,
That, though far distant, I was not forgot.

They soothed my sadness, and I learnt awhile
The transient evils of this life to bear
With patience, as I saw great Nature smile
Upon the island she has made so fair.

In truth, this isle is beauteous to behold,
Well worthy of the ancient poet's choice,
Who here had fix'd his seat in times of old,
And taught its shore the echo of his voice.

In yonder bay, which no rude storms invade,
Where, hush'd in calm, the billows seem to sleep,
Two plantain trees extend their leafy shade,
Above a spring that mingles with the deep.

There, on a rock clad with luxuriant vine,
The Chian youths in eager number throng,
To learn the precepts of the man divine,
Or hear the wonders of his epic song.

Mark you the woody crags that crown the wave—
The olive groves spread o'er the Lesbian plain?
Alcæus there to verse new measure gave,
And Sappho sang, and loved, and wept in vain.

Far happier he whom Teos call'd her own,
The bard who drank and laugh'd long life away;
Who scatter'd roses round a tyrant's throne,
And lighten'd with his song oppression's sway.

See, in the windings of Iona's coast,
Full many a spot enrich'd by classic fame;
Behold Miletus Thales' wisdom boast,
But prouder still of its Aspasia's name.

Observe where Ephesus its temple rears,
The seventh wonder of th' astonish'd earth;
That mighty monument, the work of years,
Fell on the hour that gave a conqueror birth

At nearer Chios, view the hallow'd shrine,
Whose oracle the solemn silence broke;
Erythræ too, where, fired with rage divine,
The Sibyl once in mystic accents spoke.

Now, smooth Ionia, grovelling lie thy fanes,
Thy massy porticos and columns tall;
Alone unchanged thy genial breeze remains,
And sighs at even o'er thy mournful fall.

Beneath the marble wreck the viper hides,
The centipede along the cornice creeps,
Quick o'er the Ionic scroll the lizard glides,
While in the sculptured leaf the scorpion sleeps.

Within thy ports mute solitude prevails,
Which arts and industry enrich no more;
No poetry is heard among thy vales,
No music floats along thy desert shore;

Save where perchance some foreign minstrel strays,
And strikes the lyre with melancholy hand;
Or sadly chants in feeble notes the lays
Which call to memory his native land—

The lays, fair lady, which you sang so well,
Within the precincts of that royal bower,
Where beauty, talents, wit, and kindness dwell,
And cheer the progress of each fleeting hour.

Still does the wandering troubadour aspire
To taste the joys which in those bowers are found;
Beneath their shade again to wake the lyre,
And hear your voice accompany its sound.

These pleasing hopes his spirits still sustain,
And freshen'd courage to his steps impart;
They bid him for those halcyon days retain
Unmoved his friendship, and unchanged his heart."

11th May, 1812.—I know not whether to have faith in presentiments or not; but once or twice in my life

"coming events" have "cast their shadows before," in a manner almost supernatural. To-day I experienced the most gloomy melancholy I ever felt, without at *the time* having a cause for so doing; but in the evening, as I was at dinner with the Princess of Wales, she received a letter; I observed her change colour while perusing its contents, and, covering her face with her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh! something dreadful has happened; I cannot read it aloud;" but she pushed the letter towards me, and signed to me to do so. The letter was from Madame de Haëckle, giving an account of Mr. Perceval's assassination, by a man of the name of Bellingham, as he was going into the House of Commons. Revenge of private injuries was stated as the cause which led to the commission of this crime—that is to say, the *conceived* injuries; but Madame de Haëckle added, "God grant this may not be the signal for many coming woes!" The panic struck us all, but no one more than the Princess. I never saw her so deeply affected before, or since. Mr. Locke alone declared he did not believe that the murder, dreadful as it was, had any connection with public events, but was a solitary instance of crime. About twelve at night, an express which the Princess sent to Mr. Arbuthnot returned, with a few words confirming the truth and accuracy of the first statement; except that Madame de Haëckle said the deed had been committed in the House of Commons, whereas it was done in the lobby of the house. The assassin immediately sat down, did not attempt to escape, and said he had no doubt his country would do him justice when his wrongs were laid before the public; he was sure the laws would respect him; and, in short, used the language of a fanatic or a maniac. Mr. Arbuthnot said he had lost his best friend, and never could have his loss replaced. The whole night was spent in conjectures upon the probable consequences of this horrible event.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS,

Giving an account to Her Royal Highness of Mr. PERCEVAL's Assassination.

"THOUGH I may not be able to send your Royal Highness more particulars than you are already acquainted with, respecting the atrocious and horrible murder committed last evening, I find it impossible not to condole with your Royal Highness on an event the most lamentable that could have befallen the nation at this time. I feel it the more sensibly from its being connected so immediately with your Royal Highness, who has lost so true, steady, and firm a friend, at a time, too, when his strenuous efforts were employed to place your Royal Highness, if not in the situation you ought to hold, at least in one more proper and fitting than your present; so at least I have been positively informed. On the event being known, the Speaker moved an adjournment. The depositions of the witnesses present were taken immediately by Mr. Corme and Mr. M. A. Taylor, which I understand brings the act home to the perpetrator, Mr. Be lingham, a Russian merchant living at Liverpool. He also confesses the crime. The Lords voted an address to the Regent, which was immediately taken up and presented to him. Insanity is, of course, ascribed to the assassin—the motive, disappointment at not receiving compensation for losses in his trade. Lord Granville Leveson is also said to be a person of whom Bellingham complains; but his Lordship has fortunately escaped. As to *what* government will now be formed, that is entirely matter of conjecture; but a few hours must decide. As your Royal Highness may probably determine to defer your appearance in public to-morrow, I shall take it as a favour if you will let me know your pleasure.

"I have the honour to remain, etc., etc.,

(Signed) "A. B. ST. LEGER."

Tuesday, ——, 1812.

"Nothing has yet transpired of ministerial arrangements, nor is it even known whom the Prince Regent has seen; but it is thought that the same ministry are to be continued, and that they will still venture to try their hand. The Prince Regent certainly has a mind towards Lord Wellesley, and as certainly saw him before Perceval's death,—I believe on the Wednesday preceding; but whether Lord Wellesley will join with these, that is, thinks himself sufficiently strong or not, is doubtful. I dread him! He is violent, arrogant, and haughty! Poor Perceval, as a private man, is much to be regretted; as a minister, not so; as is most plain by the way his death is received by the people! He would not believe in their present distress and difficulties, nor hold out any consoling hope for their relief; and all that *has* followed, and I fear *will* follow, is in a great measure the consequence of his harsh and headstrong disbelief in miseries too manifest to be doubtful. No wonder then if the people grew violent and unmanageable from despair, and seek remedies, alas! where they are least likely to be found, and throw all into confusion! I cannot, as some do, put my head into a bag, and fancy others do not see me; or shut my eyes and not see the gloomy prospects of the country. As to the opposition coming in at present, I neither believe nor wish it."

"I last night saw at Mr. G. Lamb's several members of the House of Commons who were present, both at the moment of the assassination, and at the examination of the assassin; and likewise Lord Lauderdale, and some of the other lords, who carried up an address to the Prince Regent. There is not the least appearance, or evidence, or indeed suspicion, of this vile act being done in concert with anybody or any party of people, or of the murderer having any accomplice. He had been in former times a

ship-broker or something of that sort at Liverpool, and within these few years was resident in Russia upon some commercial business; where his conduct was eternally getting him into scrapes, and giving much trouble to Lord Granville Leveson, our then minister there. It is said, too, that he was for some time confined in that country, on account of positive insanity. At present he seems perfectly calm, and free from any of the manners of a madman. He said upon his examination, that he was perfectly aware of the atrocity of the action, but that if he was to be calmly heard, he did not doubt that he could justify it. He never attempted to escape, either before or after his seizure. The Prince Regent received the address of the Lords within an hour after the event had taken place, with every due and decent expression of regret; it was carried up to Carlton House by Lords Grey, Lauderdale, Lansdowne, Holland, the Duke of Rutland, and some one else whose name I have forgot, accompanied by all the Princes and the Duke of York, who delivered it. The address was one merely stating the horrible crime that had been committed on the person of a member of the Lower House, within the precincts of Parliament, and praying a minute inquiry, and speedy justice upon the delinquent. The House of Commons, in their confusion, had adjourned without coming to any vote on the subject.

You may easily conceive the effect this event must have had on all society last night in London, and how *it*, and nothing but *it*, was talked of *universally*, with all the horror which such a catastrophe must inspire. I am sorry to add, that its effect on the mob who had collected at the doors of the House of Commons before the murderer was removed, was by no means such as could be wished.—I mean, that they did not seem at all impressed with horror at such a crime, so committed, but seemed careless about the matter, and even disposed to joke; without, however, any party cry, or any disposition to rioting."

Her Royal Highness sent for me again the next day. She repeated all that had been said the preceding evening; and then she drew conclusions as to the future, repecting the ministry, the Government, and other public matters, with such ingenuity of combination, and so much sound reasoning, that I had a higher opinion of the powers of her mind than I ever entertained before.

"The Prince," said she, "never will have sufficient energy to change his whole set of ministers, whatever he may wish to do; and he will merely get in Lord Wellesley, or some such person, to plaster up the rent this great man's death has made." Then she added, with an expression of feeling which excited my warmest sympathy for her situation, "I have lost my best friend; I know not where to look for another—though even he was changed towards me since he had become one of the ministers. Whoever is in power becomes always more or less the creature of the Prince, and of course less friendly to me. No, no," she said; "there is no more society for me in England: for do you think if Lady H——by, and the Duchess of B——t, and all that set, were to come round to me now, that I would invite them to my intimacy? Never. They left me without a reason, as time serves, and I never can wish for them back again. I am too proud for that. I do not say that, were they to be civil again, I never would ask them to a great dinner or ball; that is quite anoder affair. Mais vous sentez bien, dat to have dem in de intimate footing dey used to be on, coming every Sunday night, and all dat sort of ting, never. No, I repeat it, so long as dat man lives, [meaning the Regent,] les choses vont de mal en pire for me; for whoever comes in to serve him, even dose calling themselves my friends, are just the same; they will set me aside and worship the Regent—enfin, I have had patience for 17 years, and I conclude I must for 17 years longer."

To hear complaints too well founded, to be low-spirited

oneself, to have no consolation to offer, save of a kind that, unfortunately for her, she has never been taught to resort to, and consequently cannot benefit from, is a very painful situation for any one to be in who is her friend. I admire her in many instances—I honour her masculine nobleness and magnanimity; but I feel that we are too far apart in our habits and views, for me to be able either to divert, or entertain, or comfort her. I can listen, however; and that is always some consolation.

She received various letters from all her intimates, filled with accounts of the tragic event; then Her Royal Highness proposed driving to Lady Oxford's to consult with her. I did not immediately contradict her; but the idea of driving to Lady Oxford's at a moment when I knew all eyes would be turned upon her, terrified me for her sake. Shortly after she ordered her phaeton, I know not what impelled me, but I exclaimed, "Oh! I trust not to go to Lady Oxford; I am so afraid, Madam, of what may be said." On looking up, I saw a rising storm on her countenance. She affected great composure, and said with a pettish air, "Oh, 't is all one, I assure you—let us not go;" upon which she turned short upon her heel, and walked away in anger into the garden. I felt sorry at having been guilty of any thing she deemed disrespectful. I knew not what to do, but I thought I had done what a real regard for her demanded; so I followed her, and when I came up to her, I saw that she wished to hide her anger, and, with a command of temper, rare in most persons, but admirable in a princess, she began talking upon indifferent subjects with great self-command, and I saw that she was determined to forget the circumstance, and I on my part resolved never to repeat the offence. After all, I knew that she would always follow the bent of her own inclinations, and nothing but an imprudent impulse of real friendship made me hazard one word of advice.

When I was first introduced to Her Royal Highness, she gave me her opinion upon the subject of advice, and after we became better acquainted, she said, with many flattering expressions on my character, "Now I look upon you as a friend, and we shall never quarrel if you never give me any advice." In future, therefore, I determined (and I kept to my determination) that unless Her Royal Highness should call upon me to act in any business, or on any occasion, that I deemed hurtful to myself personally, I neither would contradict nor advise her—that was the province of others. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it is difficult to say which, Lady Oxford herself came, accompanied by Lord A. Hamilton, and Lord G——y. These visitors prevented her going out to commit any imprudence, to which the excited state of her mind might have tempted her.

* * * *

Thursday, 14th.—The drawing-room was put off, which of course disappointed the Princess, as she wished to be on the scene as much as possible.

* * * *

Saturday.—I was invited to Blackheath. The Princess Charlotte, as usual, at dinner; Monsieur and Madame de Haëckle, Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, Miss Whitbread, and the Dowager Lady Grey. I was sorry to see these excellent people there on this day, because I feared Her Royal Highness would be blamed for inviting them to meet her daughter; as her enemies will turn every thing to her disadvantage, and exaggerate every error. The Princess had been forbidden to invite any persons whatever to meet the Princess Charlotte.

* * * *

"The Albany, Sunday.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I shall have the pleasure of dining with you to-morrow, but you will see me quite crest-fallen.

Madame de Staël! Oh! Madame de Staël!—Oh! Huncamunca!—Huncamunca, oh!'—How shall I write it? She told me—she uttered it with her own lips—I heard it with my own ears—it was to my own face, which still burns with mortification, that she said it—she told me—shame checks my pen—in short, she told me—that I was—*inférieur*! Write it not, my hand. The word appears already written; wash it out, my tears: and not *inférieur* merely, but *très inférieur*! Humiliating truth; can I ever survive thy declaration! What can I do? whither can I fly? *Malheureux que je suis*! where hide my diminished head.—*Hélas*!—Oimè! heigh ho!—Oh dear! lack a daisy! bubble and squeak, etc., and so forth.

"You may perceive that this mortification has nearly turned my head; let me, therefore, use what little sense I have left to assure you that I am, * * *

fine. I think it is a covering to all sorts of deformity; and the silence and grandeur of it imposes delightfully upon the multitude. The bareness and glare of Brighton put my eyes out, and the bustle and noise put my patience out; so Brighton is not in my good graces. To-day I saw my old tutor. He confesses that he is nearly tired of keeping a school; and no wonder; for though the theory of education is mighty pretty in prose or verse, it is an Herculean labour when put in actual practice; and nothing but a sense of duty can make any one go through with it.

I received a letter from the Princess. She tells me that the paper called *the News*, has been bought over by Carlton House, and that the editor, a Mr. * * * is going to publish a correspondence, which he declares to have passed between the Princess herself, and Lady Anne Hamilton, and Lord Perceval, which correspondence Her Royal Highness says is a forgery. She requests me not to take the News in any more, and likewise wishes all those who profess to be her friends to forbid it in their families. One of Her Royal Highness's ladies is much distressed at the continued alarms which such threats impart to her Royal mistress; and in writing to me by the Princess's desire to tell me of the above circumstance, Lady —— adds, that she thinks she will not be able to continue in the Princess's service; for not only is it a situation of constant uneasiness, but also of very great fatigue;—such a perpetual excitement from little causes, that, during the period of her waiting, she never knows peace. Lady —— is sincerely attached to the Princess; but she says, and says truly, that it is impossible for her, or indeed for any one else, to be of use to Her Royal Highness; for if she asks advice one day, she acts in direct opposition to it the next: and Lady —— adds, I foresee so much misery likely to be the poor Princess of Wales's lot, that I had rather, being

unable to serve her, not be implicated in the blame which will fall upon those persons who, it is very naturally supposed, have some influence over her conduct.

Fortunately for Lady ——, the Windsor expedition, or Royal siege, is not likely to take place during her time of waiting, for Lady De Clifford has hot inflamed eyes, and has been obliged to come to town. Princess Charlotte is in consequence shut up in the castle with the Queen Grandmother, and so all will remain as it is for the present. The Prince's going in person, or not, to the House on Monday, is uncertain; a negociation I hear is carrying on between Lord Wellesley, Canning, and the Whigs, in order to turn out the present Ministry. That would be a good deed; but I dread Lord Wellesley as a minister more than any others: he is ambitious, haughty, extravagant to excess.—Alas! poor country! Where Napoleon and Kutosou are, with their armies, no one can tell.

December 2nd, 1812.

The Princess Charlotte was at the House, and sat on the woolsack near the throne; two of the Princesses came from Windsor to accompany her.—It was remarked that she talked and laughed much, turned her back often upon papa, and had a certain *expressive* smile during the speech, which did not displease *all* the lords, nor *all* the ladies there. The Prince, it is said, was much displeased at her manner; in addition to which, the Princess Charlotte *spoke* to Lord Erskine, and *nodded* to Lord Jersey; but those from whom I heard this seemed to be diverted only at what had passed, and attached no blame to Her Royal Highness.(1) *His* Royal Highness

(1) It would be astonishing to observe how much party spirit perverts the minds of those over whom it takes possession, (even the best natures,) were it not so common an occurrence, that it no longer strikes as being a novel or singular circumstance, but seems to be a received apology for every sort of dereliction from moral or religious principle, or even from natural feeling.—What in

was flurried and nervous, both in going to and returning from the house, but delivered his speech well!—*A pretty speech it was.* By the people he was received with dead silence, and not a hat off,—some marks of disapprobation even, with scarcely any loyal greeting; only a few plaudits as he went through the Horse Guards,—no general burst of popular applause.

There was a report of the Prince Regent's being ill, and I was told the King had been and *was*, since Monday last, in such paroxysms, that they were considerably alarmed at Windsor. I am much amused at hearing that her Grace the Duchess of Leeds is appointed first lady to the Princess Charlotte.

I have only observed the advertisement (of the letters the Princess of Wales wished to have published) once inserted in the Morning Chronicle, and it is not, I find, yet generally understood, as being a genuine document. I am in hopes that some compromise may be offered from the other side; and the less that is said about it, therefore, I think the better. I dread the publication of these epistles, as, however great it may make her wrongs appear—and great in my opinion they are—yet it will give colour to a charge of breach of trust in making letters public that were never written to meet the public eye. This might not be an objection at a moment of *personal* attack, (or after a lapse of years, when time brings foul and fair to light,) but this not being at present the case, I

reality could be more unamiable than for a daughter to hold her father in contempt?—and what more disgusting, than that she should show she did so? No state considerations—nay, even no feeling for an injured mother, could justify such a sentiment, or such behaviour. But, by all I could learn, the whole thing was misrepresented; probably Princess Charlotte was more interesep in the pageant than in any consideration of the real consequence of the scene, and in the gay spirits of her youth thought more of individuals whom she knew and liked, than of the more serious consequence of the drama in which she performed so conspicuous a part.

repeat, that I dread the publication of them, and think it is highly injudicious in Her Royal Highness's advisers.

It appears that Napoleon has got to Wilna, and is safe, with a great part of his army. The Russian Ambassadrice, I heard from Lady Warren, is making all sorts of enquiries as to the form in which she is to be presented to Her Royal Highness the Princess Regent!—How will they get off this?—I wish it may embarrass them, but fear it will not. (1)

Kensington, Monday.

Came here yesterday by invitation—the house desperately cold, and everything else *as bad as ever*; was commanded at half-past two to accompany the Princess of Wales to see the young princes, her nephews. She hates them. I don't know why, unless it is that, as she says, they are frightful. As usual, she was mighty gracious to me, but that is because I am not curious or prying. I only wish I had ears and heard not, eyes and saw not; but, as that cannot be, I render myself as deaf, blind, and dumb as I can, and think myself perfectly justified in so doing. Her Lady in waiting said to me, "things are grown so bad, *so dull*, so black, that if it were not for the determination of putting a speedy end to my slavery, I could not endure it: to have, all day and all night, long complaints poured forth, from which there

(1) When these matters come to stand recorded on the page of history, as recorded they most certainly will be, how differently will the characters of the persons figuring in those times be regarded from what they were at the period in which they lived! Could anything be more mean or unworthy, than the constant petty act sof provocation and insult, which were heaped upon the mother of the future Queen? How impossible was it that Princess Charlotte should not in some degree resent these injuries and affronts, which must have wounded her own self-pride, together with every better feeling of her nature! Hers, indeed, was a most difficult part to play: if she displayed affection and respect for the one parent, she tacitly blamed the other.

is no remedy or relief,—nothing in heaven or earth that one can point to as a sanctuary from them! and I know of only one other place to mention, which is *not polite*. —The feeling that I tell you this, and that when in her presence I seem pleased, is a constant goad to my conscience, and would make me miserable, even if ennui and a consciousness of possible disgrace did not render me so. All the day long Her Royal Highness continues to talk of wishing people dead, and I must not dare to contradict the wish. I have been an accomplice in murder many a time, if silence gives consent."

The Princess made many complaints of *La reine des Ostrogoths*, and long histories about the *Squallinis*, and the Grimas, that really disgusted me;—if she likes busying herself with such objects, I do not. The old ourang outang, came to dinner,—think of him *pour tout bien*, more free and easy and detestable than ever. Then Her Royal Highness sang—squally—squally: why invite me?

After supper she continued the complaints. I cannot describe how wearisome, now unavailing and injudicious the subjects of her conversation how are in general. I know so perfectly that advice or even example is totally thrown away, and that every body who gives such is detested without benefiting her, that in the pass to which things are arrived there is only one course to be pursued, silence—and to break from her society. Regret must and ever will have place in my thoughts, when I shall look back on the past, and think of the pleasant days which I have spent with the Princess of Wales, and recollect how cruelly she has been treated, and how recklessly she has played into her enemies' hands, by going on in a course which must ruin her character and happiness.

The persons who have gained undue influence over the Princess, have cunningly persuaded her to renounce all her former friends; and she herself has too much sense

not to be aware that the respectable individuals, who were a short time ago proud to frequent Her society, would not do so now; neither would Her Royal Highness invite them, for she knows her present associates are very unfit company to be seen in her house; so she *pretends* that she has found her old friends insincere and unkind, and professes not to like them.

The next day Her Royal Highness made a party to go to a small cottage which she had taken in the neighbourhood of Bayswater, where she could feel herself unshackled by all the restraints of royalty and etiquette; there she received a set of persons wholly unfit to be admitted to her society. It is true, that since the days of Mary of Scotland, (when Rizzio sang in the Queen's closet,) and in the old time before her, all royal persons have delighted in some small retired place or apartment, where they conceived themselves at liberty to cast off the cares of their high station, and descend from the pedestal of power and place to taste the sweets of private life. But in all similar cases, this attempt to be what they were not, has only proved injurious to them—every station has its price—its penalty. Princes and Princesses must live for the public—and though it has sometimes been said that dissimulation was necessary to them, I believe it is the reverse. They are beacons set on a hill—they must be an example or a warning, and when they lurk about in corners, and forsake the society of those with whom they ought to associate, for that of low buffoons and creatures who pander to their vanity and folly, the die is cast, and they fall rapidly to perdition. To some who have been more powerful than others, the descent has been more gradual; but from whatever I do remember in tale or history, those princes have become despicable, and finally lost, who gave themselves up to favouritism and all its attendant unworthiness; and, by the Princess especially, a more unwise or foolish course

could not have been pursued, than this imitation of her unfortunate Sister Queen of France. All the follies, though not the elegance and splendour of Trianon, were aped in the rural retreat of Bayswater!!—and the Princess's foes were not backward at seizing upon this circumstance, and turning it (as well they might) to effect her downfall. As far as regards this world only, it is much more frequently imprudence than actual crime which finally hurls people to their destruction.

All the time that Her Royal Highness was going on in this idle, unworthy manner, there existed a half smothered compunction which made her wish to excuse her conduct, for none can entirely emancipate themselves from blame when aware that it is merited; or remain ignorant of the sentence, which they deserve to have passed upon them by their fellow mortals. The Princess said, how ill it would appear in the eyes of the world if she diverted herself and gave balls and assemblies, when no further supplies were granted to her, and that she must consequently run into debt if she incurred any unnecessary expenses; besides, unhappy as she was at being deprived of Princess Charlotte's society, how could she affect gaiety,—would not her doing so have the worst possible appearance? would not people blame her and say, all she wanted was to amuse herself—"there, you see, she cares not for her daughter, so that she has company." There was much plausibility in all this *lying*, but, unfortunately, I am too well acquainted with the interior to be so deceived. To say the truth, I often wonder that the world is as easily gulled as it is by the great little people: it only proves that it is the station and not the human being that twists and metamorphoses every thing; but a near inspection of *les tours de passe-passe* reduces all the magic to mere juggling. Sometimes I am enraged at myself for enduring to be in their society for a moment, much more so for laughing or seeming pleased; but I

have the same sensation as if I was living with mad people, and really humour her as much as I would do them, for fear of the immediate consequences to myself. Yesterday, at dinner, before the servants, she told *the abominable*, that a hundred virgins had strewed flowers in the Duke of Brunswick's way, on his landing in Holland, etc., etc.

Tuesday, 11th.—I am informed that the music mania is at its highest pitch; the intervals between singing and eating, are filled up with tedious complaints, which mean nothing, or nothing that they ought to mean. The Princess obliged one of her ladies to tell the ourang outang's fortune; it was not difficult to tell of his impudence and cunning and rapaciousness, but he would not take the hint. It was quite a relief to-day to be invited to meet Mr. Gell, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Craven at dinner, but her manner to them, especially to the two latter, would be comical in the extreme, if it were not melancholy, from the knowledge of the source whence it arises. I could not help looking with a scrutinizing glance at Mr. Craven, and I think his eyes *are* unsealed. Mr. Gell's are still close shut, but the degree of *bonhommie* and truth with which he speaks to Her Royal Highness, is very diverting. He talked of a gentleman who sings divinely, and who is very handsome and agreeable, and wished to be allowed to be presented to her Royal Highness at which I saw the Princess quite furious,—a rival Squallini! mercy upon us—what should we do? how should we dare to listen to any other music than that of *the one par excellence?* In short, nobody is to come into the house but Squallinis. She told me she should sell all her plate, all her toilette ornaments given her by the king, every thing, in short, which she could convert into money—for money she must have.

Another person in my place, would say to Her Royal

Highness, when she is detailing her money grievances, but surely, madam, if you have gained 2000*l.* a year by putting your servants on board wages, and that you have had 1000*l.* from another source, and that you get 1200*l.* a-year by not paying your ladies, you ought to be richer than ever;—but no, I never said one word of all this—*à quoi bon?* She is absolutely infatuated; she even talks of marrying again; but never till she has tried the favoured mortal, and made him pass five times through the fiery furnace of constancy and truth. There is an ordeal for you!—it is more truly an ordeal than Miss Adair's. (1) To kill the Regent, then go abroad with a court of her own making, of which the fiddler is to be king, is her favourite plan; Campbell is to write the epithalamium, and Lady C. L. and Lady C. C., the two favourites, are to be the ladies of the bedchamber—and * * * * * * * * * * "Don't you think this will be delightful?" she asks me. Writing these notes, though they are never to meet any eye but my own, seems to me unamiable, for I am more than ever overwhelmed with kindness.

Though the Princess was playing at chess with Lord Palmerston, she overheard every word I said, and that was not agreeable, though, in fact, I said nothing that was of any consequence. I endeavoured as much as possible to turn the conversation upon books, and upon such books as I was aware she would not have the patience to read. Nevertheless, from a quickness of perception, great tact, and an excellent memory, she catches the title of every work, and, having turned over the leaves, has a sort of smattering of the contents, which she *hashes* up with other people's opinions, and gives the whole *en rechauffé* with a *faux brillant* which imposes on the many. As soon as these men went away,

(1) Miss Adair, afterwards Mrs. Grey, wrote a novel called the Ordeal.

she felt a weight removed from her.—She cannot now bear to be in good society: she calls it *dull*; and true enough, *good* society is often dull—whereas what is called good (though often bad) is the reverse. What strange misnomers there are in the world! but it is possible to unite greatness with goodness; and at all events, it is a great merit to bear dulness with patience.

The Princess is always busying herself with the multiplication-table—that is, putting two and two together. She asked me if I thought Lady C—C— would marry Mr. Arbuthnot. I burst out laughing, and replied, "First of all, is he so inclined?—I believe not. And secondly, I know Lady —— is not inclined either for lovers or matrimony at present."

The Princess then held Lady C—C— very cheap, and returned to the old story. It is difficult to say to any persons that one thinks their principles libertine, or rather that they have no principles at all; but I told Her Royal Highness, that I knew Lady —— would never be made happy by any *illicit* attachment; and that the sting of what she conceived guilt, and the anxiety of concealment, would always make her wretched. To this the Princess replied,—"*Married love never lasts; dat is not in de nature.*" I confessed that I had seldom or ever known it to do so; but that even were it the case and that a married woman found herself obliged to resign the sweet illusions of passion, she had yet the sober consolations of esteem from others—of the applause and consideration of the world—above all, the inward peace of self-satisfaction; whereas, a woman who was a mistress, was always in danger of losing her lover, and with him she lost every thing besides. To this Her Royal Highness had nothing to reply. I spoke merely as to the *worldly* consideration of the subject, for I knew that view of the matter would weigh most with her. I do not think she likes me when I speak thus. I assured her

Lady —— was sincere in her principles; but she hopes she is not stedfast in them.

Thursday.—Yesterday Mr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ward, Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Gell, Mr. N——t, Mr. Fox, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay dined at Kensington: of all these persons, Mr. Gell is, I believe, my favourite; I think he is really good, and I cannot like any one long, that has not that stable foundation whereon to rest. The conversation was of that kind which most delights the Princess—brilliant, evanescent, and devoid of reflexion—a sort of sparkling fire which only makes darkness visible—this it is which moves the muscles of the face to laughter, but never dilates the heart with real joy. If flattery could delight I had enough of it; but it has ceased to charm me—for it is only intoxicating when one can bear its trophies to the feet of a beloved object, as an offering to its merits; 't is nothing when it is an idle gratification of selfish pleasure. Mr. N——t is a fat, fubsy man, very like a white turkey-cock—but he is a good musician, reads music at sight, and sings, correctly. Mr. Fox is a little hideous black man who is called clever, perhaps only because he bears that name, though I am tempted to give him credit for somewhat of reality, though it is only upon credit, for I never heard him *say* any thing that could sanction the belief. Of all that was said, I only remember that these persons praised Lord Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and declared they were surprised it had not made more noise, as it was the cleverest thing that ever was written. This backed Lady M——'s opinion.—They added that it was the more wonderful it should be so, because his "Hours of Idleness" was remarkably weak and poor. (1)—It is curious to hear

(1) The "weakness and poorness" of Lord Byron was the strength and riches of other men; he might have laughed those to scorn who spoke thus of him.

all the different opinions that people give of each other. On Saturday, Lord L——n dined here; he hates Lord H——, and there appears to be no love lost between them. I like the latter much the best; he says, Lady E. B—— is an impudent, forward girl, that pursued Lord H—— *à toute outrance*, who declares openly that he does not mean to have anything to do with her.—I believe both these assertions to be true.

People say that the unfortunate King may linger much longer, but that, whenever the Prince does come to the throne, he will make no change in the administration, and that he will also totally abandon the Catholic question, in spite of having promised to support it;—that his conduct will raise a rebellion, and that it is what ministers wish, because it will give them an opportunity to act with greater rigour, and by violence to extirpate the Roman Catholics, or at least their tenets, altogether. Others say, that as this is impossible, it will only breed a civil war. There was much talk yesterday at dinner about Mr. Greville: the Princess hates him; she says, he is so mischievous and so tattling: she added, "I could forgive him for anything he said of myself, because I have good broad shoulders; but he calls my daughter an abandoned little thing, and d—n me [she often swears that oath,] if ever he shall meet her in this house again. The case vas, you see, that Mr. Greville abuse all the Royal Family to her, vich vas a great impertinence as I should say, and she, poor little ting, vanted to excuse dem; so wen Mr. Greville in his wisdom said it was pity de Duke should have his mistress here, vare de princesse was, she answered, 'Oh Lord upon us, vat would you have; de Dukes cannot marry, dey must love somebody.—It would have been better had my daughter said, as one should say, dat is a subject on which I never speak; but she is a young ting, and not prepared for such matters.—No,

no, let us speak no more of Mr. Greville, 't is such an unpleasant subject."

Montague House.—I arrived at three, found nobody but old J——; the horrid din continued till five, then eating, then din again till dinner at seven—I think my ears never underwent, such martyrdom. After dinner, again the music was continued till ten without ceasing: he was then dismissed, and I was kept till two in the morning: the Princess told me, "that every thing was going on as she wished, that they were playing her game, that she had the cards in her own hands," and a great many more mystical nothings with which she deceives herself, and fancies she deceives others. The only facts I could catch hold of were, that Lady De Clifford had resigned, and that the Duchess of Leeds was proposed to succeed her as governess to Princess Charlotte, but that she (the Princess of Wales) as well as Lady De Clifford, had advised the young Princess never to allow another governess to come near her;—a piece of advice, I conclude, which tallies too well with her own inclinations for her to disregard it. What interest Lady de Clifford could have in this advice, I know not, unless it were the vanity of saying, "Princess Charlotte never had any governess after me. "Then," continued Her Royal Highness, "Mr. Brougham has written me a letter of twelve pages, which, as soon as he returns to town, when Parliament meets, I am to send to the Regent and the Chancellor, respecting my cruel situation, and my not being permitted to see my daughter,—to which letter he must give some answer; but I have taken care to write a copy of it to the ministers also, well knowing that he would put the paper in his pocket and never say more about it."—I had nothing to do but to bow and listen. "Oh! my dear ——, there will be such a crash!" "I trust it will be all for the best," said I. "Nothing can

be worse," said she. "Oh! my dear ——," resumed the Princess, after a short pause, "there is all sort of *tracasseries* at Lee." Of that I had no doubt.—Such jealousies and quarrellings, Lady Anne fighting with Lady Perceval—the one supporting the Sapios, the other, that is Lady Anne, wishing to turn them out of the seminary—then the young Miss Guin making love to the young captain; and the old man in a fury, and the young lover mighty cool.—"Lady A.," said the Princess, "is very much attached to me, and has many good qualities, but has a love of meddling, and prying, and managing, and a want of tact I cannot endure And, in short, 't is nothing but little things; but in little things she is constantly doing what is disagreeable, and there is not a hole or corner into which she does not follow me--she has such a *manque de tact*, that she wears me to death—no, I could not suffer it long."—"I wonder your Royal Highness did not tell her of your dislike to have any one in your apartment."—"No, my dear—— —, I showed it to her, but, to say get out, I could not." This was spoken with real good-nature.

I was unwilling to add my mite of disapprobation against the poor Lady A., and said what I could in her favour—and the Princess replied, "If I had a house in town, it would be very different. None of my ladies should *live in* my house, I would give Lady C. L——, and Lady C. C——, a house each of their own, and this would be a good excuse never to have the ladies I do not like, as well as Lady C. L. and Lady C. C., except at dinner."—Her Royal Highness said many kind things about myself and my own concerns—she praised those I love, and promised never to forget the little services they had rendered her. "You shall see, the instant I have any thing in my power." One must not, however, put one's trust in princes; and though I believe her Royal Highness intends to do what she says, I fear perhaps

her opinions may change, when she has *the power* of doing what she now wishes.

Sunday.—After luncheon I accompanied the Princess (attended by her Lady in waiting) to town, to the Duchess of Brunswick's. The Duke of Gloucester was there; he received the Princess very heartily; party as well as interested views, perhaps, of the highest kind, may influence him; but from all I can learn he is a good man, and has the upright solid basis of religion and virtue which distinguished the poor fallen Monarch. The conversation between these three royal personages put me exactly in mind of the *Margravine of Bareith's* Memoirs, and I think all accounts of courts and the petty transactions therein, must have precisely the same stamp. The old Duchess talked chiefly of the Queen and the Princesses having visited her—upon which her daughter, the Princess of Wales, addressed herself as loud as she could across her mother to the Duke of Gloucester, not liking to hear her enemies, as she conceives them, so dwelt upon, and with such complacency.—Then they talked of the death of Lady Ailesbury, and immediately of who would get her place in *this world;* then of the death of a Mrs. Fielding, and who would get her place—upon which the Princess of Wales rolled her eyes in signal of being weary; though, in talking of the places she intends to bestow if ever she has the power, she is not at all aware that to those not particularly on the look-out, it must be equally tiresome.—Then they mentioned the New Theatre, and the Duke said "nobody but Mr. Whitbread could have done so clever a thing." "Why," said the old Duchess; "is he an architect? I thought he was only a brewer."—Not so bad that,—but she meant, in the simplicity of her heart, merely to say, "how *the Devil got the apple in?* (1)

(1) Vide Peter Pindar.

—Duke—"No ma'am, only no one but he could have had so much taste and ingenuity." Then their Royal Highnesses made a joke on the conveniences attached to the private boxes; after which the conference broke up—the kiss of peace was given, and the Princess came back here.—On the way, Lady A—— was started as fresh game. "Think, my dear——, of another *petitesse*. Miss R. was with me, and, talking of masters, observed that she could not afford them here as she could abroad, which she regretted. 'Now,' said she, 'I want to have such a master for such a thing—but it costs so much.' 'Oh!' said Lady A——, 'there's Mr. Bolton, the best man in the world, and so cheap, only five shillings a lesson.' Accordingly Miss R. had this master, but found out that he had three or four guineas entrance-money, which Lady A. had never mentioned. Accordingly she wrote to the latter to mention the circumstance, and to say she could not employ him. Upon which Lady A. asks me to pay *de tree* guineas. Can you conceive! I say, 'oh! yes, to be sure.' but I tink de thing has not de *sens commun*, for why should I pay de masters of all de misses?"

I quite agreed with Her Royal Highness in the meanness of such contrivances.

After dinner, the Princess received a letter from the Princess Charlotte, who told her she had written to the Prince her father, refusing, but in a very respectful manner, to have any more governesses, and gave the Princess of Wales an account of a dispute she had had with the Queen and her Aunts about it. The Princess of Wales was in the third heaven of delight.—Her Royal Highness showed me Mr. Brougham's letter, which she is copying, that it may go to the Prince. It is a most capital letter, setting forth her wrongs, and, providing the basis be solid upon which it is founded, her cause must be secure. No petulance, no anger, but dignity,

tenderness, and propriety. Then what may they not answer? They may say it is *all true*, if so, and so, and so were *not*; but if so, and so, and so *is*, why then so, and so, and so is justice, and not injustice,—and all this depends on this so and so being proved, or disproved. God grant all may be for the best!

Tuesday, 12th.—I received Walter Scott's Rokeby. I gazed at it with a transport of impatience, and began reading it in bed. I am already in the first canto:—my soul has glowed with what he justly terms "the art unteachable." My veins have thrilled; my heart has throbbed; my eyes have filled with tears—during its perusal. The poet who can thus master the passions to do his bidding, must be *indeed a poet*. (1)

Wednesday, 13th.—The Princess came to me yesterday in a great bustle, as though she were "big with *the fate of Cato and of Rome*." She had received another letter from her daughter:—such a character, such firmness, such determination! She was enchanted. The Prince had been with the Chancellor to Windsor, and, in presence of the Queen, demanded what she meant by refusing to have a governess. She referred him entirely to her letter,—upon which the Queen and her father abused her, as being an obstinate, perverse, headstrong girl.—"Besides," said the Prince, "I know all that passed in Windsor Park; and if it were not for my cle-

(1) Walter Scott!—There is a magic in the name, which arrests the pen, and almost makes it sacrilege to write one word which can disparage the chivalric character of his glorious memory. But truth must be told!—he behaved ill to a woman!—and that woman her who was to be his queen! From having literally sat at her feet—from having in one of the most spirited of his songs, expressed devotion to her cause, he suddenly veered round to the Regent, and never after testified the slightest remembrance of his having once courted her favour.—Verily he had his reward!

mency. I would have shut you up for life.—Depend upon it, as long as I live you shall never have an establishment, unless you marry." (1)

"Charlotte never spoke or moved a muscle," said the Princess of Wales; "and the Prince and the Chancellor departed as they came, but nothing could be more determined or immoveable than she was:—in short, we must *frighten* the man into doing something, otherwise he will do nothing; and if mother and daughter cannot do this, nothing can. On Sunday I shall send my letter—but I do not think gentle means will ever avail. If we were in past times——" and Her Royal Highness looked quite fearful as she spoke!

I know not what to reply when she talks thus. What I think is most likely to ensue—and I fear 't is what is *best*—is, that she will be set aside entirely as a factious spirit, dangerous to the peace of the country.

Yet, after such a conversation as the above, Her Royal Highness could begin squalling with S——, and forget her cares and vital interests, in the amusement of *frightening the air* with horrible sounds till past one in the morning!—'T is wonderful!—After all, what right has the Princess Charlotte to disobey her father? Those persons who are never governed are not surely fit to govern others.

I am agitated for the consequences of the intrigues that are going on. I am sincerely attached to the Princess Charlotte, but I shrink from being obliged to say, "very firm, and very fine," when I think, "very obstinate, and very wrong-headed." If she is without shame, or fear of God or man at seventeen, what is to become of her—of us? Hearing of crooked ways and mean po-

(1) Princess Charlotte's firmness of character, in this instance, amounted to nothing more than the obstinacy of a child who wishes to escape all wholesome restraint; and whoever countenanced or advised her to act thus was much to blame.—It was a pity her mother upheld her in this rebellious conduct.

-licy disgusts me, and creates a tremor, as though I were surrounded by a parcel of opera devils, shaking their resin torches in my face.

Thursday, 14th.—T. Campbell accompanied me by invitation to see Her Royal Highness. I had to lecture and prepare him for what he was to hear, and what he must reply; and he followed my directions, and did not misbehave. About seven o'clock, a messenger arrived from Princess Charlotte, which occasioned a great bustle, and some tears to the Princess of Wales, who is in despair, for the young Princess consents to receive the Duchess of Leeds as her governess, (1) after all her violent objections to do so. This circumstance decided the Princess of Wales on sending off her own letter directly to the Regent per messenger. (2) How far this sudden and premature disposal of her letter may suit Mr. Brougham's intentions, I know not. Mais la bombe est partie, —and the mine is sprung. I fear all it will produce will perhaps be, an order to shut her up in some close confinement, and allowing her to see nobody. Sometimes I hope the best, but oftener fear the worst for this poor woman.

Friday, 15th.—To-day the Princess received an answer from Lord Liverpool—only a few lines,—returning her letter to the Regent *unopened*, and saying, that he was commanded by the Prince to inform Her Royal Highness, that having some years ago declared he never would receive any letter or paper from the Princess,

(1) The Duchess of Leeds was an excellent quiet character, bent upon fulfilling her duty, but not suited to the stormy spirits with whom she had to deal. And yet, perhaps, the quiet, humble agents of royal establishments are less likely to do mischief than those whose natures are of different mould, and who take an active part in the scene.

(2) Why so?

His Royal Highness intended to adhere to that determination; and so ended all the hopes and fears her packet had created. It seems to me that the Prince does not mean violently to attack her, for here a fair opportunity presented itself, and was not seized upon; but that he intends to let the Princess be forgotten, and to lay her by upon the shelf of oblivion. I fear parliament will do much the same.—She, however, does not anticipate this. Princes have little idea, and can have little, of the very small importance of their interests and petty intrigues out of the immediate circle of their influence; in England especially, where even the reigning monarch is merely a chief magistrate, under the authority of laws which he cannot overpass.

Whenever there was a storm brewing, or actually raging, then the poor Princess was comparatively happy: like all restless spirits, she hoped that "it is an ill wind which blows nobody good:"—she was sure to be the person who would derive benefit from the tempest.—But whenever there came a calm, then she had nothing to do; and, after being accustomed to live in a state of excitement—being now let down to the quietude of common life—she suffered the depression a man feels who is recovering from intoxication.

After receiving this answer, Her Royal Highness was in very low spirits for a *short* time; but no one feeling lasts long—and, to do her justice, she has an indigenous courage and cheerfulness of disposition, which no provocations or vexations can wholly subdue. Had this Princess been otherwise nurtured and brought up—had she, when first she came to this country, found a husband at once strict and fond—how different a person she might have been! Her good qualities fostered, her evil ones restrained—her mind softened by cultivation, her manners regulated by decorum—what might she not have been? But she came from a court sufficiently base

in its principles, to another, where the unfortunate state of the best of monarchs occupied all the thoughts and time of his devoted consort and the royal family, and left *her* an unprotected prey to the person who was the mistress of her husband!--To those who knew the Princess in the first days of her arrival in Britain, and the set by which she was surrounded, it must ever be apparent that all her subsequent faults and follies admitted of great extenuation.

Saturday, 16th.--The Princess told me a strange circumstance, which has lately come to her knowledge, namely, that the editor of the Star, a Scotchman, whose name she forgot, told Lord Perceval, that when the paragraph announcing the publication of *the letters* came out, Mr. Macmahon went to the editor of the Star, and giving him a scurrilous piece of abuse about the Princess, desired him to put in his paper. The former refused, saying it was actionable; and then Mr. Macmahon offered any sum to the man, to bribe him, which he equally spurned and rejected. What meanness! How these histories make one feel the littleness of human beings!

I walked to Lee. The day was fine, and I had not felt the fresh air blow on me so long, that it seemed redolent of life, and health, and peace, if not of joy and youth. There are past days we mark in the calendar of our thoughts by the strong sensations we have felt, while others, that have been, perhaps, replete with incident—which, in the common opinion, ought to have been more interesting, have never once returned to our thoughts. Among the former of these days was one when, a year ago, I had taken the same walk to Lee, and when the same spirit moved within me to see and feel —a joy I *could not tell*. This is a doubling of existence; it is a foretaste of the pure pleasures which will be for

us in an hereafter. The very nature of such sensations is an impulse of "praise—it is a joy that cometh from above."

Mr. L. walked home with me: he is one of those beings whom one trusts upon credit, and to whom we are assured we are agreeable, by those indefinable marks of courtesy and kindness which are, after all, the surest proofs of genuine good will—at least at the moment. He talked to me of ——; praised, and praised in a way to please: he laid the unction of flattery to my soul:—I denied the charge of being ——; but I fear I did not do so to the purpose.—I never was made for any concealment; partly through weakness, partly through the sincerity of my nature. What I love I like to talk of, and I should like those I love to talk of me.

Sunday, 17th.—Lady De Clifford came and told the Princess all the story of the Regent's scolding Princess Charlotte over again, and repeated what he had said in respect to her never having an establishment till she married. He had also, she said, called her a fool, and used other violent language. The Chancellor told the Princess Charlotte, that if she had been his daughter, and had written him such a letter, he would have locked her up till she came to her senses.—"Rather violent language," said Lady De Clifford, "for a coal-heaver's son to the future queen of England." Of course, there were many epithets bestowed upon the Duchess of Leeds, such as "weak woman," and "a pinchbeck duchess," etc., etc. Old Lady De Clifford was very furious, and the Princess delighted at her for so being; but observed to me after she was gone, that in her place she never would have taken the *salary*. I agreed. "Besides," said the Princess, "the nation would have done something for her, and it would have been in a more honourable way." It is supposed by *this party*, that the Duchess of Leeds has

been placed by the recommendation of Mrs. Nugent, through the Duke of C——, Princess M., it is said, tells every thing to the Prince Regent, and Princess S. is the one that does exactly what Princess Charlotte chooses. The Prince had written a very cold letter to Lady De Clifford, who had also written one, as cold, in reply.

This evening there came a letter from Mr. Brougham, desiring Her Royal Highness to send her letter again to the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool, and command them, as Lord Keeper, etc., to lay her petition before the Prince: it seems they *are by law* obliged to do this. The Princess has done so accordingly, and wrote in her own name. Lord Liverpool's answer was, that he would go to the Chancellor with Her Royal Highness's letter as she desired.—What will be the result? I am anxious to know.

Tuesday, 19th.—Campbell, the poet, came to see me. His conversation always awakens thought and feeling: every thing that is *his own*, is elegant and enthusiastic. (1) He understands not the Princess any more than if he were a native of some unknown land, and I doubt whether he would, even were I to sit down and spell *her* A B C D to him, which is impossible.

Another letter came to Her Royal Highness from Mr. Brougham, which was only a repetition of that she received from him the day before:—but she made one of her ladies answer it, standing by and dictating a thousand

(1) Why sleeps the muse of Campbell? Why does party politics usurp her rightful throne in his breast, and drag *him* down to earth:—he who should be on airy pinions soaring? When I hear of him, immersed in dinners, and meetings, and popular assemblies, it is as of one not done honour to, but debased.—To be made the penny trumpet of faction, instead of commanding the voice of Fame to sound her pæans with his name, is selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

trivial circumstances, without order or arrangement, and sometimes so confusedly, that Lady —— scarcely knew whether the letter was intelligible or not. Campbell and myself talked apart, when we *could*.

Wednesday, 20th.—The Princess received a letter from Lord Liverpool, saying the Lord Chancellor and himself had never refused to be the channel of communication for any thing the Princess might wish to have presented to the Regent's ear; but that it rested with His Royal Highness in what *mode* he would receive such a communication; and that His Royal Highness still adhered to his determination of not receiving any letter whatever from the Princess of Wales.—Accordingly, her letter was returned.

In answer to this, the Princess commanded the lady in waiting to write as follows:—"Lady —— is commanded by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to desire Lord Liverpool and the Lord Chancellor will read Her Royal Highness's letter to the Prince Regent without delay, since His Royal Highness adheres to his determination of not receiving any direct communication from the Princess of Wales." Lady —— told me, she always regretted when she had to write such letters as these in her name; but royal servants ought to be considered as mere automatons.

The Princess expected Mr. Brougham to-day, but he did not come. In the evening, amongst other topics of conversation, she said to me, "Oh, my dear Lord, if you were to see all the curious papers I have!—I have a correspondence that passed between Bonaparte and Prince Louis Ferdinand, before the first was emperor.—It would make the world stare; and if it had not been for that ——, the King of Prussia, Prince Louis would now have been King of France. The fact was, Prince

Louis was the cleverest and the first man in the world; and Bonaparte, at that time, did not want to be emperor —he only wanted to choose a proper king. Well, the King of Prussia, from his foolish notions about the Bourbons, seized upon and locked up Prince Louis. Oh. my dear, how different would have been my fate, and that of all Europe, if this had not been the case." How far the above is true, Heaven knows; but it is curious!

Thursday, 21st.—Mr. Brougham arrived: his manner *en impose* à la Princesse, and it is lucky. I think from all the little circumstances, known only to myself and one other person, that he never meant *to dash in so far* as he has been obliged to do in this business. He only intended, I believe, to place the ladder against the wall, on which to mount when it was safely held; but not to find himself, as he does now, half way up while it is tottering;—to make her a tool of his party—yes, and not to act dishonourably either—but certainly not to run any risks for her sake. Unhappy kings, queens, princes, and princesses, ye are seldom served with any better feeling than this.

He told the Princess, that he and Mr. Whitbread both agreed in thinking that it was a most fortunate circumstance for her that the Regent had refused to read or receive her letter; and that it must go, failing all other ways, in the shape of a petition to him—last of all as a petition to Parliament.—"But they are frightened to death," said Mr. Brougham. "I know, for Lord Moira has been sent to Whitbread to tell him that the Regent being afraid he may have been led into error respecting the Princess, wished to submit some papers to him." This message by-the-bye came from Sheridan, who came from Lord Moira. Mr. Whitbread said he could not then stay in town to read papers, but that he should return in a few weeks, and that if they thought it worth their while

they might then give him the papers, but he was sure they contained nothing but what he knew already. Sheridan began explaining, and in fact Mr. Brougham said, the papers by his account were merely those which the Princess has in her possession.—Another circumstance is, that Mr. Conant, the police magistrate, went to Messrs. Longman and Rees, and asked what they meant by the paragraph they had put in the newspapers, concerning a publication of letters. Messrs. Longman and Rees replied, that they meant what the paragraph specified; upon which Mr. Conant threatened them with the law, and foretold their ruin, and the Lord knows what; but Messrs. Longman and Rees replied, they should take care not to publish any thing actionable, and as for the rest, they should follow their trade.

Mr. Brougham then went over the old ground, but said positively that till the Princess Charlotte was one and twenty, the Prince might even lock her up, if he chose, and had absolute power over her;—how far the country would allow of such treatment, is another question. *I thought to myself*, as to that, it is the interest of all those in power to vest as much as they can in the Regent's hands, and consequently, I have but a hopeless kind of view of the whole of this business. In as far as the Princess of Wales is concerned,—they will not dare to do any thing outrageous against her, but they will keep the extinguisher over her. Mr. Brougham staid a couple of hours, and went away: the Princess is never satisfied, till she has drained a subject dry; so she was very angry at his going so soon,—but I perceive he keeps her in order,—how fortunate.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"Friday, January 22nd, 1813.

"I am indeed anxious on the subject of this unfortunate business, and hope that the Princess will be well

advised, before things are brought to extremity. Ministers, it is clear, will not bring forward any thing that is not agreeable to the Prince Regent, and if opposition should attempt it at this time, it would be easy to give the whole the turn of a party question. This I have little doubt but that the ministry *would do*, and would succeed in, and then things would remain where they are, with the additional stigma of having been attempted to be redressed in vain. I am not saying what *ought* to be, but what I fear *would* be. Indeed, I have lived long enough in the world to have learnt, that *how* others will consider an object, is the question in all public matters where their concurrence is required, not how *we* see it, however truly, ourselves. Tell me, if you know, what is to be done about the drawing-room on the 4th, and what the paragraph means, saying that the Princess Charlotte is to be presented by the Princess of Wales. I think she can be presented by no other person than her mother, and I suppose that therefore she will not, this time, be presented at all!—am I right? It is the general voice that the Princess Charlotte feels all the duty and affection that she ought to feel towards her mother; also that she has declared that unless she is presented to the Queen by her mother, she will not be presented at all."

Saturday, 23d.—Yesterday I went to see ——; all was well, even to her animals. What cause of thankfulness! The vacuum in my existence, which one only circumstance can fill, still exists, and a low languor enfeebles body and mind; but I hope, nay, I am not ungrateful for the blessings given. The Princess received a letter of twenty-eight pages from the Princess Charlotte, which looked like the writing of a chambermaid, and appeared to me wholly illegible; but she said she could decipher it, and so she did in regard to understanding the general

meaning, but I defy her powers or her patience to have made out *literally*, what those twenty-eight pages contained.—The whole of the matter was, that Princess Charlotte was to remain in town from Saturday to Wednesday; from which the Princess of Wales concluded, that she is to go to the Opera to-night, and intends if she does to go also. There came likewise accounts of Miss Knight's having accepted the place of sub-governess, which the royal mother and daughter are very glad of. The same post that brought all this intelligence, brought a letter also from Lady Oxford, and the Princess decided upon setting off immediately to go to Mortimer House. Accordingly, though Her Royal Highness had not been out for a fortnight, off she went, and her lady in waiting told me when they arrived they found, as the Princess predicted, no one, *except Lord Byron.* 'T is sickening to hear of and see the ways of the world. The Princess immediately retired with Lord Byron and Lord Oxford, and her lady staid with Lady Jane;—the latter is a good musician, but sings dreadfully *out of tune.* Lady —— told me that she thought Lord Byron was exceedingly wearied, and endeavoured to listen to the music, and escape from Her Royal Highness and Lady O——; but the former would not allow him to do so, and he was desired to "come and sit;" and upon the whole, the Princess was not pleased with her visit.——

Sunday, 24th.—Yesterday, the Princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady —— told me that when the latter arrived she rushed up to her mother, and said, "for God's sake be civil to her," meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady —— said she felt sorry for the latter, but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy that one could not have any *feeling*

about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed, that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime,—she disfigures herself by wearing her boddice so short, that she literally has no waist; her feet are very pretty and so are her hands and arms, and her ear and the shape of her head,—her countenance is expressive, when she allows her passions to play upon it, and I never saw any face with so little shade express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady —— told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet but determined way, she *would not bear it*, and that as soon as Parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess*, but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects, and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious, and wilful; there is a tone of romance too in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

She told her mother, that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the Queen and the Prince; the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person, to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess,—but the Prince R——t had gone to Windsor himself and insisted on her doing so, and the "Old Beguin" was forced to submit, but ha been ill ever since, and Sir H—— H——d declared it was a complete breaking up of her constitution,—(to the great delight of the two Princesses who were talking about this affair.) Miss K—— was the very person they wished to have; they think they can do as they like with her. (1) It had

(1) In this idea, their Royal Highnesses were much mistaken; for Miss K—— was a person of uncompromising integrity and

been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment; but the latter went into her room, stuffed a pair of large shoes full of papers, and having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady —— told me every thing was written down and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day*. There are in the newspapers daily long histories, written with intention to inflame the public with an idea of the Princess's wrongs, and above all to make it clear that Princess Charlotte could reign to-morrow, if any circumstance was to unfit her father for so doing:—this is the great point with the party out of office, and which the men of ambition want to establish, in order to raise themselves. True patriotism, true knight-errantry, where is it? There are few minds good enough, great enough, to entertain either of these sentiments;—as to Brougham, I am more and more convinced that he never meant to have risked what he has done,—he is a man of inordinate ambition, and I fear of little heart; indeed in most cases, the former generally usurps every affection.

Tuesday, 26th.—I saw Bessie R——n and her mother. The first is a very beautiful and superior creature; the latter lives but in her daughter, and would be a cypher without her.

Thursday, 27th.—I dined at Blackheath. Old Sapio was there, and the Princess sung, or rather squalled.

steady rectitude of conduct. A devoted royalist, but not a sycophant—no one has proved more than she has the fallaciousness of court favour. The Queen Charlotte never forgave her for having left her service to attend the young Princess Charlotte; and the Regent afterwards dismissed her in an unjust manner from the post in which he had himself placed her, and which every one who knows Miss K——, is confident she never was unworthy of. The memoirs of all courts furnish similar instances of ingratitude.

Of course, those who live much with Her Royal Highness must see how matters go on; it is a great pity she should be surrounded by such society; it does her infinite harm.

Saturday.—I accompanied the Princess to the British Institution; there were not many fine pictures. One subject, taken from Scripture, that has been bought by Lord Stafford for eight hundred guineas, the painter's name, Edward Bird, the subject the death of Eli, pleased me most, and I liked some of Barker's, particularly a woman perishing in the snow, with her baby, and Tam O'Shanter, the horse very good, by Cooper.

The letter has been read to the Prince Regent. His Royal Highness is not pleased to give any answer whatever, says my Lord Liverpool. What is to be done now: Brougham seems to be at a stand-still; the R——s tell me that what the Prince is determined to try for is a divorce; I hardly think that he will though. Princess Charlotte would be furious, for fear of his marrying again and having a son, and putting her off the throne. The game of change seats, the King's coming, is what she would not at all enjoy; therefore she would naturally make a strong party to prevent this, and many persons dissatisfied with the Prince would side with her, not from any other motive but self-love—'t is, alas! the most powerful one with the generality of mankind. Besides, he dare not,—the clean hands are wanting,

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

Date, 6th Feb. 1813, Saturday.

"I went last night to Carlton House; all very magnificent, but such a lack of young dancing men, and indeed women! that I quite pitied the Princess Charlotte for the dulness of the ball.—Such it appeared to me—what must it not have appeared to youth!—and *intelligent* youth! I think her quite charming, and in all respects as to

appearance far exceeding whatever I had heard of her. I much regretted not having it in my power, in any way to make myself known to her, for possibly I should have received a gracious word or so. But I was very near her often, and could therefore make all my observations; her manner seems open, frank, and intelligent; she will captivate many a heart or I am much mistaken. I think her like both the Prince Regent and the Princess; she danced with the Duke of C——, that is, began the ball with him—but of that you will hear more than I can tell you. Lord Holland was there at a very short notice, as he told me, also the Duke of Bedford, Lord Tavistock, (at least I saw Lady,) Lord Cowper, Lord Jersey; I think not many more opposition lords."

Thursday, 11th of February.—The circle of the Princess's acquaintance and attendants grows smaller every day, and I fear will at length degenerate wholly into low company. The Oxford and Burdett party prevail.

12th of February, 1813.—To-day the Princess received the following letter from Lord Liverpool:—"Lord Liverpool has the honour to inform Her Royal Highness, that in consequence of the publication in the Morning Chronicle of the 10th instant, of a letter addressed by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to the Prince Regent, His Royal Highness thinks fit, by the advice of his confidential servants, to signify his command that the intended visit of the Princess Charlotte to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on the following day shall not take place.

"Lord Liverpool is not enabled to make any further communication to Her Royal Highness, on the subject of her Royal Highness's note."

Dated, Fife House, 12th February, 1813.

To which the Princess sent the following reply:—

"Lady A. H. is commanded by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to represent to Lord Liverpool that the insidious insinuation respecting the publication of the letter addressed by the Princess of Wales to the Prince R——t on the 12th of January, conveyed in his lordship's reply to Her Royal Highness, is as void of foundation, and as false, as all the former accusations of the traducers of Her Royal Highness's honour in the year 1806.

"Lady A. is further commanded to say, that dignified silence would have been the line of conduct the Princess would have pursued upon such insinuation, (more than unbecoming Lord Liverpool,) did not the effects arising from it operate to deprive Her Royal Highness of the only real happiness she can possess in this world, that of seeing her only child; and the confidential servants of the Prince Regent ought to feel ashamed of their conduct towards the Princess, in advising His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, upon an unauthorized and unfounded supposition, to prevent mother and daughter from meeting,—a prohibition, as positively against the law of nature, as against the law of the land.

"Lady A. is further commanded, to desire Lord Liverpool to lay this paper before the Prince Regent, that His Royal Highness may be aware into what error his confidential servants are leading him, and will involve him, by counselling and signifying such a command."

Dated "Montague House, 15th Feb. 1813."

It is scarcely possible to read this composition without laughing. There can be no doubt of the authors, and it certainly does not do much credit to their literary or rational powers. One might have supposed that all resentment must have given way, on its perusal, to the more pleasurable sensation of laughter. How that was cannot be known, as no one was present when Lord Liver-

pool received it, or made known its contents to the R——t (if he ever did so). To be serious, how lamentable that the Princess should have been betrayed by passion to trust herself or her scribes to commit such egregious folly, and to act in matters of such importance without consulting those persons in whom she partially placed confidence. It was this *partial* and not entire confidence on her part which so often brought *them*, as well as herself, into great difficulties—and with justice disgusted those whose interest it was to serve her. There had evidently been some hocus pocus about the premature publication of the above letter in the Morning Chronicle; and the whole business had been ill conducted.

COPY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S LETTER.

"THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT.

"14th of January, 1813.

"Sir,—It is with great reluctance, that I presume to obtrude myself upon your Royal Highness, and to solicit your attention to matters which may, at first, appear rather of a personal than a public nature. If I could think them so—if they related merely to myself, I should abstain from a proceeding which might give uneasiness or interrupt the more weighty occupations of your Royal Highness's time. I should continue in silence and retirement to lead the life which has been prescribed to me, and console myself for the loss of that society and those domestic comforts to which I have been so long a stranger, by the reflection that it has been deemed proper I should be afflicted, without any fault of my own, and that your Royal Highness knows it.

"But, Sir, there are considerations of a higher nature than any regard to my own happiness, which render this address a duty both to myself and my daughter. May I

venture to say, a duty also to my husband, and the people committed to his care? There is a point beyond which a guiltless woman cannot with safety carry her forbearance; if her honour is invaded, the defence of her reputation is no longer a matter of choice; and it signfies not whether the attack be made openly, manfully, and directly, or by secret insinuations, and by holding such conduct towards her as countenances all the suspicions that malice can suggest. If these ought to be the feelings of every woman in England who is conscious she deserves no reproach, your Royal Highness has too sound a judgment and too nice a sense of honour not to perceive how much more justly they belong to the mother of your daughter—the mother of her who is destined, I trust at a very distant period, to reign over the British empire.

"It may be known to your Royal Highness, that during the continuance of the restrictions upon your royal authority, I still was inclined to delay taking this step, in in the hope that I might owe the redress I sought to your gracious and unsolicited condescension. I have waited, in the fond indulgence of this expectation, until, to my inexpressible mortification, I find, that my unwillingness to complain has only produced fresh grounds of complaint, and I am at length compelled either to abandon all regard for the two dearest objects which I possess on earth,—mine own honour and my beloved child, or to throw myself at the feet of your Royal Highness, the natural protector of both.

"I presume, Sir, to represent to your Royal Highness, that the separation which every succeeding month is making wider, of the mother and the daughter, is equally injurious to my character and to her education. I say nothing of the deep wounds which so cruel an arrangement inflicts upon my feelings, although I would fain hope, that few persons will be found of a disposition to think lightly of these. To see myself cut off from one of

the very few domestic enjoyments left me—certainly the only one upon which I set any value—the society of my child—involves me in such misery, as I well know your Royal Highness never could inflict upon me, if you were aware of its bitterness. Our intercourse has been gradually diminished—a single interview, weekly, seemed sufficiently hard allowance for a mother's affections; that, however, was reduced to our meeting once a-fortnight, and I now learn, that even this most rigorous interdiction is to be still more rigidly enforced. But while I do not venture to intrude my feelings as a mother upon your Royal Highness's notice, I must be allowed to say, that in the eyes of an observing and jealous world, this separation of a daughter from her mother will only admit of one construction—a construction fatal to the mother's reputation. Your Royal Highness will also pardon me for adding, that there is no less inconsistency than injustice in this treatment. He who dares advise your Royal Highness to overlook the evidence of my innocence, and disregard the sentence of complete acquittal which it produced, or is wicked and false enough still to whisper suspicions in your ear, betrays his duty to you, Sir, to your daughter, and to your people, if he counsels you to permit a day to pass without a further investigation of my conduct. I know that no such calumniator will venture to recommend a measure which must speedily end in his utter confusion. Then let me implore you to reflect on the situation in which I am placed, without the shadow of a charge against me,—without even an accuser—after an inquiry that led to my ample vindication, yet treated as if I were still more culpable than the perjuries of my suborned traducers represented me, holding me up to the world as a mother who may not enjoy the society of her only child.

"The feelings, Sir, which are natural to my unexampled situation, might justify me in the gracious

judgment of your Royal Highness, had I no other motives for addressing you but such as relate to myself. The serious, and soon, it may be, the irreparable injury which my daughter sustains from the plan at present pursued, has done more in overcoming my reluctance to intrude upon your Royal Highness than any sufferings of my own could accomplish. And if for her sake I presume to call away your Royal Highness from the other cares of your exalted station, I feel confident I am not claiming this for a matter of inferior importance, either to yourself or your people.

"The powers with which the constitution of these realms vests your Royal Highness in the regulation of the royal family, I know, because I am so advised, are ample and unquestionable. My appeal, Sir, is made to your excellent sense and liberality of mind in the exercise of those powers, and I willingly hope, that your own parental feelings will lead you to excuse the anxiety of mine for impelling me to represent the unhappy consequences which the present system must entail upon our beloved child.

"Is it possible, Sir, that any one can have attempted to persuade your Royal Highness that her character will not be injured by the perpetual violence offered to her strongest affections—the studied care taken to estrange her from my society, and even to interrupt all communication between us? That her love for me, with whom, by His Majesty's wise and gracious arrangements, she passed the years of her infancy and childhood, never can be extinguished, I well know, and the knowledge of it forms the greatest blessing of my existence. But let me implore your Royal Highness to reflect how inevitably all attempts to abate this attachment by forcibly separating us, if they succeed, must injure my child's principles—if they fail, must destroy her happiness.

"The plan of excluding my daughter from all inter-

course with the world appears, to my humble judgment, peculiarly unfortunate. She, who is destined to be the sovereign of this great country, enjoys none of those advantages of society, which are deemed necessary for imparting a knowledge of mankind to persons who have infinitely less occasion to learn that important lesson; and it may so happen, by a chance which I trust is very remote, that she should be called upon to exercise the powers of the crown, with an experience of the world more confined than that of the most private individual. To the extraordinary talents with which she is blessed, and which accompany a disposition as singularly amiable, frank, and decided, I willingly trust much; but beyond a certain point, the greatest natural endowments cannot struggle against the disadvantages of circumstances and situation.

"It is my earnest prayer, for her own sake as well as for her country's, that your Royal Highness may be induced to pause before this point be reached.

"Those who have advised you, Sir, to delay so long the period of my daughter's commencing her intercourse with the world, and, for that purpose, to make Windsor her residence, appear not to have regarded the interruptions to her education which this arrangement occasions, both by the impossibility of obtaining proper teachers, and the time unavoidably consumed in the frequent journeys to town which she must make, unless she is to be secluded from all intercourse, even with your Royal Highness and the rest of the royal family. To the same unfortunate counsel I ascribe a circumstance, in every way so distressing, both to my parental and religious feelings, that my daughter has never yet enjoyed the benefit of confirmation, although above a year older than the age at which all the other branches of the royal family have partaken of that solemnity. May I earnestly conjure you, Sir, to hear my entreaties upon this serious

matter, even if you should listen to other advisers on things of less near concernment to the welfare of our child.

"The pain with which I have at length formed the resolution of addressing myself to your Royal Highness is such, as I should in vain attempt to express. If I could adequately describe it, you might be enabled, Sir, to estimate the strength of the motives which have made me submit to it; they are the most powerful feelings of affection, and the deepest impressions of duty towards your Royal Highness, my beloved child, and the country, which I devoutly hope she may be preserved to govern, and to show, by a new example, the liberal affection of a true and generous people to a virtuous and constitutional monarch.

"I am, Sir, with profound respect,

"And an attachment which nothing can alter,

"Your Royal Highness's

"Most devoted and most affectionate

"Consort, Cousin, and Subject,

"CAROLINE LOUISA.

"Montague House, 14th January, 1813."

This is a letter in masquerade, forced and unnatural. It is difficult to say who was its author. It bears the marks of being the composition of more than one writer. It would be convincing were it sincere, but it is sneering and insincere. On a cursory reading, it appears dignified and temperate, but there is an under current in every sentence which might be construed into a totally different meaning from that which it conveys on its surface. Upon the whole, it appears to me to have been more likely to give offence and irritation, than to obtain any favour by conciliation and entreaty. The latter part, most especially, is jesuitical and dictatorial: it is one thing to ask a favour, another to demand a right; it is one thing to set

forth a *moral* right, another a legal claim; it is one thing to sue as a wife, another to command as a queen. How difficult to join these different claims and make them coalesce!

But in this instance, as in most others, the happiness and welfare of the individual was lost sight of, and she was the tool of a party. Yet it is just possible, that whoever drew up this document (destined hereafter to be recorded in the page of history) had a feeling of interest and compassion for the unhappy woman whose cause it professed to espouse,—only that feeling was subservient to their own. But there is seldom any unmixed motive to instigate human actions—the *bad* or the *good* may predominate; but they are both there, and are generally so commixed, that, till time has sifted the grain from the chaff, they cannot be separated.

Tuesday.—Mr. Whitbread has made the finest speech that ever was heard; most of his auditors were *in tears*, (said Mr. Bennet,) but *all* agreed in their admiration of the manly and forcible eloquence he displayed. There was no division. He read a letter from the Princess of Wales to the Prince, written after what he termed her last triumph, and written in an humble conciliatory tone, when the news came of *another secret investigation now* going on, and the pen fell from *her hands* at this intelligence. The house were all electrified, say *my informants*. Mr. Tierney spoke, and Lord Castlereagh. The latter floundered deep in the mire of duplicity and meanness. But Mr. Canning made an *elaborate* speech, saying that it were better all this business should end for ever; that the Princess was proved pure and innocent, but that if further private malice was at work against her, it would then be the duty of the house to take cognizance of the affair.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, FROM THE HON. A. S. D.

"I consider Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales being sent abroad without a specific cause, as not only improbable but *impossible*, under our good laws; but I do fear and believe that some machinations, in the way of trial and investigation, are actually going on underhand, and that real or pretended proofs of misconduct will be brought forward against her. I understand that she professes herself secure in her innocence, and determined not to give way or make compromises, should they be offered. How all this will end Heaven only knows. (1) That it may never begin, I truly wish; and, in any case, must pity her, and that most sincerely, should she be brought into trouble, for she certainly has been hardly used; and, at her first coming into this country, when she had a right to meet with every indulgence and protection, she was vilely betrayed by those about her, who, I am

(1) Whether this prevalent report, respecting the machinations of the secret tribunal, was a trick of party to rouse the Princess into some imprudent measures, which might have served their ends, whilst it was obnoxious to her true interests, or whether it really existed, and that it behoved her friends to guard her against the net which was outspread to entangle her, is a question which it is impossible, at this distance of time, to reply to with confidence; especially as all those persons who know most about the private history of the court of George IV, and his queen, and who possess papers and documents which might bring foul and fair to light, are, either from fear or policy, or better feelings, obliged to remain silent. There is a great probability that such a watch *was* set on the Princess, even then; but there are also some reasons to suppose that it was the contrivance of a few mischievous persons, who fancied they were gaining favour with the Prince by persecuting his wife to the death. I do not believe that the Prince authorized such proceedings at that period, and still less do I believe that a British public would ever have suffered such a stain to rest on the national character, as to allow a *secret* inquisition to pronounce an award on the character, and blast the happiness of any individual, especially that of the woman who was to become their Queen.

convinced, heaped lies upon lies for the worst and most sordid purposes of their own. Imprudent she has been, no one can deny; but *Justice* will find much to put in her opposite scale, should the case come before a tribunal! Of her being turned out of Kensington, (for so, as you say, it would be,) and ordered to Hampton Court, or worse, to Holyrood House, (but this latter only for *hereafter*,) still all is uncertain; and I am sometimes inclined to hope, though I confess with no great reason, that this odious business will be put to sleep. The best thing for her, poor soul, would be the immediate death of our wretched King, as the moment that event happens, (supposing nothing previously has taken place to prevent it,) she becomes queen, by the laws of the land—so Perceval has positively decided; and that would be a step, and might make a difference in her treatment, and be in her favour. Now it is thought that the accusations are hurrying on to prevent that happening—I mean her being Queen.

"It is certainly not the factious, and the mob alone, who espouse the Princess's cause; the sweet charities of life, the protection of the social rights of families, are connected with her wrongs; and if she is true to her own self duties, there will be an overwhelming force of general opinion in her favour."

The Princess is often besieged with letters, anonymous and otherwise. She showed me one of the letters the other day, from a D. D., signed with name, date, and abode. It is curious, but bears rather the appearance of being instigated by private pique, than of the spontaneous emanation of any genuine sentiment of good will. The letter was addressed to one of the Princess's ladies —the writer unknown personally to the lady.

"MADAM,—Lord Eldon and his elder brother, Sir W. Scott's father, were fitters of ships in the coal trade

at Newcastle.—Money brought them to Oxford and the law, when no great *mauvaise honte* stood in their way: nor can it be denied that sufficient abilities in them authorized their introduction in the world by friends. Your Ladyship, of whose proper spirit, together with that of your Royal Mistress, I am one amongst myriads of humble applauders, would, as I conceive, not object to receive anecdotes of the origin of the afore-mentioned celebrated friends. In the letter of your Ladyship's Royal Mistress I noticed the word *'suborn,"* and am persuaded that many lose much, (and often their lives,) by the perjury of others. An oath, although authorized by the religion of the Church of England, was an invention of the Church of Rome, to increase the power of the powerful; in the Hebrew original of the Old Testament it is not to be found, although it is so in translations.

"Christian governments have, unfortunately for society, armed its members one against another with this dangerous instrument, an oath. With those whose belief in religion is small, an oath is a mere instrument against the enemies of the individual, or of those who can suborn him or her; and such I should esteem Bidgood, etc., to be, and would humbly recommend the defiance of them. Lord De Clifford as well as Lord Liverpool passed the University, during my twenty years' residence there; the Scotts are considerably my seniors. The Bishop of Salisbury, as superintendent of the education of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, ought himself to have confirmed her at the age of fourteen. A note to the Bishop of London from Her Royal Highness requesting confirmation, preparation for which, should be a knowledge of the Church Catechism, so as to be able to say it by rote, could scarcely fail of being followed by an appointment from that prelate to attend a private confirmation in the Chapel Royal, when Her Royal Highness might properly be accompanied by her mother. I request Lord

De Clifford, who formerly knew me as Fellow of the College in which his Lordship was educated, to forward this letter to your Ladyship; and have the honour to conclude, with best wishes for the cause and happiness of your Ladyship's Royal Mistress, and respect for your Ladyship,

Madam,

"Your Ladyship's most obedient servant,

"D. D., etc., etc., etc."

Wednesday.—I saw the Princess yesterday: I fear she has been goading the sleeping lion. However, I have heard, that when the Regent wanted the ministers to try for a divorce, they said that was impossible, and that, if they attempted it they must inevitably lose their places. This intelligence did not come from the Princess or her friends, so that, if it is true, that sounds well for her cause: but every thing that is reported concerning Her Royal Highness one day, is contradicted the next. Her first letter has certainly produced a disposition in her favour in the breasts of John and Jenny Bull in the *country*, but here, alas like all other things, it seem to be a party question—with some few exceptions,—for some fair judging spirits do exist. I wish the Letter to Lord Liverpool had never been sent, but that the impudence of his avowal of interference and advice on such an occasion, and that of the confidential ministers, had been left to its own punishment. It is, I think, quite clear that nothing criminal can be proved, or most assuredly these mighty and daily councils would not have been able to keep their discoveries so secret, but that something must have transpired. As nothing comes out, I feel secure that there is nothing to come out.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

March 3d, 1813.

"Ministers were beat last night by forty: so far I sing

Te Deum, but fear all will be again overset in the House of Lords. The letter from the Princess was, I understand, laid last night before the House of Commons by the Speaker, and after a little conversation between Mr. Whitbread and Lord Castlereagh, the subject was dropped —I conclude to be resumed in future. The letter is very good, whatever may be the consequences: I should suppose it must be Brougham's, for it is a simple and impressive law statement. The general impression seems to be, that the Princess has been harshly treated; and it must be allowed that, unprotected as she is, she had no refuge but an appeal to Parliament; yet I fear no good purpose will be answered, and that the material point will not be gained—that of seeing her daughter more frequently than she has of late been allowed to do." (1)

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER.

"March 8th, 1813.

"Pray express my most sincere congratulations on the triumph, the complete triumph, the Princess has so justly obtained. What passed on Friday night in the House of Commons, made me, I confess, feel proud of my country, which has not of late been the case with me! But what gives me the greatest satisfaction, as far as Her Royal Highness is concerned, is her most admirable letter to the Prince in answer to his of 1796; that letter does her more credit than words can express, and I am heartily glad that it has appeared at this time, as I already see the impression it makes. For the present, I do trust that the Princess will remain satisfied with the sensation excited in her favour, which is what it ought to be. By remaining satisfied, I do not mean that she is to seclude herself at Blackheath, or avoid appearing as usual; for my part, I think she should in all this just follow her own

(1) Simple and impressive!

inclination; come to Kensington, go to the theatres, etc., etc., as she has hitherto done," etc.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, FROM THE SAME.

"Dated March 25th, 1813.

"I must (as I hope at least) be the first to tell you, that I have heard from good authority that Sir John Douglas is, or is immediately to be, expelled by the Freemasons of this country from their society. Also, that the Duke of Sussex has dismissed him from his household. All this marks the general and honest indignation the conduct of these vile sycophants excites."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER ADDRESSED TO ONE OF THE PRINCESS'S LADIES.

"March 26th, 1813.

"Though I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with your ladyship, I feel assured that the subject which actuates this address will form an apology for the liberty I take in making it, and claim your ladyship's full and free pardon, having felt no less an interest in it than myself. On an affair of so important and interesting a nature as that which has recently been brought into Parliament, and which has gained such general attention, and from its happy termination, such warm approbation and delight, it will not, I trust be deemed impertinent to make a few remarks. I could not, without subjecting myself to much pain, withhold expressing the enthusiastic joy which the perusal of this day's papers has produced. Will Lady ——— gratify the feelings of a stranger by conveying to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the warm congratulations of an affectionate heart on the glorious victory recently obtained—a heart that has long been deeply wounded at the base conduct of the Douglases, the vilest pair that England ever knew, and who it is ar-

dently hoped will now receive their just and highly merited punishment. Yes, revered and highly beloved Princess, the nation has long felt your wrongs, and wished for redress; power and undue influence forbade it, until that impressive address obliged a public avowal of your innocence: excuse the freedom of my sentiments, my heart is full and every feeling is roused. That Her Royal Highness may long live to enjoy the society of her beloved daughter, beholding in her every grace and virtue which can adorn the throne and secure the affections of the nation, is the fervent prayer of thousands. It may afford Her Royal Highness some pleasure to be informed, that the patronage which she so graciously conferred on the National Benevolent Institution, has been highly beneficial to the charity; a respectable committee has been formed, and subscriptions are daily increasing. Relying on your ladyship's forgiveness for this intrusion, I beg leave to subscribe myself," etc.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO ONE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S LADIES.

"March 19th, 1813.

"I do myself the honour of writing to your ladyship, to congratulate you on the pleasure you must have felt on the result of the late debates in the House of Commons. I see a variety of persons, and observe with great satisfaction, that there is a general sympathy with the Princess of Wales, on the cruel persecution she has undergone; and the complete conviction of Her Royal Highness's perfect innocence. Whitbread has done himself great honour by his generous defence—he has acted nobly. I wish he had been able to crush the vile snake whom Her Royal Highness cherished formerly, and who so ungratefully attempted to sting her benefactor;—that wretch and her mate have however covered themselves with infamy.

May I venture to ask the favour of a few lines from your ladyship, to inform me how Her Royal Highness endures these, which I trust will be the last efforts of calumny. It is not from curiosity that I take this liberty, but from the sincere interest which I feel in Her Royal Highness's welfare.

"I have the honour to be, Madam,

"Your Ladyship's most obedient," etc., etc.

These letters have been taken promiscuously from the upper and middling classes, and from a large collection on the same subject, in order to give an impartial idea of the feeling which generally prevailed at that time respecting the wrongs of the Princess of Wales.

It may be that this was the proudest moment of the Princess's troubled life; afterwards, there was more pomp and greater public demonstration of feeling for her, but then it was a storm of passion and of party, not the sober current of honest feelings, which moved justice to stand forth and defend her.

May 10th, 1813.—After all these triumphs, we are only making a charivari upon an old tin tea-kettle of a harpsichord. Full of my own feelings, and my own regrets, I yet could enter into those of others, if there was uniform greatness, uniform tenderness, uniform anything;—but courtly ways are not my ways, and the unfortunate Princess is so inconsistent, so reckless of propriety, so childishly bent on mere amusement, that I foresee her enemies must and will get the upper hand!

Read Madame de Stael *sur les passions*.—What wonderful mind is hers! what an insight she has into the recesses of human feeling. How many secret springs does she unlock; and how much the woman—the tender, the kind, the impassioned woman, betrays herself even in all the philosophy of her writings! Yet what do my sex

think of a female authoress? With one or two very sober, but very great exceptions, it is true that where science rather than imagination or thought is displayed, women are sneered at who venture on the public arena of literature; and there is not a man, perhaps, existing, who does not think that women are wisest and happiest who do not attempt that bold and dangerous adventure, authorship. I remember once a great friend of mine defended herself, (she being guilty of the fact,) by asking me what stimulus to life remained when youth and outward charms were gone, but when the affections and the imagination were as vivid as ever, and nothing was left to supply the place of that life of life to which, when once accustomed, it was as impossible to live without it, as to live without breathing? "Men," she said, "have the camp, the court, the senate, and the field,—but we —we have nothing but thought and feeling left; and if we are not understood, not prized by those around us, like

'Rosa non colta in sua stagion,'

we scatter these thoughts and feelings to the wind, hoping they may bear us back some fruitage of answering kind. Besides, there are many other reasons which instigate women to become authors. It is not, as you falsely accuse us, vanity, or the thirst after notoriety, which prompts the deed, but it is generally one of two things—perhaps both together—either poverty, or the aching desire to be appreciated and understood, even though it may be by some being whom we shall never see in this world."

I was sent for this day to the palace at Kensington, to converse only on one topic—the disappointment the Princess felt at having suddenly received a message, informing her Lady Reid's house was not to be let—only sold. As this information came unexpectedly, and after she had concluded that every arrangement was settled,

she supposes it is a trick proceeding from Carlton House. One might imagine such meannesses were beneath the consideration of the adverse party; but I have known so many instances of similar littlenesses, that I should not be surprised if this were one.

It seems Mr. Brougham wrote to the Princess on Wednesday last, stating, that he had heard it was the Regent's intention, the moment she got a house in town, to take Kensington, and all its advantages of coal and candle, etc., from her, for which reason he, (Mr. Brougham,) conceiving this would be of great detriment to Her Royal Highness, had delayed concluding the bargain about the Curzon Street house; and that when he went a few days after on the Friday to do so, he heard of the new resolution which had been adopted by the late Lady Reid's executors. What makes this the more unaccountable is, that it was specified in her will, that the house should not be sold, but *let* for twenty years, in order that the rent might accumulate for the benefit of some near relation, and that in consequence of the will, the executors must procure an act of parliament to enable them to break it. I was requested privately (and this was what I was sent for) to go secretly to another person, a man of business, and if possible, on any terms whatsoever, secure a lease of the house.

This underhand manner of employing another agent, above all of making me an instrument in the business, distressed me greatly; for not only is it unadvisable to be insincere, and to doubt the faithfulness of any one till he is proved false, but also, on the present occasion, it was just possible that Mr. Brougham might, with the best intentions towards the Princess's interests, have purposely prevented her from obtaining this house.

On the 11th of May I was invited again to the palace. The Princess informed me that she was in great hopes the Regent was going to Hanover. I wondered what

difference that could possibly make to her. She told me there was to be a congress held, at which all the potentates were to meet, and that Bonaparte was to join them.

The Princess is dissatisfied with her daughter's conduct. She wished that the latter should have had the firmness to say, "I will go to no ball unless my mother is present at it;" but this she does not do, and the mother of course is wounded, and thinks her child really does not care for her—which I fear is true. And when this unfortunate Princess sees herself forsaken by every natural tie, and by every person of distinction once professing friendship, it is hardly to be wondered that she should become desperate: if she does not, she will stand recorded in history as the wisest and best of her sex and regal station. But a return is naturally made to *self*, and I feel myself, as her friend, very awkwardly situated. To-day, for instance, there was that foolish Lady P——, and her silly *protégé*—both very unfit company for the Princess. Dr. B—— is clever and agreeable; still there ought to be another set of persons to form Her Royal Highness's coterie. It is impossible not to regret that she should thus lose herself, and forfeit the vantage ground she had so recently obtained. Yet for me to appear downcast, would only draw on explanations which I am desirous of avoiding. Mr. —— came by appointment. He was pleased at being presented to Her Royal Highness any how. If everybody was behind the scenes, they would not think so much of the show—but this applies to all courts indiscriminately.

It was one o'clock in the morning before I was dismissed.—O ye gods and green geese! I wish I was one upon a goose green, instead of a court!

Wednesday, May 12th.—Her Royal Highness graciously gave me a picture of *herself*, (as she calls it!)—

which might just as well be the picture of the Grand Turk, and which I verily believe was done for her dead sister-in-law, the late Duchess of Brunswick—not for herself. Nevertheless, by a little royal hocus-pocus, it is now transmuted into her own portrait!—and I received it as though I believed it—so much for being a courtier!

Friday, 14th.—Yesterday came Sir J. Owen, with the Pembrokeshire address. He is a well-looking young man. The Princess went through the ceremony with great dignity, and did the whole thing very well. Why does she not always so? I was present at a visit Her Royal Highness paid the Duchess of Leinster, when she took a china cup to her which Her Royal Highness said had belonged to her mother, who was a friend of hers. What a magnificent old lady! There is something in great age, when accompanied by sweetness and dignity, that has a peculiar charm for me. I feel inclined to honour such persons, if only for having outlived and outbraved the storms of life which they must have passed through.

"So some lone tower, with many a hue inlaid,
Which Time (the cunning artist) doth enchase,
Lifts its grey head above the forest's shade,
And seems from age and time to steal new grace."

Now poured in the addresses from the whole of England. The Princess ought to have felt the double responsibility which such testimonies to her honour imposed upon her.

On Saturday, the 15th, came the Sheffield address. That night I dined at Blackheath, and sat up till two o'clock in the morning. The Princess read some of Mirabeau's letters of the private history of the Court of Berlin; but every now and then laid down the book to talk of the personages mentioned therein, according to her own version of the story. This she did very well,

and was extremely entertaining. Mirabeau mentions a long discourse he had with the Duke of Brunswick, about the state of Europe in that time, and adds, that it was, 'diamond cut diamond' between them. The Duke wanted to find out whether Monsieur de Breteuil was likely to succeed Monsieur de Vergennes as minister at Berlin. "Ah," said the Princess, closing the book, "nobody could love a fader better nor I loved mine; but he was a man of inordinate ambition, and was not at all pleased with only reigning over so small a principality as Brunswick. Frederick Guillaume was a very weak prince, and my fader always determined to have the whole management of Prussia. The better to bring this about, he earnestly desired my marriage with the Prince Roy l, but I never could consent.—Ah, I was so happy in those times!" I asked if he was not a very handsome man. "Very like the bust I have of him," was her reply; and that bust is, I think, handsome, but she does not. She then added, "Things all change since that time,—and here I am;" and she burst out crying.

Sunday, 16th.—Met Her Royal Highness in town to see Harcourt House, the abode which was now pointed out to her as eligible. She was disappointed in its dimensions and appearance;—so was I. How few persons have any idea of real magnificence! However, it is a proper sort of house for the Princess to inhabit; and I wish upon al accounts that she may take it.

Mr. Brougham came to her at last. His manner does not please her: they look at each other in a way that is very amusing to a bystander. The one thinks, "She *may* be useful to *me*;" and the other, "*He* is useful to me at present." It does not require to be a conjurer to read their thoughts—but they are both too cunning for each other. Mr. Brougham, however, gave her good advice, which was, to wait a few days, in

which time he thought Whitbread would sound the waters, and take the bearings of all circumstances, so as to let her know whether or not she might venture to live in town without incurring the risk of losing Kensington. She wishes, and is advised, to let this place, and keep Kensington as her *villa*. That would be a very wise plan, and I hope for her sake she may do so.

The addresses are all going on notably: they come from every part of the country. I do hope the people may force the nobles into a more just conduct towards her; but I look with very despairing eyes upon the state of the constitution of this country—that is to say, with regard to the continuance of its regal power,—were it not that God, who sees into the hearts, and tries the reins of men, knows of virtues that are not seen, but which to His all-seeing eye redeem the vices that are alone apparent to man.

The history of all courts, and all princes, from the time of Jehu unto the present day, shows them full of corruptions and vices: their very stations lead them into sin. Yet, when lately France tried to exist under an ideal form of government, greater misery ensued, and the convulsion only subsided when a more despotic power than any king's gradually subdued the tumult, and restored order by enforcing obedience. Why then should we seek for imaginary perfectibility in the laws of man? it suits not with his imperfect essence. God sees the hearts of princes, and will perhaps maintain them in their place in spite of all their seeming unworthiness to us. Yet, sometimes, I again think no, especially at this time in England.—"A house divided against itself cannot stand." The old King had many faults—I say had, for in fact he is dead to this world,—but then he was a good and a pious man; and the example of such has always been of powerful influence. When he dies, I fear much harm will ensue, for there is a fermen-

tation in men's minds, and a general system of deceit prevails, which in regard to things temporal and spiritual the coming power is not likely to dissipate. May God avert the evil! It will be laid to the charge of *one*, when it does come, but it is the consequence of the hollowness and immorality of *all*.

Thursday, May 19th.—Monday was the Princess of Wales's birth-day. I went to pay my respects. Her Royal Highness told me she had received a letter at half-past one o'clock in the morning, from Princess Charlotte, to give notice that she was to arrive at Blackheath at two to-day, to remain for *one hour only*. This did not please; and *she* was pleased to aggravate the sense of her displeasure, because *we naturally like to make bad worse*, when we are ill treated. Hardly had she time to receive the Berwick address, which was delivered by a remarkably gentlemanly man, Colonel Allen, (who made her a very pretty speech from himself afterwards,) when there arrived a servant from Princess Charlotte to say she was ordered to be at Blackheath at half-past one, and back at Warwick House by half-past two. This was a fresh cause of complaint. Royalties do not understand having hours changed by others, though they change them when it suits their own convenience. In general, however, they are punctual.

The Duke of Kent came, and a quarter of an hour after Princess Charlotte, the Duchess of Leeds and Miss Knight attending her. The meeting was as dry and as formal as possible. Princess Charlotte was rather gracious to me. Her legs and feet are very pretty: her Royal Highness knows that they are so, and wears extremely short petticoats. Her face would be pretty too, if the outline of her cheeks was not so full. She went away soon after two; and I left the Duke of Kent and the Princess *tête-à-tête*.

In the evening, singing and playing.—"Vivent les *beaux arts!*"

I do not, whatever others may say, believe that the Prince Regent considers the addresses to the Princess in the serious light they deserve to be considered; because he is under the influence of bad and weak advisers. Nor do I think that, in the present state of men's minds, any immediate advantage will be gained by them to Her Royal Highness; but if she has the resolution to act with a patience scarcely to be expected, I have not the smallest doubt but that she will stand, in point of popularity, so high in this country, that justice *will* and must be done to her. The Princess has taken a dislike to Sir C. and Lady Hamilton, and was angry at their calling on her. Mr. and Mrs. Lock are still in favour, and dined here.

Friday, 21st.—The Princess went to town, after receiving an address from Middlesex,—a very strong one. The Sheriff and Mr. G. Byng, and some more people, all warm in her cause. They ate luncheon, and asked a great many questions, and seemed very much interested in all that concerned her. The Sheriff said, Her Royal Highness had at least one consolation, namely, that the voice of the people was for her. God grant this may be true—and continue! I think, if she is but tolerably prudent, she will get the better of her enemies.

Saturday, May 22d, 1813.—The Princess went to town to see her nephew at the Duke of Brunswick's, Chelsea. I was glad to hear it, for the sake of appearances, though I, alas! know 't is *only* appearance.

May 21st.—I have not been able for the last nine days to write this memorandum: perpetual late hours fatigue me so much, and render me incapable of the smallest exertion.

There has been *less music* lately, and the *musicantes* have been less with her. I am afraid, on rather I ought to rejoice, that she has not found that society quite congenial. The addresses have continued—Westminster is the strongest; Berkshire, etc., etc., have followed. The people certainly espouse her cause: the nobles, more immediately influenced by pensions and places, and stars and garters, show their native meanness of soul. If it were really virtue, or extreme delicacy, that made some people step aside and decline her society, one should only grieve, and could not blame; but as it is, self-interest alone directs their conduct, and one must despise those who bend the knee to those only who have the power of benefiting them. At the Opera the other night, every person stood up when Her Royal Highness entered the house, and there was a burst of applause: it was not so long, or so rapturous, as I had before witnessed—for instance, in Kensington Gardens; but it was very *decidedly* general and determined. There were two or three hisses: I could not distinguish where they came from,—some Carlton House emissaries, of course. (1) I saw nobody and nothing, being very much moved and interested in her reception. I heard afterwards that the Dowager Lady C——y was one of those who hissed—more shame to her. (2) The Princess entered the house at eleven, and left it at twelve, so that there was not much time for the people to weary of her; and when she got up to go away there was another applause, but she did not receive the applause as if she was pleased by it,—perhaps it did not content her; or rather, I think, the true cause which prevented her from being pleased at any circumstance that evening was that Mr. Whitbread had

(1) It is said a very great lady, now far advanced in years the mother of a particularly pious nobleman, was the leader of this disapprobation.

(2) What an unladylike, and unchristian demonstration of feeling!

written her a letter, begging that she would be very careful about *her dress*,—in short, explaining that she ought to cover *her neck*. This I knew by a roundabout way. It was a bold *act of friendship* to tell her this: she will never forget it, nor ever like the person who had the courage to give her the advice. She has many good qualities, but that Christian virtue, humility, enters not within the porch of her thoughts or feelings: indeed, to speak candidly, it is the most dificult one to attain; and many who think they possess it, are as far from it as the poor Princess, who openly contemns it. She absolutely wept some tears of mortification and anger when she received this letter from Mr. Whitbread. She did not know that I knew the contents, which I rejoiced at, because it spared her another act of humiliation *before me*. In regard to myself, I have laid down a rule of conduct towards Her Royal Highness, from which I am determined not to depart. This determination is, never to give advice; because I am quite aware that it might do me much harm, and would do her no good. From a legal adviser alone she can endure a plain unpleasant truth, and she has greatness of mind enough to esteem and value the attachment of such a man *to her cause*, after the first sting of rebuke is passed away, though such a man she never will suffer to be immediately in attendance upon her person.

On Thursday last, little Matt. Lewis came to pay me a visit. He is such a steady friend, and so amusing, that in spite of all his *ridicules* I like him exceedingly.

Friday I again dined at Kensington; my cousin —— dined there also. I am always distressed when I meet him at the Princess's, for I know he is trying *to find fault* all the time. I think, however, for once he did not succeed, and he made himself (as he ought) agreeable to his Royal hostess.

Monday, June 2d.—I met the Princess at supper, at

Lord Glenbervie's: it was a dull affair, and the more so, from the Princess appearing to be very low and cross. The party did not last long; that was one comfort. I received *such a shock* from the accounts of the horrid murder of the poor old Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Bonnar, that I was quite unfit for society; but Her Royal Highness had commanded me to meet her at Lord Glenbervie's, so I was obliged to obey. Having seen the murdered persons frequently; having been in their house, and in their very room, I had the whole horrid scene before me most vividly. It is strange to remark how the most tragic events pass under the observation of people who live in the busy world, without creating one *serious thought*. They say, "shocking," "horrid," and as soon as their curiosity is amused and gratified by the details of the story, turn from the tale with an air of levity, and soon contrive to lose all recollection of so unpleasant a subject:—the wholesome moral to be deduced from serious reflection is wholly set aside.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Bonnar were good people: they had closed their evening in acts of family devotion; and yet the Almighty permitted, for some wise purpose doubtless, but one unknown to man, that these innocent beings should suffer a dreadful death. What an exercise for faith and resignation! How can any thing else reconcile such awful dispensations with the tender mercies of God? There were few whom I heard express any serious thonghts about this tragic story;—and some contrived, even upon *such an event*, to cut their idle jokes.(1)

(1) It so happened, that at the distance of twenty-seven years, the editor of this journal heard of a similar event, which excited similar unfeeling remarks, when looking over these papers. The coincidence was striking; and the editor experienced the same revulsion of feeling on hearing Mr. G——e speak with heartlessness on a subject of equal horror. Perhaps Mr. G——e mistakes this ill-judged levity for wit. "Dans ce monde, tout se retrouve hors le bonheur."

Tuesday, June 3d.—I went to see Mrs. R—n: her daughter is a beautiful girl, and very agreeable. The Princess Charlotte has taken a great fancy for her, at which I am not surprised. She told me Miss E——n is not friendly to the Princess of Wales, and I fear it is so; for since her return to the Princess Charlotte, the latter is not half so kind to her mother. Whoever busy themselves by depreciating a parent in a child's estimation are much to blame; for even where the parent is in fault, the child should never know it. It is a dangerous experiment to bid the offspring discriminate where its parent is in the right and where in the wrong. Very likely Miss E—— did not advise Princess Charlotte not to love her mother, but she probably told her, "She is imprudent, foolish; do not be guided by her;" and so lessened her respect for her mother. Miss E——, however, was on one occasion a useful friend to the Princess Charlotte, insomuch that it was through her means that a silly correspondence into which the Princess Charlotte had entered with C—— H—— was delivered up and destroyed. The Princess of Wales, on the contrary, behaved very foolishly in this business; and it gave a handle to her enemies to represent to the Regent that she ought not to be allowed indiscriminate intercourse with her daughter. They took a fiendish pleasure in laying hold of this or any other plausible pretext to separate the Princess from her child.

Tuesday, 10th of August, 1813.—I passed nearly an hour with Madame de Stael. That woman captivates me. There is a charm, a sincerity, a force in all she says and looks. *I am not disappointed in her.* The anger I felt at her for not taking up the Princess's cause more warmly is, I feel, fast vanishing away. The reason of this lies in my unhappy knowledge of the *dessous des cartes*, a knowledge more likely to increase than to diminish, for the

poor Princess is going on headlong to her ruin. Every day she becomes more imprudent in her conduct, more heedless of propriety and the respect she owes to herself. The society she is now surrounded by is disgraceful.

Yesterday, when I dined with Her Royal Highness, the old *ouran outang* was there, and they sang together for some time, and after that the Princess set off with Lady —— to go to the vile *Maison de Plaisance*, or rather *de Nuisance*. It consists of two damp holes, that have no other merit than being next to the S. Kennel. I was shown all over, or half over, this abominable place, and then dismissed. Lady —— told me to-day that she was left to chew the cud of her reflection for several hours. She said, that she tried "to spit them out, for that truly they were neither nutritive nor sweet," She read one of Madame de Stael's *Petits Romans*, which I had lent her, and which she told me had given her great pleasure. Madame de Stael's *Essai sur les Fictions* delights me particularly; for every word in it is a beautified echo of my own feelings. Lady —— told me the Princess was not content with being *next door* to the Kennel, but she would go into it; and there she was introduced to a new brother and sister-in-law of the L——s. Alas! what company for her to associate with! Lady—— said she felt very distressed at seeing her royal mistress there; and thought the mother of the Princess felt so too, for that the latter neither wants feeling nor sense. After two hours of *music*, i. e. *charivari*, the Princess returned back again to the other hole, and supped *tête-à-tête* with Lady ——; this, at least, was an appearance kept up; but Lady —— is terrified, for the Princess talked of sleeping at the "*cottage*." Her Royal Highness's servants are infuriated, and there is no saying how long their fidelity may hold out.

Wednesday, 11th of August.—Again I dined at Ken-

sington, and after dinner the Princess went with Lady —— to Mr. Angerstein's, and desired me to follow her thither. There was an awkward scene took place; for Lady Buckinghamshire, like a true vulgar, *ran off* the moment she saw the Princess enter the room, and nothing could persuade her to come back, instead of standing still, and making a curtsy, and taking her departure quietly. The gentlemen were still at table. Mr. Boucheret was the first who came out. The Princess did not speak to the Dean of Windsor, who was there, which I regretted for her sake. Lady—— told me that she had implored Lady C. L. to write to Mr. Whitbread, to say it is of vital consequence he should state to Her Royal Highness, that the "cottages" are already a cause of scandal; and, well knowing her innocent recreations, he advised that they should take place elsewhere. Perhaps he will not dare to give her this advice. From Mr. A—— the Princess went to sup at Lady Perceval's. I am sorry for Her Royal Highness; I think she has sacrificed herself, and that she is really attached to a weak intriguing woman. I heard a curious story about the Duke of Brunswick. It is said that he has an intrigue with a married woman at Shrewsbury; and hearing that her husband was absent, the Duke set off to a rendezvous. When he arrived at an inn there, he ordered a dinner the next day for himself and his innamorata; but his broken English, and a peculiar air belonging to him, attracted observation; and Mr. Forrester, son-in-law to the Duchess of Rutland, happening to be there, said to the landlord, "I am sure that is a French prisoner trying to escape:" accordingly, a hue and cry was made after him, and he was arrested. His continued bad English confirmed them in their opinion; but he said he was an officer in the Duke of Brunswick's German legion. This was not believed; and he, infuriated at

their doubts, declared himself to be the Duke of Brunswick. "No," said Mr. Forrester, "I am certain the Duke of Brunswick is not such a frippery fellow as you are." In short he was treated with all sorts of indignity: but at length some one knew him, and he was set at liberty, and excuses out of number were made to him when it was too late. What the Duke principally dreaded was an action for crim. con., and being obliged to pay ten thousand pounds.

I have long had a foresight of some great interior revolution in these kingdoms. All I see and know, and *do not see* but *think*, confirms me in this opinion. Speaking morally, it is perhaps better that a man should have a compensation in money for his wife's guilt, than in the blood of the offender; but, speaking according to my own feelings, I think that were I in such a miserable position, nothing but fighting to the death would satisfy me; for how can *gold* be a compensation for wounded honour? It is, according to my way of thinking, only an additional affront. If a man, from the highest of all motives, Christian humility and forbearance, pardons a faithless wife, and the object of her guilty passion, then indeed he is truly great, and by his greatness alone overcomes his injuries, and washes away all stain from his character: but to take a *price* for an injury is a cowering mean idea, that could only obtain currency from its being part of that system of trade upon which hang our law and our prophets.

Sunday.—Last night the Princess again went to sup at Mr. Angerstein's, and unfortunately Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire were there. The latter behaved very rudely, and went away immediately after the Princess arrived. Whatever her opinions, political or moral, may be, I think that making a curtsy to the person invested

with the rank of Princess of Wales would be much better taste, and more like a lady, than turning her back and hurrying out of the room.

I wonder why the Princess treats the Dean of Windsor with such marked dislike, for he has always been respectful and attentive to her and her mother, the Duchess of Brunswick:—it is vexatious to those who take an interest in Her Royal Highness's welfare, to observe how she slights persons to whom it is of consequence for her to show civility, and how she mistakes in the choice of those on whom she lavishes her favour. The Princess is always seeking *amusement*, and unfortunately, often at the expense of prudence and propriety. She cannot endure a dull person: she has often said to me, "I can forgive any fault but that;" and the anathema she frequently pronounces upon such persons is,—"Mine G—! dat is the dullest person G— Almighty ever did born!"

Monday, 22d of August.—I went and saw Lady ——: she told me a piece of news, which it gave me great pleasure to learn, namely, that *Frow madame* exists no more, and that Chanticleer has been fairly driven off his dunghill. Lady —— does not know *how* this has been effected; but that it has is certain, thank heaven!—Only, I fear, that if *Chanticleer's wings are clipped*, they will grow again; and if *his* neck is twisted, some other dunghill-bird will roost on the same perch—and it is not only disgraceful that the Princess should have lived in intimacy with such persons as the S——s, but they have extracted so much money from her, that, had their reign continued longer, she would have been greatly embarrassed. All Mr. H—— has said to me on this melancholy subject, starts up and stares me in the face with damning truth. Even were there the excuse, though a bad one, of supposing *her heart interested* in any one person, I could forgive—nay, feel sympathy with Her

Royal Highness: but taking pleasure merely in the *admiration* of low persons, is beneath her dignity as a woman, not to mention her rank and station. I am sometimes tempted to wish Lord H. F—d had continued to love her, for I am sure, poor soul, had any one been stedfast to her, she would have been so to them; and though, as a married woman, nothing could justify her in being attached to any man, yet it is a hard and a cruel fate, to spend the chief part of one's existence unloving and unloved. How few can endure the trial! It requires strong principle, and a higher power than mortals possess, to enable them to bear such a one;—and when I hear women sitting in judgment on the Princess, (many of them not entitled by their own conduct as wives to comment on the behaviour of others,) and declaiming against her with unchristian severity,—some from a feeling of self-righteousness, others from political or party motives,—it is all I can do to forbear from telling them how unamiable I think such observations. Even when a woman *is* guilty, I cannot bear to hear another of her own sex proclaim her fault with vehemence—I always think it proceeds from private malice, or a wish to appear better than others. If ever there was a woman to whom, in this respect, mercy should have been shown, it was the Princess; and those who condemn her should consider the trying, nay almost unparalleled situation in which she was placed, immediately after coming to this country.

Who and *what* was the woman sent to escort Her Royal Highness to England? Was there any attempt made on the part of the Prince to disguise of what nature his connection was with Lady J——y? None.—He took every opportunity of wounding the Princess, by showing her that Lady J——y was her rival.—The ornaments with which he had decked his wife's arms, he took from her and gave to his mistress, who wore them in her presence.—He ridiculed her person, and suffered

Lady J——y to do so in the most open and offensive manner.—And finally, he wrote to Her Royal Highness that he intended never to consider her as his wife; not even though such a misfortune should befal him as the death of his only child.

When the "————————" made known this declaration, it does not appear that he assigned any cause of accusation against his wife.—He was the first to blame; and when her subsequent follies (for from my heart I believe they never were more than follies) gave him an excuse for his ill-treatment of her, it should be remembered, what an example of barefaced vice was set before the Princess, when she was first married to the Prince. Unfortunately she had not been brought up with a strict sense of moral rectitude, or religious principle, in her childhood; neither was the example set her by her father, the Duke of Brunswick, likely to give her just notions of right and wrong. She loved her father, and therefore excused his errors. From her earliest years she had been taught by the example of others, and those most near and dear to her, to consider married infidelity as a very venial trespass; and when she came to England, this notion was confirmed by those whom she had thought most to have honoured, and been guided by in her own conduct. It may be said that the person who cannot discern between vice and virtue, and choose for herself which course to pursue, is always to blame. Granted;—but surely, for a woman *so* educated, and who had such examples set before her, there ought to be some indulgence shown, and some consideration made for frailties which, in one shape or other, are common to humanity.

While opprobrium was heaped on the Princess of Wales, and the smallest offence against etiquette or propriety which she committed, was magnified into *crime*, the Prince of W—— ran a career of lawless pleasure

unrebuked, nay, even applauded! How true is the proverb—"One man may steal a horse, and another may not look over a hedge." I am not one of those who reason falsely, and think that crime in *the one* sex alters its nature and becomes virtue in the other.

Tuesday, 23d August.—I dined at Kensington. The manner in which Pylades and Oresles are treated amuses and makes me melancholy at the same time; for it shows how things *were*, and how they *are*. The only new person I have seen at Kensington for a length of time, is Madame Zublibroff, the wife of a General Zublibroff: she is a daughter of Mr. Angerstein's, and a very pretty, agreeable-looking person. Her husband appears clever and sincere;—I am sure, by the conversation I heard him hold with the Princess, *he is a good man*. She deceives the wife, I think, completely, but I doubt it is not so with the husband: he nevertheless seems *friendly*, but friendly with self-dignity. He told Her Royal Highness some home truths, which she did not at all relish; but, being *determined* to like him, she contrived very ingeniously to turn the subject in the light in which she *chose* to have it viewed, leaving General Z—— precisely at the point whence he had set out. Accustomed, as the Princess is, in common with all royalties, to see only through the medium of her own passions, she contrives generally to conceal whatever is disagreeable to her, and to have ears, *yet hear not*. So far, Bonaparte, by making a new race of kings, may perchance alter the nature of royalty, but I believe not, for the evil lies in the station more than in the individual. Yet any magistrate, gifted with the same superiorities of power and fortune, would, though under another title, be just as liable to the same prejudices as a king or an emperor; and a rose, by any other name, *would smell as sweet*. I conceive, however, that a restless and active mind may dwell on this subject till all sorts of chimeras enter the brain.

My walk lies another way.

Wednesday.—The Princess drove to Lady Perceval's, and dined there yesterday. Chanticleer was there. It was curious to see how she thought *she hid matters* from Lady P——. The latter is a weak intriguing woman, who seems to me to be a mere convenience, but can see as far into a millstone as another, especially such a broad *barefaced* one. Lady —— told me, that in going out of Kensington Palace gates, by driving furiously, one of the leaders fell, and the poor little postillion was thrown off, and Lady —— feared, at first, seriously hurt, for he did not get up for several minutes. The Princess was wholly unmoved, and never even asked how he did. Lady —— said she could not express the hatred such want of feeling excited in her. The Princess ought not to have allowed the boy to ride on, but should have ordered him to go home and be taken care of. Instead of this, he remounted, and twice afterwards, on the road to Lady P ——'s, the same accident very nearly happened; for, of course, the poor boy was trembling and unable to guide the horses. Lady —— told me she was made quite sick by this circumstance, but the resentment and abhorrence she felt at the Princess's total want of humanity on this occasion, made her recover sooner than she would otherwise have done, for indignation took place of any other feeling; and no wonder. I could not understand a woman's being so unfeeling. It gave *me* also a feeling of dislike towards the Princess.

To-day I went to Blackheath, by command. Her Royal Highness was in a low, gentle humour. I walked round her melancholy garden with her, and she made me feel quite sorry for her when she cried, and said it was all her own creation—meaning the garden and shrubbery, etc., but that now she must leave it for ever, for that she had not money to keep a house at Blackheath and one in Lon-

don also; and that the last winter she had passed there had been so very dreary, she could not endure the thought of keeping such a one again. I did not wonder at this. All the time I staid and walked with Her Royal Highness she cried, and spoke with a desolation of heart that really made me sorry for her; and yet, at the end of our conversation, poor soul, she smiled, and an expression of resignation, even of content, irradiated her countenance as she said, "I will go on hoping for happier days. Do you think *I may*?" she asked me; and I replied, with heartfelt warmth, "I trust your Royal Highness will yet see many happy days." This Princess is a most peculiar person; she alternately makes me *dislike and like* her, her conduct and sentiments vary so in quality every time I see her. But one sentiment does and will ever remain fixed in my breast, and that is pity for her manifold wrongs.

I saw Madame de H——e; I think she is a good and an upright woman. Heavens! what an opinion she has of the Princess. She told me she dreamt the other night, that Her Royal Highness's carriage was fired at, going down a lane, and that she was shot in the back. Madame de H—— and I agreed on the impropriety of Her Royal Highness exposing her person as she does, without attendants, in lanes and by-ways near Kensington and at Blackheath.

Thursday.—Lady —— was sent to the cottage to fetch away books, etc., which had been left there. She heard that Chanticleer was ill—amiable distress, interesting *dénouement!* I dined at Kensington. There was no one besides the Princess, except Lady ——; we dined off *mutton and onions*, and I thought Lady —— would have *dégobbiled* with the coarseness of the food, and the horror of seeing the Princess eat to satiety: afterwards Her Royal Highness walked about Paddington Fields,

making Lady —— and myself follow. These walks are very injudiciously chosen as to time and place, though *perfectly innocent*, and taken for no other purpose than for the pleasure of doing an *extraordinary* thing. It was almost dark when the Princess returned home in the evening. She amused us very much by telling us the history of her sister, Princess Caroline. I asked her if it was true that the Duke of Wirtemburgh had poisoned Princess C. She said she did not believe it, and had even reasons for supposing she was still alive. Princess C. married at 13 or 14 years of age, and, like all princesses and most other women, she did so in order to have an establishment, and be her own mistress. For some time she behaved well, though her sister said her husband was very jealous of her from the beginning, and beat her cruelly. At length they went to Russia, and there she became enamoured of a man who was supposed to have been the Empress's lover, a circumstance which rendered the offence heinous, even though he was a cast off lover. But it seems ladies snarl over a bone they have picked, just like any cross dog. The Princess Caroline was secretly delivered of a child in process of time, in one of the Empress's châteaux. Her husband not having lived with her for a year or two, the deed was known not to be his, and for once the right father was actually named. As soon as she recovered from this little accident, the Empress informed her it was no longer possible for her to allow her to live under her roof, but that she might go to the Château de Revelt, on the Baltic—that is to say, she *must* go: whither accordingly she was sent. The curious part of this story is, that Miss Saunders, the Princess of Wales's maid, at this time living with her, had a sister, which sister lived as maid to Princess Caroline, and she, after a time, came from the Château de Revelt back to Brunswick, saying her mistress was in perfect health, but had dismissed her from her service as she no

longer required her attendance. She gave her money and jewels, and, after vain entreaties to be allowed to remain with her royal mistress, to whom she was much attached, Miss Saunders's sister left the Princess Caroline.

Not long after this, word was brought to the Duke of Brunswick that she died suddenly of some putrid disorder, which made it necessary to bury the body immediately, without waiting for any ceremonies due to the rank of the deceased. All further inquiries that were made ended in this account, and no light was thrown upon this business. Some years subsequently to this, a travelling Jew arrived at Brunswick, who swore that he saw the Princess Caroline at the Opera at *Leghorn*. He was questioned, and declared that he could not be mistaken in her. I own, said the Princess of Wales, that from her sending away the person who was so much attached to her, and "the only servant she had whom she loved and relied on, that I always hope she contrived to elope with her lover, and may still be alive." This story is curious if it be *true*; but Her Royal Highness loves to tell romantic histories, so that one cannot believe implicitly what she narrates.

Saturday.—Again I dined at Kensington; Mr. and Mrs. —— were also there. I was glad to see them at Her Royal Highness's table; for, though not great personages in point of rank, they are great in goodness, and respectability and talent. The Princess talked during the whole of dinner time about her wish to procure four or five thousand pounds by giving up the lease of twenty-one years of her house at Blackheath, to whoever would advance her this sum of money. Messrs. —— both told her it was a very good bargain for any body to enter into, but very disadvantageous for her. She insisted upon it, however, and said "she would get it

done," and desired Lady —— to write the next day, and tell Mr. H—— to endeavour to procure the money for her on these terms. After dinner the Princess, her Lady ——, and her gentleman, accompanied her to Vauxhall, and supped at the Duke of Brunswick's. The evening was pleasant and amusing, but she *would* imagine that Mr. Gell was in love with Lady ——, a very funny idea, but it annoyed her. The Duke of Brunswick is a man who has no notion of persons of different sexes associating together, *merely* for the sake of conversation and society. The only subject in which he shines is in talking of wars and rumours of wars. He told me that the reason he could not and would not do any thing abroad was, because the Crown Prince insisted upon every person being under him, and all troops serving in the same cause making an oath to follow *him* when and wheresoever he should appoint. "This," said the Duke, "I never in honour could do, for I do not, in the first place, feel confidence in this man; and in the second, I could not be subservient to him, a "*faiseur d'armes.*" I asked him what sort of looking man the Crown Prince is. "Very like what his former profession was," replied the Duke, holding himself erect, and gesticulating very much, and "always in this attitude," placing himself in that of fencing, with both arms extended.

"I knew Bernadotte," said the Duke, "before he was in Bonaparte's service, and when he was only a *maître-d'armes*. He is an upstart, and though he personally hates Bonaparte, he loves the French, and only desires to place himself in his stead at their head. He would be just as great a tyrant, were he placed in the same position.—My opinion is, he would follow in Bonaparte's footsteps, and I do not think the general cause will be advanced by him."

The Duke showed us two very curious illuminated

MSS.; one of them was a prayer-book, or rather a book of prayers, composed and written out in the hand-writing of one of the Dukes of Brunswick. There were one hundred beautiful pictures in it, all finished like the finest painted miniatures, and, Mr. Gell said, executed by some great master. The binding of the book was also beautiful—of fine carved silver work. We also saw a vase twenty inches high, and ten in circumference, made of a single sardonyx, with the mysteries of Ceres exquisitely carved upon it. There was a printed account of how this vase came into the possession of the family, and its supposed age, which the author placed as far back as having been in the temple of Solomon; but Mr. Gell said, "that is nonsense, and I hope they will not publish this in the translation intended to be made of this account, for the workmanship of this unique vase is evidently Grecian, and of the *finest times*; besides, a representation of the heathen deities would not have been allowed to exist in Solomon's Temple." I do not know if the Duke understood perfectly all that Mr. Gell said, for His Serene Highness is somewhat *bouché* upon these subjects. We were shown yet one thing more—the *Duke's bed*, which is the most uncomfortable place of rest I have ever seen. It is made of iron: there are no curtains, and only one mattress, and a sheet. He piques himself on having, he says, "sounder and sweeter sleep on that bed, than many who lie on the softest down." There is a frankness and an enthusiasm in the Duke of Brunswick which makes me like him very much, notwithstanding his *ton de garnison*.

Sunday.—The Princess went to Lady Perceval's, where Lady —— says there is no amusement; it must be, therefore, that this intimacy is kept up for past reasons, not present pleasure—a sad consideration.

Monday.—The Duke of Brunswick came to take leave

of his sister, Her Royal Highness. I was present at their interview, with some of the Princess's ladies. There never was a man so altered by the hope of glory; his stature seemed to dilate, and his eyes were animated with a fire and an expression of grandeur and delight which astonished me. I could not help thinking the Princess did not receive him with the warmth she ought to have done. He detailed to her the whole particulars of the conversations he had had with the ministers, the Prince R——t, etc.; he mimicked them all admirably, particularly Lord Castlereagh, so well as to make us all laugh;—and he gave the substance of what had passed between himself and those persons, with admirable precision, in a kind of question and answer colloquy that was quite dramatic.

I was astonished, for I never saw any person so changed by circumstance. He really looked a hero. The Princess heard all that he said in a kind of sullen silence, while the tears were in several of the bystanders' eyes. How could this be so? At length, when the Duke of Brunswick said, "The ministers refused me all assistance; they would promise me neither money nor arms; but I care not; I will go straight to Hamburgh: I hear there are some brave young men there who await my coming; and if I have only my orders from the Prince Regent *to act*, I will go without either money or arms, and gain both;"—"perfectly right," replied the Princess, with some enthusiasm in her voice and manner. "How did Bonaparte conquer the greater part of Europe?" (the Duke continued;) "he had neither money nor arms, but he *took* them. And if *he* did that, why should not I who have so much more just a cause to defend?" The Duke then proceeded to state how the ministers and the Regent were all at variance, and how he had obtained from the latter an order which he could not obtain from the ministers. After some further conversation he took

leave of his sister; she did not embrace him. He held out his hand to me kindly, and named me familiarly. I felt a wish to express some of the kindly feeling I felt towards him, but, I know not why, in her presence, who ought to have felt so much more, and who seemed to feel so little, I felt chilled and remained silent. I have often thought of that moment since with regret. When the Duke was fairly gone, however, she shed a few tears, and said emphatically, "I shall never see him more."

Mrs. and Miss R——n and Lord H. F. dined at Kensington. It is comical to see how the Princess behaves to him, trying to show off, and yet endeavouring to make him hate her. His behaviour is perfectly kind, respectful, and even, at times, there is a sadness in his manner, which makes me think he regrets the change in her sentiments towards him, and I am certain he is sorry to see the alteration there is in the society which frequents Her Royal Highness.

I was for several days much alarmed by a change that I saw in the shape of the Princess's figure, and I could not help imparting the terrible fear I felt to Lady ———. She also had noticed it, but I was much relieved by her telling me she knew for certain it was only caused by the Princess having left off stays, a custom which she is very fond of; and she ought to be warned not to indulge in this practice, for it might give rise to reports exceedingly injurious to her character. Lord H. F. asked Lady ——— many shrewd questions about young Chanticleer? He smells a rat; the sweet odour must soon spread far and wide. Mrs. R—— talked openly to me of this sad and disgraceful story; I felt very awkward and very much ashamed for my poor royal mistress.

Tuesday.—Again I dined at Kensington. No company

except the Sapios. Lady ——— and I sat apart, and talked together when we could hear one another speak; but the horrible din of their music hardly ever stopped the whole evening, except when it was interrupted by the disgusting nonsense of praise that passed between the parties. Interest and cunning excuse it from the low and servile; but really to hear her let herself down so as to sing pæans to the Fiddler's son, who is after all gone away from her, upon my honour, my honour could hardly stand it. Lady —— and I both agreed, it is more than human patience can bear to witness such folly; the perpetual silly nonsense of the old buffoon, amounting often to imprudence, crowns the whole.

Thursday.—I dined at Kensington. Messrs. Gell and Craven and Sir H. Englefield were there, besides Lady ——. The Princess sat at table till we went to sleep or near it. Sir H. Englefield did quite; not that these men dislike women's society, or probably wish them away, to lose all restraint and give way to conversation which they could not hold in their presence, but that sitting round a table for four hours is wearisome to the body as well as mind. Sir H. Englefield went away immediately after the Princess rose; the others remained, and were pleasant and amusing, as they always are; but Her Royal Highness is very jealous of any attention being paid to Lady ——, and if she listened to Mr. Craven singing, the Princess wanted to do the same; or if Lady —— talked to Mr. Gell, Her Royal Highness was curious, and came near to hear what they were saying; and when Mr. Gell attempted to teach Lady —— to play on the guitar, that annoyed her beyond measure, and she desired Mr. Gell to "come and sit beside Her Royal Highness." I admire and am astonished beyond measure at Lady ——'s good humour and patience.

In the course of the evening the Princess desired Lady

—— to tell her her fortune, and in doing so, the story of Tiberius and the conjuror occurred to her; and, as she told me afterwards, she could not resist telling it to Her Royal Highness for her benefit. It was a comical story to tell a Princess. I do not think she was pleased with Lady —— for doing so, though she pretended to laugh and be much amused.

Friday.—It is said Friday is an unlucky day, and I am superstitious, and inclined to believe in these traditions; but I never can again in this one, for Friday was a day of happiness to me. It brought me an unexpected pleasure; I saw —— and she was kind. This meeting has given me fresh courage to bear my unhappy existence. I saw Mr. Ward; he was in a gay, good humour. How different the same man appears at different times, and in different company!

Saturday, 4th of September.—I called on Lady W——; she is very agreeable, and, I think, has much natural cleverness, but it is all wasted in *eloquence in conversation*. She leads a strange life as to hours and customs, which I do not think is calculated to calm her mind or give strength to her body. She is always in a bustle about nothing; many of her ideas are exalted, and her language often poetical, but it is frittered away on paltry subjects, and there is a spirit of restlessness in her, poor soul, which renders her an unhappy being. Perhaps were she *compelled* by some kind but resolute friend to lead a more regular and wholesome life, she might become less excited; but, alas! she has none such, and each day her mind is getting the mastery over her body, to its undoing.

There was a time when I despised all notions of adhering to any regular course of existence; I did not believe that such was requisite, or contributed as much as

it does to health and peace. I liked sometimes to be out all day and return at night to my meals; sometimes I would sit up late and rise early, and at others lie in bed for days. I did not believe that such irregularity could injure my health, much less affect my mind; but I am convinced now, that nothing tends so much to enervate or excite (according to the nature of the person) as leading this sort of unsettled life. It is the dull round of hours for meals, and sleep, and exercise, which is most likely to preserve health, and that calm of spirit which, though it precludes vivid sensations of pleasure, spares those who lead such lives many a severe pang. It was not so once, however, with me; and when I look at what I have just written, I say, Is it *I* who have thus spoken —I who once sought with eagerness to escape that odious "peace," which I now covet as the greatest blessing? It is even so.

I dined at Kensington. A Mr. Mills dined with Her Royal Highness. I never saw him there before, and I could not discover who he is, or any thing else about him, except that he has very white teeth and very festooned lips.

31st December, 1813.—In looking back upon the past there is always much melancholy reflection excited, but it is a wholesome melancholy, and I wish not to avoid it. How little I have done or thought, that has left me a pleasant remembrance! How much time has passed that has been wasted in idleness and in that worst idleness, the idleness of the mind! I know and regret that it has been so, but I have never had the power to overcome the languor and laziness, which have taken possession of my faculties. In justice to myself, though, I must say, it is *circumstances* which have rendered me thus—it is not my nature. Time, which either lessens or increases regret, will, I hope, bring with it healing for

me under its wings, and I have made many wise plans for the future, and framed many good resolutions, which I hope I shall be able to fulfil.

In the course of the last four months, the changes that have taken place in the political world are of so vast a magnitude, that my intellect is not great enough to comprehend them. Holland is free, Germany and Sweden also have shaken off the tyrant's yoke; in short, his own speech to the senators at Paris, proves sufficiently Bonaparte's altered state,—"all Europe was with us, all Europe is now against us."—No more needs be added to such a confession. We have taken all the merit of these changes to ourselves, with what justice, I am not competent to decide; certainly Lord Wellington is a great hero, and certainly, we have been partly the means of liberating Spain: but I have sometimes in my own mind doubted, whether the opprobrium thrown upon the Spaniards was not exaggerated, and might not be an artful contrivance of our Government to encourage the idea, in order that a greater share of glory might attach to us; while such a notion suited Lord Wellington's ambition, who wished to have the sole command, and whose views perhaps did not even end there. So many events in private life are so very different, when truly known, from what appearances bespeak them, that it is impossible to believe the same deceit is not practised on a larger scale; for the passions of nations, like those of smaller communities, are, after all, only the aggregate passions of mankind individually, and are as liable to influence, and to lead to falsehood, prejudice, injustice and crime, in the great political world, as they are in the domestic concerns of life.

It has been said, that we have been the only nation, during these last twenty-four years, that has held out against the tyranny and anarchy which ravaged or confounded Europe. But when I consider our opinions and

promises respecting the restoration of the French monarchy, and see how widely we now differ from those opinions, and fall short of the fulfilment of those promises, I cannot help thinking, that neither nations, nor individuals, should be hasty to enter into engagements, since the very nature of humanity is to render all things around us mutable, and that it is utterly impossible we should not partake in some degree of the general condition. In regard to these last great continental changes, my opinion is that if any one individual has been instrumental more than another in effecting them, it has been the Crown Prince (Bernadotte). A Frenchman himself, he knows how to act upon Frenchmen, and, as a native of the continent, he knows better the continental systems than we do. The weakness of all persons (with few exceptions) in private as well as in public life, is to insist upon everybody's being managed precisely as we ourselves have been managed. The narrower the circle, and the more confined the spot, on which we live, the more (generally speaking) will our views and wills be limited, and unfit for general application. I believe, therefore, that with one of the finest countries and constitutions in the world, we are not calculated, as islanders, to give laws to the continent, or to subdue its people; let us merely endeavour honourably to maintain our own laws and liberties inviolate, and to be satisfied with that safe and stable power, which our insular situation, and our internal greatness bestow upon us; but to subdue France, or impose upon its people any government that is not of their own choosing, appears to me folly. To relieve the oppressed, to maintain them ever, as we have done, is noble, as a nation of Christians and of good and brave men; but for their sakes to keep up perpetual wars with other nations, seems to me unwise. Lending our aid to Spain is an exception, and I view it in a very different light; we only went with what we

were at first told was the general spirit of the whole nation; it was not in favour of any one family or dynasty that we fought, but for the rights of an oppressed people, who demanded our aid and succour; yet even these were latterly supposed not to desire our assistance. So seldom is it that foreign troops are looked upon with a favourable eye in national warfare.

No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte, by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act;—it was no less a person than Madame de Stael who gave him her counsel. It was not, as some have asserted, that she was *in love* with Bernadotte, for at the time of their intimacy Madame de Stael was in love with Rocca; but she used her influence (which was not small) with the Crown Prince, to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around: may it liberate Europe;—and from the ashes of the laurel, may olive branches spring up and overshadow the earth!

I wish, ardently wish, individually for peace; but, I think, I wish for it also from that spirit of humanity, which cannot hear of a land saturated with blood, and not shrink aghast from all the desolation of heart which it implies. My private life has been calm; no very lively emotions have given a high zest to existence, and a constant pressure has lowered the tone of my intellect, and reigned in my imagination. I wish to be able to leave England and visit foreign countries; I long for an opportunity to extend my observations, and to acquire new matter for my mind to feed upon. . . . . .

I check my eager longings, however, because I know that we are erring mortals, and that our views for ourselves are generally not those which are for our good. I recollect also that every thing which I have earnestly longed for has come to pass, and yet the events thus desired are precisely those which have least tended to my felicity; indeed, in many instances, have been productive of misery. I say therefore to my folly, Be subdued; for the wisdom of man's desire is only folly: and to my eager wish of change, Be suppressed, for there are many changes which would make me miserable, and few that could make me happier. However, hopes and wishes must exist while life remains, and we must act if we would enjoy. It is only an overweening eagerness, a repining spirit, whose gratified desires are liable to turn to curses. A moderated wish, made in humble subserviency to the Divine power, cannot draw down upon us the displeasure of heaven.

SECTION III.

Sunday, January 9th, 1814.—Yesterday, according to appointment, I went to Princess Charlotte; found at Warwick House the harp-player Dizzi; was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrived Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious —showed me all her *bonny dyes*, as B—— would have called them, pictures, and cases, and jewels, etc. She talked in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise. This *questioning* answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—i. e. avoids committing oneself, or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D——. I asked Miss Knight whom it represented; she said that was not known: it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender when young. This answer suited my thoughts so comically, I could have laughed, if one ever did at courts any think but the contrary of what one was inclined to do. Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance,— a play of features and a force of muscle rarely seen with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful, but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's. In short, it is the very picture of her, and *not in miniature*. I could not help analysing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more

of them even than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young Princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person set in *the shade of circumstances and of years*? It is that youth and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed to interested calculations, what effect must the same causes produce on the generality of mankind? In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done on *isinglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency, and was I thought a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. "Ah!" said Miss Knight, "I am not content though, Ma'am, for I yet should have liked one more dress, that of the favourite Sultana." "No, no!" said the Princess, "I never was a favourite, and never can be one,"—looking at a picture which she said was her father's, but which I do not believe was done for the Regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a hussar's dress, probably a former favourite. The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birth-day. After keeping me for two hours and a half, she dismissed me, and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *oglio* of *décousu* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother, grafted on a younger scion. I dined *tête-à-tête* with my dear old aunt; hers is always a sweet and soothing society to me.

January 10th, 1814.—I read several chapters of Miss

B——'s work, a comparative view of the English and French nations, since the time of Charles II. to the present day. I think this work a most sterling performance, and one, from the nature of its subject, as well as the grave and masterly manner in which she treats it, likely to do honour to her memory. I hear Miss B—— has been reproached with its being too grave: I think the sober chastened style in which it is written suits the dignity of the matter. A lighter pen might have found *de quoi* to have made a continuation of that most amusing and immoral work, the Mémoires de Grammont, but where a deeper tone of thought induces a higher aim than mere wit and entertainment, surely she has chosen more appropriate means to attain her object.

It is the most severely cold weather we have had for many winters past. I called on Miss ——: she was full of the politics of the day, or rather I should say events; for truly the great catastrophe of the fate of Europe takes a higher character than that of mere court politics. There was a report that Lord Yarmouth, who was just arrived, had said, that in a few days the allies would be at Paris, as the country made no resistance to their progress. It is also said that a deputation to Louis the Eighteenth has arrived from France. Wonderful indeed will be the hour which sees that monarch again seated on his throne. How far the restoration of the Bourbons might be productive of happiness to France I cannot pretend to determine: certainly, I would not have more blood shed on their account, or on any account; but if the people will with one voice receive them, I believe I have a hankering at my heart that those remaining of the old race should resume the sceptre of their ancestors. After all, their misfortunes are more likely to render them deserving than any other person might be; and God perhaps will now reward them after their trials. Yet I confess, considering Bonaparte as a conqueror, I

do not know that he is worse than all conquerors have ever been. What seas of blood they have all waded through, to gain their ambitious ends! In spite of his crimes and of his heartless character, I think him great, and wherever there is superior intellect, I cannot help in some degree paying homage to that divine impress. I should be sorry that that man was shown about for lesser villains to hoot at, or that he was massacred to satisfy the rage of an undistinguishing multitude.

The circumstance which gives me the greatest dislike to Bonaparte, is his having put away his wife Josephine whom he did not accuse of any fault, save that she did not give him an heir to succeed to his crown. Nothing can, in my idea, pardon this vile action; and I cannot understand how Josephine condescended to receive his visits and his expressions of attachment, after he had behaved so cruelly to her. The only thing that can reconcile this to one's understanding is, that a woman will do and suffer much when she loves. There has been a little scandal reported of Josephine, but still it amounts to nothing more than rumour—her husband never accused her. He set her aside as a useless appendage to his state, but he continued to profess affection for her even to the day of his death.

Every wife, every woman, sympathised with Josephine; her situation excited in her own sex universal pity. Since the time of Henry VIII. there had been no such instance of injustice in a monarch. Josephine was kind-hearted and generous, she did many acts of charity, and was besides a very fascinating woman. These qualities, together with her cruel fate, will make her a heroine in history, and her rival, Maria Louise, will stand opposed to her as heartless and vain; for when people pitied her, supposing she was a victim to Bonaparte's power, she disclaimed such pity by appearing happy, and pleased with the great station to which her marriage

with him exalted her. She has a child, a son, so it would seem as if she were to be a favourite with heaven.

At five o'clock I was at Connaught House; found Lady Anne dressed out like a *mad Chinese*. Miss Garth very quiet, as usual. The *Princess, arrayed in crimson velvet* up to the throat, looking *very well*. Shortly after, arrived Princess Charlotte and the Duchess of Leeds; the former took very little notice of her mother, so little that I do not wonder the Princess of W—— was hurt. She took me by the arm and led me to the fire-place, and I saw she was ready to weep: I felt for her. Princess Charlotte addressed herself wholly to Miss Garth; and, as in a few moments Princess Sophia came, she laid hold of her, and conversed aside with her; all which must have been most cutting to the mother's heart. Oh! what an evening of deceit, and of coldness, and of cunning! At dinner I had an opportunity of speaking to Miss D—— about the old story of the paper Mrs. N. had lent to me, and which she thought I kept for some sinister purpose. Miss D—— said that her sister had expressed herself warmly about me before her death. That may or may not have been, but I was glad of an opportunity of telling that worldly-minded woman that I am not a spy. During dinner-time I heard the Princess pouring dissatisfaction into her daughter's ear—if it was not there already—saying, "all the world had hoped for promotions, and for emancipation from prisons, etc., etc., the day of her coming of age, but that no public testimony of joy had been shown on the occasion, and it had passed away in a mournful silence." Princess Charlotte was considerably struck, and replied, "Oh, but the war and the great expenses of the nation occasion my coming of age to be passed over at present." "A very good excuse, truly," said the Princess of W——, "and you are child enough to believe it!" and so ended all I heard them say.

Friday, 14th Jan.—Saw Messrs. G. and C.; they told me that they are both perfectly aware to *what a low ebb* things have run; nevertheless they are good and faithful, and regret for her sake the imprudencies and follies she is perpetually committing: but how long the Princess will find others so, God knows! Lady —— told me she drove out yesterday for five minutes only; groaned and found fault, and returned; then made Lady —— sit with her till seven, listening to a perpetual, wicked, and nonsensical repetition of evils, the most of which she forges herself. Chanticleer did not come to dinner, which caused great rage and despair.

Saturday.—I dined at Connaught House; Lady —— was ill, to my great sorrow, not only for her sake but my own. Chanticleer dined there. I read a novel all the evening, but yet his very presence is horridly degrading.

Sunday.—I went to inquire for Lady ——; she saw me, and told me she had been much distressed this morning, for that Miss B—— and Mr. K—— had called and been admitted to the Princess, but that her extreme ill-humour must have been visible. Miss B—— told her some home truths in a very proper manner; but Lady —— said that every subject that was touched upon, novels, public news, etc., all were equally displeasing or indifferent to Her Royal Highness. Lady —— said that to her the Princess always maintains the language and manners of friendship and of real liking; "this," she said, "distresses and wounds me, because I cannot really be her friend; she will not hear the truth." Yesterday the Princess told her that she was of the greatest comfort to her, and she often does so after conversations which make Lady —— feel the reverse. Lady —— said to me that this contradiction of sentiments harasses her more than she can express. H—— has engaged to advance the Princess

two thousand pounds in the course of twelve months, by instalments of five hundred each; I *do* trust that she will not deceive him. She is to pay two hundred a-year for the money till the sum is paid off, or till some change enables her to do so. I warned him sufficiently as to the paction he was entering into; so he has done it with his eyes open: besides, he told me plainly she can serve him in two instances, and he expects she will do so. The Princess sent to desire me to go to Mr. St. Leger, as he is too ill to wait on her, and ask him to procure the lease of her house left her by her mother, from Mr. Le Blanc, which she wants to give Mr. H. as security for the payment of the debt contracted to him. I hope she will get that lease; it is the only security she can give. Oh! how the Princess talks of her mother, till really my blood freezes to hear a mother so spoken of by a daughter; and that I should listen to such conversation with apparent quietness! At luncheon Her Royal Highness was in high spirits. "Shall I tell you something very curious?" said she. I knew it was in vain to stop the tide, so I did not attempt it. "I went one day," she continued, "in September to walk from my house at Blackheath with Miss Garth to Mr. Angerstein's, who was very ill at that time; I went out the back way from my garden through Greenwich Park, so that nobody could know me." Hem! thought I. "Well, my dear——, I was followed by two gipsies, who insisted on telling my fortune. 'I have no money,' said I; but they persisted in following me, and did so until I came to Mr. Angerstein's gate. I then told them that if they would wait there, they should tell my fortune when I returned. I found them there on my return, and what do you think they told me?" The Princess looked fixedly at me, and rolled her eyes with that quick, penetrating glance which seems to examine all the folds of one's thoughts at the same moment. "I am sure, madam, I cannot guess." "Why they told me that I was a married

woman, but that I should not be married long; and that my heart was a foreigner's, and that I should go abroad and there marry the man I loved, and be very rich and happy—they did, by G—, tell me so, and how could they know that?" How, indeed, unless they had been tutored to the tale? This was to myself. What I replied aloud was, "Very stange, indeed, ma'am; but they make up many curious and nonsensical tales; that is their trade." "'Twas very odd," she said, looking significantly; "was it not very odd?" This conversation was all, save what I dread most; and the horror of thinking I shall one day hear it, and that ere long, *et en détail*, is the most terrible thought, and makes me very uneasy whenever Her Royal Highness honours me by a *tête-à-tête* interview. She swore to me as she was standing by the fire the other day, *à propos des bottes*, that Willikin was *not her* son. "No," said she, "I would tell you if he was. No," she continued, "if such little accident had happened, I would not hide it from you. He is not William Austen, though," added she; "but, *avouez-moi*, it was very well managed that nobody should know who he really is, nor shall they till after my death." I replied, "I thought it was nobody's business who the boy was, and that I, for one, had no curiosity to know." "That is for why I tell you," replied the Princess.

"Then somebody ask me who Willikin is de child of. De person say to me, '*Dey* do say, he is your Royal Highness's child.' I answered, 'Prove it, and he shall be your king.' The person was silent." After that I could not resist laughing, and the Princess laughed also. She takes great pleasure in making her auditor stare. After a pause, she said, "Poor dear Willikin, I am so sorry he is growing big, but I am determined to have *another* little boy; I must always have a child in the house." I lifted my eyes to her person; I really fancied I saw the full meaning of her words; but she met my glance with a steady

composure which reassured me; for I thought no one could look so calm, so bold, were there any thing to be ashamed of; and I replied, "But, madam, you have the same interest in Willikin that ever you had." "Oh! yes, to be sure, I love him dearly, but I must have a *little child*; he is growing too big, too much of a man." The conversation then changed, for I said nothing,—what could I *say*—though I thought much. If she only *adopts* another very young child, and that the transaction be perfectly innocent, still evil will be attached to it; again her enemies will have something to say against her. Poor foolish woman that she should not see that in taking another child under her protection, she will lay herself open to fresh accusations to be brought against her. She does not want sense; yet such folly I never saw before in a person not bereft of her senses. I dared not tell her how imprudent I thought she would be if she gratified this wish for a *young child*. I wish she had some friend who would tell her the truth. I have often thought that Her Royal Highness's having no confidents in her ladies, was a very fortunate circumstance, and I have said this to her face. Yet I earnestly desire that she had some wise counsellor who had influence over her.

Monday.—I dined at Connaught House. Old Ouran Outang came in the evening. The Princess went down stairs for some music, and when she came up was ready to fall with breathlessness; this lasted for some minutes, for I was sitting with my back to the pianoforte, reading, but, on chancing to look round, I saw her look significantly to S. and say, "If you knew *what it is*,"—then catching my eye, she added, "so soon after dinner, to *run up down staircase*." I looked stedfastly at Her Royal Highness, but she never flinched beneath my gaze. No, I do not believe her guilty, but I wish to heaven she did not talk such nonsense.

Tuesday.—Lady —— told me the old Ouran and his wife were with the Princess the whole day; that at dinner she cried and looked very ill, said she had been so all night, and seemed really suffering. After dinner Her Royal Highness made a wax figure as usual, and gave it an amiable addition of large horns; then took three pins out of her garment and stuck them through and through, and put the figure to roast and melt at the fire. If it was not too melancholy to have to do with this, I could have died of laughing. Lady —— says the Princess indulges in this amusement whenever there are no strangers at table: and she thinks Her Royal Highness really has a superstitious belief, that destroying this *effigy* of her husband will bring to pass the destruction of his royal person. What a silly piece of spite! Yet it is impossible not to laugh when one sees it done.

Saturday, 29th January.—I dined at Connaught House, and passed three hours of dulness with Madame S—— and the Princess. After dinner Thomas Campbell came. The Princess did nothing but try to amuse that child Willikin, who will be a thorn in her side yet, if she lives. Campbell and lady —— talked and recited verses, which did not please Her Royal Highness; nothing entertains her except talking of her grievances, which always at the moment affect me, and which are, in the great outline, *true*; but unfortunately I know all the filling up of the picture, and that is so silly, so despicable, that one becomes indignant at having one's feelings excited in favour of a cause where there is so much to blame on both sides; and one can only regard it in oneself as a piece of *weak tenderness*, an animal sensation rather than a *mental sympathy*, to feel anything for evils of such a nature, and most of them of a self-constituted kind.

Sunday.—I called on Lady W——. She has tranquil

and dignified manners, though rather cold. She was, in her youth, exceedingly handsome, it is said, and long held in thrall Lord H——, but always with safety to her own character. Her love of *command* superseded all other love, and her husband never dared to say his soul was his own, although a very amiable man; this cast a ridicule upon him, as it will upon all those who are foolish enough to allow their wives to usurp authority over them. Lady —— told me that the Princess complains of being beset by spies, that she abused all her servants, especially Mrs. Robarts; in which idea Lady —— assured her she was mistaken.

The Princess wishes to have a lodging in the country, that she may go there unaccompanied by her household. What a mad scheme! but when she is determined to do a thing, who can stop her?

All of a sudden the Princess sent out cards for a dinner party; all the persons she invited were of the opposition. I dare say it will be said that she lives entirely with these persons, and low company; the latter, alas! is but too true.

To-day I dined at Connaught House; the Princess Charlotte was there; she was in her most gracious mood, but appeared low spirited. The Princess Sophia of Gloucester was also of the party; they left Connaught House early, and none of the royal party seemed pleased with one another.

—I came to town Thursday, 24th February. I never leave home without regret; life is so short, so uncertain, that it seems to me as if all voluntary absence from what we love most, is folly. I dined with my aunt, and went in the evening to Miss ——. I made acquaintance with a Monsieur d'Erfeuil; he has a clever looking countenance, but with a cast of the eye, not unlike that of the Duke of Orléans, and his expression implies insincerity. I heard that it is thought Mr. Robinson, Lord Grantham's

brother, has brought over dispatches which are of a nature to force our government to make peace with Bonaparte. I am sorry for these poor deceived Bourbons, but not sorry for the peace which is talked of.

Friday.—I dined at Lord F. C.'s; it is melancholy to see one of a distinguished family reduced to living in so little and mean a house, and the more so as he is thus reduced from a mistaken notion that he is acting rightly; and what is yet more grievous to his friends is, that it is impossible to be of any service to him, because his heart only half opens, and before one can get a place in it, it closes again. We played at dull cards. I escaped as soon as I could. I went to Mrs. Villiers, and from Mrs. Villiers to Madame de Stael; at Mrs. Villiers's I saw Mr. Arbuthnot and his bride; she is very pretty, but it is what is vulgarly called Pig Beauty, in English; in French, *la Beauté du Diable*, i. e., Youth. He is all fire and flames and love, *selon son ordinaire*, and so very proud of her! It is rather agreeable to see any person so completely happy. There was, standing close by him, a person whom, twenty years ago, he had been madly in love with. She had, it was said, behaved remarkably well, but yet there was such a melancholy in seeing

"The object alter'd, the desire the same."—

It was such a perfect illustration of the instability of all human affections, that I stood and philosophized on my own heart and that of the rest of mankind, despising alike the one and the other; but this anger against myself never lasts long: on se raccommode si facilement avec ce que l'on aime!

From Mrs. Villiers' I proceeded to Madame de Stael's. I saw there Monsieur de la Gardi, Monsieur d'Erfeuil, Messrs. Gell, Craven, and Mercer, Monsieur de Merfelt, the Austrian ambassador, and I know not who besides.

The latter has very ugly features, but a pleasing countenance. I made acquaintance with a Lady W., just come from Paris, who has brought a packet to Lady Hertford from the *ci-devant* Empress Josephine, which packet made much noise, and raised much conjecture, for persons inimical to the R——t were glad to catch hold of it as a subject of abuse. Whether the story I heard concerning the *presents* was true or not, I cannot say; but it is curious. Lady W. praised Paris, its fashions, and its society; which latter, she says, is peculiarly agreeable to women.

Saturday.—I dined with Madame de Stael; there were no ladies except Miss B—— and Madame de Vaudreuil. It is always delightful to be in Madame de Stael's society; even those persons who have been most inimical to her have generally been subjugated by her sincerity, her kindness, and the charm of her conversation, which, unlike that of any other person, male or female, in giving out her own ideas, awakens those of her hearers; and draws them, as it were in despite of themselves, to a reciprocity of communication; thus it was that Madame de Stael acquired a knowledge of mankind, which superseded all that books can ever teach. From Madame de Stael's I proceeded to Lady Salisbury's; I met there my old friend Lord D——. He is not particularly *amusing*; but he has been my friend for twenty years without ever evincing a shade less of kindness towards me during that long period. It is pleasant to have such a friend, and fully compensates for want of superior talent. Lady Salisbury's (1) was a brilliant assembly; Lady Melbourne

(1) Lady Salisbury, for seventy years, formed the nucleus of all distinguished society in London. She had an extra influence, differing from that of any other woman of her rank and time, for she added to every other, that of being considered by the great members of the sporting world almost as one of themselves. Her

introduced me to a Monsieur de Neyman, an Austrian, who seems very agreeable. I like the society just now in London; there are many foreigners. Mademoiselle de Stael is very clever and agreeable *en tête-à-tête*, Lady —— tells me, but she is shy and reserved in general society; one looks at her with interest, as being Madame de Stael's daughter.

Tuesday.—I called on Mrs. W. Lock, to ask her how the Princess had received my excuse which I sent for Sunday last. Mrs. L. said she was very gracious to her, and spoke kindly of me. Lady E. Whitbread, and Mrs. W., and Mrs. Beauclerk dined at Kensington that day.

feats of horsemanship, and her love of the chase, brought her into intimacy with characters who were not frequenters of women's society. It is stated that the last time Lady Salisbury took the field, (a very few years before her death,) all the gentlemen present expressed their regret at seeing her, in a manner, take leave of their sport for ever. This passion, which might be supposed to create something unpleasingly masculine in a female's deportment, had not this effect upon her; there never, perhaps, was a more highly-bred woman, or one whose courtesy to persons of all ranks better proved the greatness of her own. It is to be regretted, that a person with so many gifts and graces, and who possessed so much influence over society, should have set a bad example by holding Sunday assemblies. When the bishops entreated Lady Salisbury not to continue her card parties "on that night;" she is said to have replied—"I always have been at home on a Sunday, and I always will." She adhered to this determination to the end of her life. Her death was so tragical, that it excited not only personal regret for her loss amongst her friends and acquaintance, but left an impression of horror on the public mind. There were not wanting those who looked upon Lady Salisbury's awful death (she was burnt in the fire at Hatfield) as a judgment upon her for her disregard of her duties to her God; but these persons should remember that it is not for man to judge his fellow creatures. "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them; think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Mrs. L. told me Lady E. Whitbread appeared shocked when she looked at the Princess's *figure*. Mrs. L. ascribed this to the Princess's wearing extremely short petticoats; but I thought, with fear, that perhaps Lady E. Whitbread's disgust was occasioned by other ideas; although considering the legs and feet which the short petticoats display, there is more than enough to shock a woman like Lady E.

I dined with my aunt; she told me a curious anecdote she had heard about Caulincourt, whom one had hitherto held in abhorrence as the murderer of the unfortunate Duke D'Enghien. It is said that, when he was sent to arrest him, he wished to save him, and, entering the room where the Duke was, he looked round, and then full at him, as at a person wholly unknown to him; then turning to his *gens d'armes* who attended him, he said,—"You see the Duke is not here, we must seek him elsewhere;" when a lady to whom the Duke D'Enghien was attached rushed into the room, and falling on her knees to Caulincourt, cried out, save him, save him; "Vous le voyez devant vous; vous n'avez pas la cruauté de le perdre." At this imprudence Caulincourt was obliged to execute the orders he had received, and he desired his men to seize their unfortunate victim. How far this story is a fabrication or not, in order to soften people's judgments against the man of whom we are now treating, rests with future times to discover.

Wednesday, 2d of March.—I am writing from the Priory; a far different scene of woe from that which I witnessed at Lady S——'s. Here every thing is to be as if no change had taken place. Poor Lord Abercorn! he wishes to forget those he has lost, but the remembrance of them will cling to him as long as life remains; he will not bend to the storm, but stands erect and bids it defiance. I wish I could give him comfort by advising him

where to seek for it, where alone it is to be found; but his heart is hardened, and he will not believe: yet "it is hard for him to kick against the pricks."

To-day I received a letter from the Princess of Wales:—

EXTRACT.

"Of my health I have no right to complain, but the state of suspense and the ray of hope I had for some days past has kept my mind in a constant state of perturbation; but this happy vision has vanished, and the monster is fast recovering again. Princess Charlotte I have now not seen for six weeks past. The only great news I can offer you, is Lady Charlotte Rawdon's extraordinary marriage with a lieutenant on half-pay, of the name of Fitzgerald; and the death of Sir John Douglas, which took place on the 5th March, when exactly twelve months ago the division took place in Parliament upon his conduct. His burial was one of the most pompous ever seen, as if he had been the commander-in-chief himself, to the disgust and contempt of every body who saw that show passing: he has been buried at Charlton, to the great annoyance of the Perceval family: and so much about nothing.

"I remain, for ever,

"Your affectionate friend,

(Signed) "C. P."

I arrived at Worthing, Tuesday evening. The weather was beautiful, but my mind was the reverse of serene; recollections of the past, and fears for the future, got the better of me. I dislike this place as a *locale*, yet it was by my own choice I came to it—how unreasonable!—Often when we say a thing is our own choice, it is the force of circumstances which drives us to the action: the will, in fact, is only in our minds; it frequently fails in the fulfilment, or is pleasing only on one side of the ques-

tion, while it is abhorrent on the other. I tutored myself, however, to bear with better grace what I had determined to undergo, and in the very endeavour to conquer ourselves, we lose some part of that irritable humour which mars our own comfort, as well as that of others.

I slept soundly the night of my arrival, and the next day the sun shone gaily, the sea looked grandly bright, and poor human nature was exhilarated. The power of employing one's faculties is the best gift of Heaven: I felt this power return in some small degree, and with it the enjoyment of existence.

On Wednesday, the 8th, I read in Stafford's library the wonderful news of the allies entering into Paris. The particulars of this extraordinary epoch in the world's history will be written every where by every pen, but the effect it produces on the minds of individuals will be varied as the varied passions, habits, and tempers of those individuals; on mine it impresses the awful power of an overruling Providence, who in his own time brings to bear, by apparently very simple means, the most unexpected and incomprehensible events. In about six months' time, the whole affairs of Europe have been changed: the storms of revolution are drawing near a close, and they have borne away, in their devastating course, many of the errors and crimes of former times, it is to be hoped; and we may with humility conclude, this moral tempest has been designed to purify and to ameliorate mankind. All is not yet completed; but the hand of Heaven is peculiarly visible in this great event. The Disposer of all things will bring them to the best issue in his own good time.

Sunday, April 10th, 1814.—The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed, but alive—subdued, but allowed to choose his

place of residence. The island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The *Poissardes* who dragged Louis the Sixteenth to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in! What an endless material for thought! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness! How are the mighty fallen! Of all that was great in Napoleon what remains? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man.—The meteor dazzled, scorched, is put out,—utterly and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage, is a power that is delegated to them from Heaven; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its countinance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself; and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into the commission of any act of cruelty, or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame, as a common man would be under the shade of his garden-tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at; and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's ambition was permitted to devastate every home-tie, and every heartfelt joy.

No, I cannot recover from my astonishment at the miraculous winding-up of this complicated piece of mechanism. Still the downfall of the colossal mischief, who stalked this earth in dreadful wrath, is appalling. There is a feeling of regret, unaccountable perhaps, but not

unnatural, that Napoleon did not finish his career in some way more analogous to his course. He ought to have died in a manner more consonant, as it were, with himself.

How strikingly do these late events teach us, that what is merely dependent on the tricks of fortune, and the tide of popular feeling, is ephemeral and valueless. The same mob—the same people—now call aloud for one of that race, whom twenty years ago they led to the scaffold.

Saturday, May 21st, 1814.—Nearly seven weeks have elapsed since I came to this place. The intoxication of the mind which naturally takes place after any great event, subsides of course, and there succeeds a sort of deadness which is the consequence of excitement. Then comes the sober appreciation of the intrinsic value of events. The restoration of the Capets to the throne of their ancestors is connected with every sentiment of moral justice; and the downfall of that wonderful man, Bonaparte, is also agreeable to every principle of liberty and humanity. But that immediate tranquillity will ensue appears to me unlikely. How can the old nobility see all their honours tarnished by the admission of the new to share with them the rights and privileges of their order? How can they behold their fortunes and estates for ever alienated from themselves and their families, and not feel that indignation which they would be more or less than human not to feel? Must not this produce perpetual discord? The king, too; can he place confidence in the men who so lately served Bonaparte, and assisted him to mount that throne from which they afterwards expelled him? No, it is impossible; and they in their turn, from feeling that it is so, will hate the puppet of their own creation, and retain him in leading-strings, or again hurl him from his exaltation. To forgive and forget every thing are the fine foolish words put into

Louis the Eighteenth's mouth; but who *can forget* the murder of a brother; the dethronement of a king; the subversion of empires, and the shedding of the blood of millions? For all these crimes Bonaparte is pensioned; his son is presented with the duchies of Parma, Piacentia, and Guastalla; his brother is made King of Naples; and he himself a kind of sovereign in an island which may become a maritime power, and all this is done by the senate who are to support the throne of Louis. 'T is an attempt at amalgamating the most discordant elements. There will yet be, I fear, more tumults and wars. I thought with great interest of the poor royal fugitives at Hartwell, when they first heard the confirmation of their hopes: perhaps that first moment was the happiest they will ever enjoy; for surely their return to their native country must have been replete with mournful, horrible recollections. Besides the cares and miseries which are ever attendant on exalted stations, theirs must be peculiarly exposed to dangers and difficulties.—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The Emperor of Austria, King of Prussia, and Emperor of Russia, are expected in this country. Great preparations are making for them. It is now said the first does not intend to come: I think he cannot like to show his *Janus* face. The Emperor of Russia is my hero, and everybody's hero. I once saw his picture: if he is in reality as handsome as that represented him to be, his personal aspect corresponds with his late calm and magnificent conduct.

It is shameful how our Regent is kicking the dust in the poor Princess of Wales's face. There are moments when her wrongs make all her errors forgotten. There is that little vile Prince of Wirtemburg, *her own nephew*, who has never been to see her. White's club is to give a great ball and fête; and they have given tickets to the

Regent, that he may invite the *royal family*, and this on purpose to avoid asking the Princess. Was there ever anything so shameful?

The Duchess of Oldenburgh is spoken of as a very clever woman; and I am inclined to believe the truth of the report, by the observation she seems to take, not only of our places of entertainment, but of every thing best worth seeing in this country. I understand she is a great favourite of Princess Charlotte, and gives her (as it is supposed) excellent advice about her conduct. I, however, know what a ticklish thing it is to advise princes or princesses; and besides, from my own observation in general on human nature, I am more inclined to believe in Princess Charlotte's acting according to her own wishes and impulses, than according to the advice of any one. When these tally, then it is called following advice; and the foolish advisers fancy 'tis they who do it all, just as the Prince Regent believes that he has reinstated Louis the Eighteenth, and that Europe is at his command, because one or two of its potentates come to look at England.

The Prince of O——e, (1) it is said, wishes his wife to go with him to his own Dutch land, and so does the Prince Regent, who does not like a rising sun in his own: but report also whispers that the *rising sun* is aware of this, and will not consent to the marriage, unless she is allowed to shine in her own dominions. I believe there is more of the *woman* in her than of the queen, and that she wants to get a look at another prince or two before

(1) The same Prince of O——e again visited this country in 1836. He is a man of high and excellent character: his manners pleasing, dignified, and perfectly unaffected. It is impossible not to look back with something of regret that he was not the chosen consort of Princess Charlotte. It is curious that the purport of his second visit should be, it is supposed, of a similar nature to his former one; namely, that of an alliance between his family, with the presumptive heiress to the crown of England: and it is also said, that the Prince of O——e's sons were, like their father, disapproved of by the princess.

she makes choice of a husband. Perhaps, also, she has still a third point in view, and that is, to play *off and on*, marry no one, and love whom she may fancy, noble or common. We may live to see strange things; yet if I am not mistaken ——

I heard to-day from Miss B——, that the Princess of Wales had been very well received, and much applauded, at the annual meeting of the National Education School; and Mr. Whitbread made her a very proper compliment in his speech. The Princess sat by the Dukes of Sussex and Kent, the first chairmen of the meetings. Miss B—— says, the Grand Duchess is charming in her manner, and has an intelligence in her conversation quite new in the *princess* line. She dined at Devonshire House last Thursday, where she held an *awful circle* after dinner: all the gentlemen, I hear, looked beautiful in their dress clothes.

This evening I received this note from the Princess of Wales:—"I have not seen Princess Charlotte for nearly five months: she is outrageous at the thoughts of leaving this country; and her unnatural father assured her that she never should have an establishment in this country. I expect Mr. Whitbread every moment about this interesting subject; it will make a great rumpus in the houses both of Lords and Commons, which I trust will accelerate his departure to the skies. Believe me for ever, dead or alive, your most sincere C. P."

Received a letter from Lady —— also, telling me that the Princess talks of coming to Worthing. I am very sorry to hear this, for though I do not dislike Her Royal Highness's society,—on the contrary, no one can be more agreeable or amusing than she sometimes is,—still I should greatly have preferred being here alone for a short time, and, when the Princess comes, I cannot count on an hour of uninterrupted quiet. It is droll

Her Royal Highness should have said nothing of her intention of coming here, in her note to me. I suppose she wishes to surprise me by her Royal presence. I hope still, however, she may give up this plan, knowing as I do how many such she amuses herself by making one day, and changing another. I dread hearing the same complaints repeated over and over again, and as I cannot be of any use to Her Royal Highness, I should rather not be thrown again into her society as much as I was during last year and this winter. Lady —— sent me the following letter from Mr. Gell, addressed to her, to read, thinking it would amuse me, which it has very much.

"My dear Lady Aurora,—At length a letter is arrived from K—— Craven, announcing the safe receipt of a letter from me, with an enclosure which I presume to be the secret communication of your excellency. Letters were certainly stopped somewhere, and I suppose read by Lord Castlereagh and Co., till within a few days; so, if yours contained treason, you had better take leave before he returns to England. Mrs. Thompson (1) has quite recovered her spirits, laughs, and is merry. I dined there yesterday with Professor Playfair, surnamed *Des Dames*, (like one of the guides whom you will shortly know at Chamouni,) Sir Sidney Smith, Frederick Douglas, and Keith Stuart, all of whom were very merry, not to mention Miss Berry, and the dinner went off with unbounded applause, excepting, that we sat at it till past eleven.—They afterwards went a junketing to Lady Hardwicke's, where I again beheld Play-fair des Dames seated between Lady Catherine this and the Countess of that, on a sofa, to the great scandal of the discipline

(1) Mrs. Thompson.—This is supposed to have been a name used to designate the Princess of Wales, by some persons corresponding with one another at that time, who wished to avoid the risk of their observations being known to allude to Her Royal Highness. Mr. Thompson, of course, meant the Prince Regent.

of the university of Edinburgh. Sidney Smith having been long condemned to piety, and matters of fact, in Yorkshire, is now broke out quite varyingly merry in London. Ward is in Paris, looking wretched, unhappy, and angry. This we hear from all quarters. The Stael is safely lodged there, and is to give parties immediately to all the great characters, — the Emperor of Russia, l'Infini, the King of Prussia, l'Impossible, and in short the heroes of all ages and principles, with the intention of extracting from the mass, the real quintessence and vital principle of virtue, in a hydrogen state, which she means to have ready in bottles for exportation. N.B. None are genuine but those sealed with her own arms, viz, gules, two arms a-kimbo, surmounted by a Saracen's head, sable, crowned with a French pyx; crest, a cock and a bull; badge, a cat and bladders. These have all been conferred by Louis XVIII. during his last visit to London. By-the-by, I saw or rather witnessed last night, that Mrs. Mansell, who certainly will knock out the Stael's teeth some day or other, and then she will make a pretty woman. As to Lady G. Bathurst, she is really a chest of drawers, with the upper drawer pulled out so far that Miss A—— and I watched a whole night to see what would be the effect in dancing, but nothing happened, though she really became a cat in bladders. There is your Prince Paul of Wirtemburg, a squinting bird, dancing, and scolding the ladies, and already out of favour; nephew to Mrs. Thompson, but has not been to her. Alexander says *he will* see her. (1) Lord Beres-

(1) Alexander the Emperor did not see Mrs. Thompson, alias Princess of Wales, for though he had all the inclination in the world to pay his respects to her Royal Highness, his Imperial Majesty was not allowed to do so, as the Regent sent one of his ministers, either Lord Liverpool, or Lord Castlereagh, to implore the Emperor not to visit the Princess of Wales. He was actually stepping into his carriage to go to Connaught House, when his purpose was frustrated by an act as despotic as any which his Imperial Majesty could ever have exercised in his own kingdom.

ford is come home, and was at the Hardwickes', so I introduced the Lord B—— to flirt with him. I kiss Mrs. D——'s hands, and your eyes, and if you cannot read this, it is because it is written on my knee at breakfast. Is Mrs. D—— very angry at me for being knighted? 'Rise up Queen of Sheba.' Adieu, Adieu.

"Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

"ANACHARSIS."

Monday, May 31st, 1814.—After many different changes, the Princess came here on the 26th. It was twelve at night before she arrived. The inhabitants of this town had been waiting to drag her carriage, and they had illuminated, etc., according to their abilities, to welcome Her Royal Highness to Worthing; but at last the lights had gone out, and the people gone to sleep, and I was not well, and fain would have been asleep also, but I did not like to seem inattentive, and not to be there to offer my services to the Princess;—and when at last my patience was exhausted, and I was going bed, she arrived, all graciousness, and looking very well. The first thing she did, after a kind greeting, was to give me a detail of the late events of the Queen's having written to her, by desire of the Regent, to forbid her going to court. She then related what had been her answer, namely, *a determination* to go; but Whitbread, without even reading her letter, insisted upon it, she was not to go; and, in the most peremptory manner, almost ordered the Princess to copy a letter *he* had written to the Queen, which was a submissive acquiescence *respecting the two drawing-rooms* immediately in question. No sooner had the poor Princess agreed, than Mr. Brougham arrived, and told Mr. Whitbread he had completely misunderstood him, for that it was his decided opinion, that Her Royal Highness should not have given up her right, but should go to court in spite of the

Regent and his whiskers. Mr. Whitbread was thrown into a state of great agitation at finding he had by his obstinacy led the Princess into error; and now the two wise mens laid their heads together to know what could be done to set matters to-right, and remedy their own blunders. They thought the Princess should write a letter to the Prince in another tone, setting forth rights, and threatening complaints, which letter they had been the whole of Thursday brewing in the Princess's room.

I fear they will only make bad worse. The whole account of this transaction is to appear in to-day's papers. The poor Princess was (as usual in the midst of any bustle) vastly happy, and full of hope at the mighty things which were to accrue to her from all these court contrivances. This subject afforded matter for conversation till past two in the morning. The next day the Princess was up and flying about at an early hour: she sent for me immediately after breakfast, and walked all over the town, and up and down the beach, until I thought I should have died of the fatigue of following Her Royal Highness; and most of the time she took my arm and leant heavily on it. Lady —— was not well, so I was kept in attendance the whole day.

At three o'clock she went out for an airing: she drove by Goring and Sumpting; and being easily pleased when in good humour, talked the whole time of the "*great event*," as she called it. Her Royal Highness descanted upon her intention of going abroad as soon as possible, saying, she thought she was more likely to be able to escape now than she had ever been; for that she hoped, and had reason to believe, the Emperor of Russia would be friendly towards her:—that she meant to ask his Imperial Majesty to bear her request to the Prince that she might leave this country.—"I will tell you, my dear ——, what I expect he is to answer to that.—We are parted from *incompatibilité d'humeur*—that I am to have

fifty thousand a-year, and may go and come as I choose." Poor wrong-headed Princess! I said, "Yes, Yes." to everything, of course, and bowed acquiescence.—But how little can I believe that the R——t will give such a reply, still less that the Emperor will interfere in this business? The Prince hates his wife with inveterate malice;—if she goes out of the kingdom, it will be only on one condition,—that she should never return; and if she does go out of the kingdom, she will inevitably be ruined.

In her peculiar circumstances as well as station, she should never withdraw herself from the eye of the nation; and though, as it has been from the beginning of time, all potentates and public characters are desirous of sometimes laying aside their robes of state, and tasting freedom like other men, they have seldom or ever done so without losing their own station, and have not obtained that enjoyment which they sought. The sentinel must not leave his post. In the Princess's particular situation, she is more imperiously called upon than any other Princess ever was, not to absent herself from England. The English, even in these day, are unreasonably prejudiced against foreigners, and the idea that she has resided amongst them for any length of time will be sufficient to raise a feeling of distrust against Her Royal Highness, and more especially amongst the lower and middling classes.

Besides, absence is such a fearful test of human attachment, that it is very dangerous to venture it. It is human nature to love those most whom we dwell most with, and who contribute most to our welfare and amusement. The person, whether a private individual or a public character, who voluntarily forsakes those over whom he ought to preside, has no right to expect the continuation of their love or loyalty.

Had the Princess the ideas of a private individual;

had she a taste for literature, or even for female employment, I could understand her wish to leave this country, and lead a private life. I should think her in that case a wise woman, and likely to be a far happier one than she could be under the most favourable circumstances of her present station; but, constituted as her mind is, she has only one course to pursue—that is, to remain in England, and to endeavour to maintain the eminence from which her enemies wish to hurl her.

The Princess told me, that she thinks the Duchess of Oldenburgh is her friend, and that she had sent her some kind messages through Princess Charlotte. The latter told her mother, the last time they met, that she was determined not to marry the Prince of Orange;—that "his being approved of by the royal family was quite sufficient to make him disapproved of by her; for that she would marry a man who would be at *her* devotion, not at theirs.—Marry I will," said she to the Princess of Wales, "and that directly, in order to enjoy my liberty; but not the Prince of Orange. I think him so ugly, that I am sometimes obliged to turn my head away in disgust when he is speaking to me."

"But, my dear," replied her mother, (at least so Her Royal Highness told me,) "whoever you marry will become a king, and you will give him a power over you."

"A king! Pho, pho! *Never!* He will only be *my first subject—never my king!*" (1)

(1) It would, indeed, have been difficult to determine whether or not the Princess could have kept her resolution respecting the man she chose to marry, had her life been granted. He was not of a disposition to play the part of king-consort, the most difficult and degrading one in truth that can fall to the lot of man. It is a perversion of the natural rights of the superior sex, and places wife and husband, both respectively to each other, and to mankind in general, in a false position. It would require more virtue, and more forbearance, than falls to the lot of human nature, to render such an alliance one of happiness, either to the parties themselves, or those over whom they reign.

The Princess of Wales is delighted with this hopeful spirit, and believes in its continuance. So do I, as to the *will* of the person: but as to the possibility or the power of executing that will, I foresee a thousand obstacles. Besides, Princess Charlotte's inclination will vary with every wind that blows; and I should not be surprised to hear that her marriage with the Prince of Orange was to take place to-morrow. There is no believing one word these royal people say; and I verily believe they do not know what they believe themselves.

The Duchess of Oldenburgh was offended, the Princess of Wales says, at her not having sent her Chamberlain to welcome her to England, which all the other royalties had done—at least so she says *now*,—and that she (the Duchess) only awaits her brother the Emperor of Russia's arrival, in order to pay her respects at Connaught House. I much doubt this will end in smoke; but a short time will show.

It is publicly known the R——t sent over Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt with a private message to the Emperor of Russia, desiring him to take no notice of the Princess on his arrival in England. Whether or not the Emperor is weak enough, or politic enough to choose to submit to this dictatorial order, will soon be known.

The Princess drove about till eight o'clock, then returned to a dinner *soupative*, and sat at it till twelve o'clock. I cannot understand what royalties are made of,—they are so strong, and able to bear so much fatigue.

The next day I was again sent for, to walk with Her Royal Highness and Miss ——, Lady —— being still ill. The Princess was in much lower spirits than the preceding evening: I attributed it to her not seeing any thing in her own favour in the newspaper, but rather, on the contrary, against her. Miss —— told me that

Chanticleer is either gone, or going immediately, to France. I am very glad to hear it, as it will put an end to the evil rumours about the Princess which his constant presence at Connaught House excited.

——, Thursday, 9th of June, 1814.—I saw Lady E——. Poor soul! the operation she has lately undergone proves what strength of mind and moral courage she is endowed with. All she cares about is, that it should not be known that she has undergone this trial! She looked quite well, and did not allude to what had happened; neither did I, for I know she hates the subject.

As I walked through the streets, they were crowded with people waiting to hear the proclamation of peace, which was not, however, proclaimed. I dined at my aunt's. B. C. told us he had been at Carlton House the night before, where he saw all the potentates and generals, etc., now assembled in this capital. I was very glad he had been invited, for nobody likes to be left out and forgotten by those who used to receive them well, and I feared his having lived in intimacy with the Princess of Wales might have occasioned his disgrace at the other court.

I hear that all ranks, except merely those who bask in the sunshine of the Regent's favour, have expressed themselves warmly for the Princess; and that the Prince cannot move out without hisses and groans. I am glad to think his bitterness and tyranny are mortified; but what good will it do her? None, I fear. The most that can happen is her having her establishment put on a more liberal footing by the nation; and then the Princess will go abroad, run into all sorts of foolish scrapes, and be forgotten at best:—worse will it be for her if things are there proved, which may be brought back to this country, and her whole money, hopes, and happiness,

taken from her for ever. I tremble for her, poor woman, for her own sake, but see no daylight.

When I went to Connaught House yesterday, by appointment, I found the Princess dressed in a style as if she expected some visitors. She said, that if she did not look forward to going abroad, she should die of despair; and though I think her mistaken in the idea that she will be happier in a foreign country than here, and that she is wrong to indulge in perpetual murmuring, still, whenever she is in her gentle melancholy, and touches upon her crying wrongs, (for crying they certainly are,) I am really moved with indignation against the persecution offered to a princess and a woman. She read me a letter she was writing when I arrived: it was a letter to Lord Liverpool, demanding leave to quit this country, and retire whither she would; saying, that she did not, nor ever had, wished to render the Prince unpopular, and that she begged permission to go abroad. The matter was spirited, dignified, and clever, but was not clothed in English language nor free from obscurity.

I was much annoyed at Her Royal Highness desiring me "to *do* this letter into English." I did not like to refuse her request, but it has much distressed me, for I shall have the credit of having composed the whole of the letter. The Princess, after some time spent in general conversation, confessed to me that she had dressed herself in a half-dress, expecting the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, to call on her. But the moment I told her I heard those personages had refused to go to White's, or to any public place, she said, "Then the Prince has conquered, and they will not come to see me." I saw she was very much vexed; but she bore it with a command of temper which would have done any one honour. It seems she sent her Chamberlain to welcome them to England. The King of Prussia sent his

Chamberlain to thank the Princess in return, but the Emperor has sent no one, nor taken the least notice of her, except by receiving Mr. St. Leger graciously.

It will be a shame if the King of Prussia does not visit her once at least, considering what obligations he was under to her father, who died in battle, fighting in his cause: but perhaps *he has forgotten* this circumstance.

All goes gloomily with the poor Princess.—Lady Charlotte Campbell told me, she regrets not seeing all these curious personages; but she said, the more the Princess is forsaken, the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. This is very amiable in her, and must be gratifying to the Princess.

Thursday, 9th of June.—I dined at Connaught House. There were Mr. Gell, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Fox there. The first was low-spirited and ill, yet amusing and kind, as he invariably is; the other men are violently for the Princess, but I fear 'tis their politics, more than their personal attachment to her, which makes them so. I never saw Mr. Gell so violent as he was against the present system of bowing in all things to the Regent. He said that the rights of the constitution were infringed, and that posting guards at all corners of the streets was a species of tyranny that amounted almost to a military government: that it was the civil authorities alone that had any right to keep order, if such were necessary in the town; but that the next step which might now take place, was that I might see two sentinels placed at my door, and find that I neither could go in or out of my own house, if such were *his pleasure*, (meaning the R——t's,) yet no one be a bit the wiser. "Seriously," he said, "it is coming fast to this, and I only hope some disturbance may take place to put an end to this nonsense. If other men's minds are strung to the same tone, or at all like it, I should think there would be riots."

The Princess received an anonymous letter yesterday, which she put in the fire,—the fate all such communications deserve to meet with, for the writer of an anonymous letter would be almost capable of murder. This letter was to say, that the Prince would be killed shortly, he was such a tyrant. I do not suppose the information shocked her very much.

Princess Charlotte paid her mother a visit last Saturday, and told her that every thing was fixed for her marriage; that she did not love the Prince of Orange, but that she must be married.—So there ends all the nonsense Her Royal Highness talked and wrote the time before she saw her mother. It only shows what faith is to be placed in her words—and indeed there is no coming at truth where no truth is.

Friday, 10th of June.—I heard Mr. Whitbread called on the Princess this morning; and Lady —— said, she thinks he is really interested in the Princess, and feels compassion for her cruel situation, *besides* being urged by his political career to make a tool of her for his own ends. He said to Lady ——, he thought the Princess would get an establishment, and liberty granted her, but nothing more. He knows her intention of going abroad, and blames it as a very injudicious plan: but he is quite aware no one can hinder Her Royal Highness from following her own inclinations; so he has not told her how unwise he thinks her to leave England, and he, as well as all her other friends, can only hope she may be *prevented* by circumstances from taking this step; or still more, that the *wish* to go away may cease to exist.

Mr. Whitbread has very pleasing manners in private: they are gentle, almost to effeminacy.

I dined again at Connaught House: Miss Berry, and Mr. and Miss R—— were there: the two latter looked very *capottés*. I know they dislike the dulness which

now prevails at the Princess's dinner-parties. The Princess had imagined that she could associate B—d—R— to her fortunes, and was quite in astonishment when she found that that was out of the question. What an idea, to separate a mother and daughter! and to suppose that a very young and beautiful girl would sacrifice her best days to the service of an *unhappy* Princess. How unlikely to find one, with similar advantages of mind and person to those which B—d R— possesses, willing to give them all up to serve a person who had no claim on her! How little does the poor Princess know human character, if she thinks to find such disinterestedness;—nothing for nothing, in this world, is a sad truth. Her Royal Highness has taken a dislike to Mrs. R—, because she will not permit her daughter to be often alone with the Princess. Chanticleer the younger *is* gone to Paris, but the old S—s are still in London, and still invited *occasionally*; but she is disgusted with their rapaciousness. This is most fortunate for her sake. She has not heard a word from kings or emperors;—they went to-day to Ascot Races, and are to sleep at Windsor.

Saturday, 11th.—I was sent for by the Princess this morning to say that she was going to the Opera to-night, and wished me to attend her. Lady C. L. had just left her when I arrived, and the Princess complained that "her friends tormented her as much as her enemies." I found out afterwards, that this remark was occasioned by one of her friends having advised Her Royal Highness not to take *Willikin* to the Opera with her.—The two Doctors Burney dined with the Princess; Lady —, Miss —, and myself were of the party. There came a note from Mr. Whitbread, advising at *what* hour she should go to the Opera, and telling her that the Emperor was to be at eleven o'clock at the Institution, which was to be lighted up for him to see the pictures. All this advice tor-

mented the Princess, and I do not wonder that she sometimes loses patience. No child was ever more thwarted and controlled than she is—and yet she often contrives to do herself mischief in spite of all the care that is taken of her. When we arrived at the Opera, to the Princess's, and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the Regent placed between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor Princes, in a box to the right. "God save the King" was performing when the Princess entered, and consequently she did not sit down.—I was behind; so of course I could not see the house very distinctly, but I saw the Regent was at that time standing and applauding the Grassinis.—As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the Princess's box and applauded *her*.—We, who were in attendance on Her Royal Highness, intreated her to rise and make a curtsy, but she sat *immoveable*, and at last, turning round she said to Lady ----, "My dear, Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present."—We all laughed, but still thought her wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid to her; but she was right, as the sequel will prove.—"We shall be hissed," said Sir W. Gell.—"No, no, again replied the Princess with infinite good humour, "I know my business better than to take the *morsel out of my husband's mouth*; I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name." The Prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the Princess, most unfortunately; I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it; but I, who was an eye-witness of the circumstance, know the Princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was, the Prince *took the applause* to himself; and his friends, or rather his *toadies*, (for they do not deserve the name of *friends*,) to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say,

that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife!!

When the Opera was finished, the Prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically; and scarcely had His Royal Highness left the box, when the people called for the Princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward and made three curtsys, and hastily withdrew.—I believe she acted perfectly right throughout the evening—but every body tells a different story, and thinks differently.—How trivial all this seems, how much beneath the dignity of rational beings! But trifles make up the sum of earthly things—and in this instance this trivial circumstance affects the Princess of Wales's interests, therefore it becomes of consequence for the true statement to be made known; and as I was present, I can and will tell the truth.—When the coachman attempted to drive home through Charles Street, the crowd of carriages was so immense it was impossible to pass down that street, and with difficulty the Princess's carriage backed, and we returned past Carlton house, where the mob surrounded her carriage, and, having once found out that it was Her Royal Highness, they applauded and huzzaed Her Royal Highness till she, and Lady ——, and myself, who were with her, were completely stunned.—The mob opened the carriage doors, and some of them insisted upon shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton-house.—"No, my good people," she said; "be quite quiet—let me pass, and go home to your beds."—They would not, however, leave off following her carriage for some way, and cried out, Long live the Princess of Wales, long live the innocent, etc., etc.—She was pleased at this demonstration of feeling in her favour, and I never saw her look so well, or behave with so much dignity. Yet I hear since, all this has been misconstrued, and various lies told.

Sunday, 12th.—The park (Hyde Park) was crowded with multitudes of spectators, and all the Kings, Emperors, and grandees, foreign and English, rode and drove about, while the people flocked around them, applauding and huzzaing. The Princess Charlotte drove round the ring in her carriage, and looked well and handsome.—What a strange and galling sight for the Princess of Wales, her who ought to be, from her rank, her relationship to some of these foreign potentates, and her station in this country, the first to be honoured by their attentions, thus to see herself so completely cast aside! Whilst they were in the gay throng in Hyde Park, she drove with Lady ——— to Hampstead and Highgate. Lady ——— told me she was very tired of that amusement.

I dined at Connaught House—the party consisted of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Hobhouse. After dinner a few more persons came, and formed a dull stiff circle, but it was good company; therefore I was pleased to see there the Hardwickes, Paulets, Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord Nugent, etc., to the amount of fifty or sixty persons.—Many more *really* intended to come, *after* having been to Lady Salisbury's, where were the Emperor and King, and our mighty Prince R——t; but the crowd was so immense, they could not get their carriages till morning.

Monday, 13th.—The Princess sent for me this morning; I found her looking big with some news, but she waited till she mastered herself before she told me she had got a letter from Lady C. L——y, telling her that she had heard positively from Lady Westmoreland, who had the intelligence from a quarter that left no doubt of its truth, that the Emperor would wait upon the Princess either that day or on Thursday next;—that she, Lady C. L———y, felt certain of its authenticity, and therefore

took the liberty of communicating the intention of His Majesty to Her Royal Highness. The latter was delighted. She gradually gave way to the hope which charmed her, and said—poor soul—"my ears are very ugly, but I would give *them both* to persuade the Emperor to come to me to a ball, supper, any entertainment that he would choose." Well, she dressed, and waited till seven, but no Emperor came; she made me remain with her all the afternoon. I did my best to amuse her; but I am not an amusing person at *any* time, certainly not—neither, when I feel sad and sorry, which I did for Her Royal Highness, can I exert the little powers I have of being diverting. For four hours together it was an effort to *me* to try to seem cheerful, when I was thinking the whole time, of whether the Emperor would or would not come, and whether the poor soul who sat opposite to me would be disappointed or not of the promised pleasure. Neither was it possible the Princess should be amused or interested with what I or any one else could have said, when she was waiting for his visit: yet she endeavoured to converse, and to conceal her anxiety. Alas! I fear Thursday will be just such another day of disappointment as to-day was. How cruel to give her a hope that anything pleasant will befall her, which people are not quite sure will take place.—Yet the persons who gave her this false hope, did not do so with an unkind intention.—It was her *friend* who sent her the announcement of the Emperor's intended visit. No wonder the Princess says "my friends torment me as much as my enemies." *She* is not the only person who has said and felt thus.—I was made to stay and dine, and in the evening there were the old S——s *pour tout bien*.

Tuesday, 14th.—Lady —— told me, that in going slowly up a hill in the course of her drives to-day, a decently dressed and respectable looking countryman

came close to the Princess's carriage, and said, "God bless you! we will make the Prince love you before we have done with him." Another of the same class of persons cried out as she passed, "You will soon overcome all your enemies." Such voluntary declarations prove that there is a strong feeling prevailing in her favour; still, it is not a few kind words, uttered by a chance person as she passes in her carriage, that can be of real use or comfort to her, though gratifying at the moment.

Wednesday, 15th.—The Princess, Lady —— informed me, received a note this morning from Mr. Brandon, box-office, Covent Garden, telling her that no box could be kept for Her Royal Highness at that theatre, as they were all engaged. What an answer to the Princess of Wales! —Then arrived a note from Alderman Wood, informing her, that if she chose to go to see the monarchs pass in procession to the City, he would have a private house kept for Her Royal Highness for that purpose. Alderman Wood did not mean to insult her, it was only his vulgarity that induced him to make her such a ludicrous offer. —But what was most vexatious of all these vexatious communications was, that the Duchess of Oldenburgh and four other ladies were to be *present at the dinner*; this was galling, and the Princess felt her own particular exclusion from this fête given by the city very hard to bear, as she had considered the city folks her friends. They, however, are not to blame, as these royal *ladies* are self-invited, or invited by the Regent, and the Princess's friends had not time to call a Common Council and discuss the matter. Immediately after this bitter pill came another from Mr. Whitbread, recommending her upon *no account* to go to Drury-lane on Thursday evening, after having a few days before desired her *to go*. "You see, my dear," she said to Lady ——, "how I am plagued; and although she mastered her resentment,

Lady ——says she saw the tears were in her eyes. "It is not the loss of the amusement which I regret, but being treated like a child, and made the puppet of a party: what signify whether I come in before or after the Regent, or whether I am applauded in his hearing or not—that is all for the gratification of *the party*, not for *my* gratification; 't is of no consequence to the Princess, but to Mr. Whitbread—and that's the way things always go, and always will, till I can leave this vile country."—Lady—— was desired by Her Royal Highness to write her sentiments, with leave to alter the mode of expressing them, to Mr. Whitbread and Alderman Wood.

I dined at Connaught House the same day, and the Princess was in wonderfully good spirits, considering how much she had been vexed in the morning.—Sir W. and Lady Louisa Call, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, and Mr. Craven, and Sir W. Gell, and Sir J—— B—— were of the party. I had a long conversation with the latter: he is a good-hearted, honourable man, but I see he is too good for those with whom he has to deal; yet he is not deficient in sound sense or penetration. It is a pity that he indulges too much in the pleasures of conviviality. He praised the Princess up to the skies, and said he believed her to be "pure as the unsunned snows."—Then he said that he himself had been of the party all the time during the story about *Manly*, and that once when he (*Manly*) was said to have been in the boat with her, it was he himself (Sir J. B.); "therefore," added he, "I know the falsity of that accusation." He ended by summing up all the Princess's wrongs, and declaring she was the most cruelly treated woman in the world. She had been telling Sir J—— of the city business, the box-keeper's message, and Alderman Wood's offer of a private window from whence she could see the show pass, and her determination of going to the play next Thursday. —"I think," said he to me, "unless Whitbread gives

her some very strong reasons to the contrary, she is in the right to go; but I fancy he has some good reasons, and then she must yield. God," he added, "if I was her Lord Whitbread did not please me, I would send for Castlereagh, and every one of them, till I found one that did. To tell you the truth, I am sorry the Princess ever threw herself into the hands of Whitbread—it is not the staff on which the Royalties should lean." "Ah! but," I replied, "at the moment he stepped forth her champion and deliverer, who was there that would have done as much?" Sir J. B. does not believe she was at so low an ebb; but he does not know all the circumstances I know, and I could not explain them. He has been lately taken up as a great friend of the Prince Regent; and ever since he carried the King of France over, he has been in high estimation at Carlton House, and was even made the *Prince's aid-de-camp*. "It is but yesterday," said he, "that he held both my hands in his, and called me a d—d honest fellow." What a pity, thought I, His Royal Highness does not imitate you a little, and try to imbibe some of your honesty and good-heartedness. It is droll that there is a vast sympathy between the Prince R—t and Princess in their *loves* as well as *in their hatreds*. Sir J. B— is an equal favourite with them both, as he deserves to be; for he is not insincere or cringing to either of them. I think he is a friend to both —though he sees their respective faults. During dinner a note has arrived from Mr. Whitbread, saying, that a box was reserved for Her Royal Highness, but that he implored her not to think of going. To this she only ordered Lady —— to reply, by desiring Mr. Whitbread to come to her immediately; "if he gives me good reasons, I will submit", she said to me; "but if he does not, *d—n me, den I go*." These were her words, at which I could not help smiling; but she was in no mood to smile, so I concealed the impulse I felt to laugh, for I cannot

bear to be of those who wound her. They Princess kept us all to supper, and it was past one o'clock before we were dismissed. Mr. Whitbread never came. To amuse herself is as necessary to Her Royal Highness as meat and drink, and she made Mr. Craven and Sir W. Gell, and myself, promise to go with her to the masquerade. She is to go out at her back door on the Uxbridge Road, of which "no *person under Heaven*" (her curious phraseology) has a key but her royal self; and we are to be in readiness to escort Her Royal Highness in a hackney coach to the Albany, where we are to dress! What a mad scheme! at such a moment, and without any strong motive either, to run the risk. I looked grave when she proposed this amusement, but I knew I had only to obey. I thought of it all night with fear and trembling.

Thursday, 16th.—Mr. Whitbread sent early to-day to Lady ——, to say he was out at Lord Jersey's ball when Her Royal Highness's note was sent to him last night, and that now he begged to know at what hour she chose to see him. She desired him to be at Connaught House at twelve, and Lady —— was sent to speak to him for a little while, till the Princess was ready to see him. Lady —— told Mr. Whitbread how his medicine had worked, but that nevertheless she thought it would produce the desired effect. Mr. Whitbread said he was sorry to have been *obliged* to write in the peremptory manner he did to the Princess. When she came in she gave him her hand, but received him rather drily;—he then informed her who some of the persons were who think it best for Her Royal Highness not to go to the play. He said Mr. Tierney, Mr. Brougham, and Lord Sefton were of opinion, that however much the Princess had been applauded, the public would have said it had been done at the instigation of Mr. Whitbread, and was not the spontaneous

feeling of the people; that the more she was applauded, the more they would say so; and that if on the contrary a strong party of the Prince R——t's friends, and paid hirelings, were there, and that one voice of disapprobation were heard, it might do her considerable harm: "besides," continued Mr. Whitbread, "as the great question about an establishment for your Royal Highness comes on *to-morrow*, I think it is of the utmost importance that no one should be able to cast any invidious observation about *your forcing yourself* on the public, or seeming to defy your Royal Highness's husband."—In fine, the Princess was *overruled*. Mr. Whitbread thanked her for her condescension in listening to him, and seemed really touched when he said, "I trust, madam, you will believe me sincere, when I declare that no party interest whatever sways me in this or any other advice I have ever given your Royal Highness, nor ever shall, to the detriment of your interests." The Princess, as I am told, bowed coldly in reply to this speech, and did *not* seem to believe in Mr. Whitbread's sincerity. It is not surprising that she should doubt and hesitate before placing confidence in any one, for she has been so often cheated, poor woman! Yet I wish she had replied with some degree of answering kindness to Mr. Whitbread's assurance that he was faithful to her interests. She flung *cold water* on him, as it were, just at the moment when he seemed roused to energy in her cause. Alas! how very foolish she is in all that concerns her true interests.

I dined in the evening of the same day with Her Royal Highness. There was no one present except Lady ——; the Princess went to the Opera afterwards with her. Lady C. L. came in during dinner, having been to Drury Lane, thinking she was there; she said she took the liberty of coming to tell the Princess that Princess Charlotte had sent for her (Lady C. L.) that morning, and had informed her that the Emperor of Russia had sent

to tell the R——t that he was determined to visit the Princess of Wales, and to make his sister accompany him; that he would do so publicly to show his respect to Her Royal Highness, and that since the Emperor had sent that message, the Prince R——t had not spoken to His Imperial Majesty. "Depend upon it, he goes to my mother," said the Princess Charlotte to Lady C. T.; "and I sent for you to inform the Princess not to be from home." Lady C. L. added, "that Princess Charlotte led a very dull life, and was extremely out of spirits, and considerably hurt at the Prince of Orange's going out and diverting himself at all public places, while she remained shut up in solitude; and that she thought he might have refused going to Carlton House unless she was there." The Princess of Wales had been told to-day that the match was off between her daughter and the Prince of Orange; but Lady C. L. said, "No, madam, I do not believe so at present, but I think very likely it will be soon at an end." Princess Charlotte told Lady C. L., that when she drives about, the mob cry out, "God bless you, but never forsake your mother."—The poor Princess's eyes filled with tears when Lady C. L. repeated this. She has excellent and strong natural feelings when they are stirred; but in general all her bad feelings are roused, and her good ones smothered, by the unkindness and persecution she meets with. There is no knowing what a different person this poor Princess might be, had she the fair play of other human beings. The Princess wished Lady C. L., the herald of this pleasant news, to accompany her to the Opera, but her sister was ill, so she declined going. The intelligence she brought reanimated the Princess—perhaps it is all a falsehood from beginning to end, not of Lady C. L.'s invention, or of Princess Charlotte's: she herself may be deceived, or she may deceive for the pleasure of being agreeable at the moment; but what a total subversion

of comfort there is when there is no truth to rest upon! The music at the Opera was divine—the house empty, of course.

Friday, 17th June.—Lady —— told me, the Princess had shown her a letter she had been writing to Mr. Whitbread, which she intended to send, with one she has written to Lord Liverpool, which latter she intends to send without asking Mr. Whitbread's advice: the one she addresses to himself accounts very plausibly for so doing, under the pretext of its being from motives of delicacy towards him. She says in it, that, persecuted as she is, life is a burthen to her; that her stay in this country does no person any good, and that it is worse than death to herself. She thanks Mr. Whitbread for all he has attempted to do for her, and ends by declaring her unalterable resolution to quit the country. The letter of course is not good English, and its mode of expression is very strange and *entortillé*. Nevertheless, there is much of that fire and determination in it, which are *great* ingredients in any character, and which she possesses. Unfortunately these qualities are not prized or done justice to in women—they are called obstinacy and violence, except in some instances, such as in our Queen Elizabeth, the Catherine of Russia, and a few others, where power made men of them. Otherwise, as it is the interest of the stronger sex to subdue women mentally and personally, at least we imagine that it is so, all display of vigorous intellect in them is charged with folly, if not with crime.

Again I dined at Connaught House. There were Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord and Lady Essex, Lord Hardwicke, Mr. and Miss Grattan. Lord H. Fitzgerald and Lord de Roos were to have been of the party, but there was some mistake about their invitation, and they did not come. Lord Fitzwilliam has delightful manners, so gentle and

so polite, they remind me of my dear ——. There is a divine expression in his countenance; he is shy and rather reserved on first acquaintance, but he is not so to such a degree as to make him disagreeable. I believe Lord Hardwicke is a very good sort of man, but he is not so pleasant a person, to me, as Lord Fitzwilliam. I was sorry the Princess did not behave very graciously to the Essexes: she is always committing some fatal mistakes respecting whom she ought to show favour to, and to whom she ought not;—but she said when they were gone, "I cannot like people who take me up only because they are displeased with the Regent." In this observation there is much truth; but, as the Princess can play a part sometimes when she chooses, I regret that she does not do so in regard to paying attention to persons whom it is of consequence she should interest in her favour.

Before the Princess dismissed Lady ——, Miss ——, or myself, she received a letter from Princess Charlotte, telling her mother the match between herself and the Prince of Orange was entirely off, and at the same time enclosing a copy of a letter she had written to the Prince of Orange, in which she alludes to some point of dispute which it seems remained unsettled between them; but Princess Charlotte does not precisely name what that point was, and chiefly rests her determination of not leaving this kingdom upon the necessity of her remaining in England to support her mother. The whole letter turns upon the Princess of Wales—it is extremely well *written* and very strong. I conclude the words are Miss Knight's, but the sentiments, for the *present* moment, are Princess Charlotte's. This letter gave the Princess of Wales a great feeling of affection for her daughter, and triumph at her declaring herself determined to remain and support her against the Prince R——t; but then, on reflection, came the recollection that it was calculated

to be a great barrier to her going abroad, and instead of this intelligence being pleasant to her, it made the Princess so full of care and thought, that she soon dismissed us. I know too much of all parties to believe that Princess Charlotte, in her heart, quarrelled with her lover from any motive of real tenderness towards her mother. I believe that what the Princess of Wales told me some time ago is perfectly true, namely, that her daughter did not at all admire the Prince of Orange, and only wanted to be her own mistress; and now finding, I conclude, that that end would not be answered by marrying him, she has determined to break off the engagement. I wonder what will ensue of her doing so. The *Princess's mother* will not give up the amusement of going abroad; and in order to do this, I fear she will act foolishly, offend her daughter, and lose the advantage of her support.

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS

OF THE

PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE following compositions betray a want of education which in the present day would be disgraceful even to a person of the middle class. But many of the sentiments are kind; and an impartial judge would be apt to say, in reading them, "This person was not intended by nature to be a bad character."

An anecdote related of the Prince of Borghese's father may be illustrative of the degree of value placed upon the attainments of princes in general by their relatives, in former days, though now the light of cultivated intellect has even illumined their Cimmerian darkness.—The Prince entered the apartment of his son, whom he found in tears: the Preceptor told the cause—"He would no learn to write or to read."—"Pho, pho," said the father, "what signifies—do not plague the child; he will always have some one paid to do that for him."

No. I.

"June 27th.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I send you a new novel of Madame de Genlis', '*Mademoiselle de la Fayette*'—I think it will interest and amuse you at the same time.

"The subject is taken from the reign of Louis XIII, and Anne d'Autriche. The colouring of the characters has proved a very happy effort of genius, and, after my taste and my humble judgment, I think it one of the

very best that ever she wrote, except '*Les Vœux Téméraires*.'

"I am in expectation this morning of seeing Madame de Stael, and I shall fairly give my opinion upon this new meteor, which is now in full blaze upon our atmosphere—I trust it will not be long before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.

"Believe me, in the mean while, your affectionate,

"C. P."

"I have opened my letter again, to announce to you that Miss Johnstone is going to be married to Don Antonio on account of her 40,000*l*.

"Lady Davy has not taken the least notice, by writing or by verbal message, of keeping her promise to bring Madame de Stael to me; and I begin to suspect that Madame de Stael will be guided by the torrent, and may live this moment in the hopes of being introduced on the 30th, '*dans le Palais de la Vérité*.' On the Friday following, which is the 2d July, I hear there will be given in Pall Mall also a great breakfast '*dans le Temple de la Justice*.' I am determined to be very proud, and not to take one single step if it is not entirely from Madame de Stael's own impulse that she becomes acquainted with me; but pray, if you have heard any thing on the subject, and that my suspicions rest on good foundation, *let me know*, as I am quite resigned to any disappointment of that nature."

It was even so. Madame de Stael did go with the torrent. She would not know the Princess, and paid the most servile court to the Regent, after she had once prevailed on him to visit her *first*, in her lodgings in George Street: she insisted upon this unusual compliment being paid her, and she carried her point. The Prince did visit her in her lodgings; it is reported that

she treated him cavalierly, and spoke in a strain of personal praise, which was too strong for his taste, particularly dwelling on the beauty of the form of his legs, but saying very little to him of the glories of his country, or the powers of his mind. The interview was not supposed to be pleasant to either party; nevertheless Madame de Stael continued her adulatory conduct to the Prince. It was unlike her nobility of character to show disrespect to one of her own sex, or to join in a hue and cry against her, which, if it were founded in truth, would not have been amiable, and if it were false, was utterly unworthy of Madame de Stael. To lend herself to any party for any reward of court favour, was so totally unlike the principles she professed, and the general tenor of her conduct through life, that, were it not for the discrepancies which exist in all human character, one could not credit that she should have acted thus; but so it was. —She, who braved Bonaparte's ire, crouched to the tyranny of George IV.

No. II.

"DEAR ——,

"I should not so long have delayed answering your letter, which so earnestly requested a return, if I had not hoped to atone for my seeming neglect; but, as I live in my little nutshell, like a hermit, and never meet Princes, Lords, nor Commons, and all such paraphernalia of ornaments, I cannot decorate our epistolary correspondence by a fine franc on the envelope of the letter. Nevertheless, I can assure you, in a situation like mine, the world and its blessings are seen in their just point of estimation; but, when a blessing of real innate value glides before me, I catch it and strain it to my bosom with all the eagerness of poverty. Judge, then, of the transport with which I seize my pen, to apprize you that my daughter has acted with the great-

est firmness, promptitude, and energy of character possible, in the very intricate business concerning her marriage. She has manœuvred and conquered the Regent so completely, that there can be no doubt that the marriage is broke off. The Prince hereditary of Orange was secretly sent for by the Regent, and arrived under the feigned name of Captain St. George. Under that same name, he presented himself next day at Warwick House early in the morning. She was in bed, and had not expected him in this country. Miss Knight received him. She had afterwards a long conversation with him, in which she showed him every letter that had passed between her father and her upon that subject. She then declared to him that she never would leave this country, except by an act of Parliament, and by her own especial desire. She then desired that he might retire, and that she would not see him again till these matters were settled. Two days after, he came again, and brought a message from the Regent, in which he proposed to her that he would forgive and forget every thing, and that she should immediately come to him, and that every thing should be arranged in the most amicable manner. She declared that she would not see her father, or any of the family, till their consent to her remaining in this country had been obtained, or that otherwise the marriage would be broke off. She has received no answer since the course of a week from her father, and she supposes that the papers have been sent to Holland to make the family there also a party concerned in a new political question for the future happiness of England. It has, in my opinion, nothing at all to do with the Dutch family. The Duchess of Oldenburgh, I believe, is her chief adviser, and as she is a clever woman, and knows the world and mankind well, my daughter cannot be in better hands. They are a great deal together, which makes the Regent outrageous, and his good looks and

spirits will not be of long duration, if he will be beaten, '*plate couture*,' by his daughter. She desired also not to see the Prince of Orange again, till she received the definitive answer upon her request.

"I am quite transfixed with astonishment that my daughter at last has resumed her former character of intrepidity and fortitude, as her father frightens her in every manner possible, that her character would be lost in the world by her fickleness to break off her marriage. My paying a visit, my dear ——, will be either before the 22d of this month, or after; for as I intend merely to come to see you and enjoy your personal society, I rather wish to meet nobody there, and I wish to spend a few moments of our eternal friendship together.

"With these sentiments, I remain for ever yours, most truly and affectionately,

"C. P."

"Madame de Stael set off yesterday for Paris. I send you the will of Napoleon, (1) which I wrote *con amore* for your perusal; you may show it to any body, but without my name."

What a miserable view of human nature is here unfolded! A daughter mistrusting her father, and conceiving that a marriage was only proposed for her which should take her out of the kingdom. At the same time it must be acknowledged, that if the Princess Charlotte was under this impression, it was reasonable she should arm herself against the dreaded evil; and had the Prince of Orange loved her truly, he could not have refused to accede to the terms on which she consented to become his bride. But a different fate awaited her: she had at least one gleam of brightness in her brief but melancholy

(1) Something copied out of a French brochure.

career. She married a man to whom she gave her heart, and one who seemed worthy of the prize. Of all difficult parts to play well and with dignity, that of king-consort is the most so. A man is in a false position who stands second in power to his wife; and it may be questioned whether this marriage would have ended happily, but it was dissolved before it had been tried by the touch-stone of time.

No. III.

"Friday Morning.

"MY DEAR ——,

"You must be at half-past eleven at Blackheath on Monday; I shall send you the carriage in time;—you must be also so good to send through the bearer of this '*Le gentil Troubadour*,' which I think must be amongst your music, as it is not to be found amongst mine, and young S—— is very anxious to have it back.

"The editor of the * * * * * has behaved quite scandalously:—he has been corrupted and bribed from Carlton House since a week, and though Dr. Warburton affirms, that so late as six weeks back Mr. M—— has left him, having been under his care, and not even then believed to have been well, and he has been the creator of forging false letters, pretending to be from me to him; still the Editor will not relent, or hear reason, and will publish the whole fabricated correspondence, which is a false and foul one, in his next Sunday's paper. Poor Lady Anne and Lady P——l are in the greatest alarm possible; I wish you would write a very *strong contradiction* for the Examiner, that this is a new trick played, and that the Editor of * * * * * will not even suffer Dr. Warburton, or the lawyer, to take an affidavit of Mr. M——'s being mad. Write this to ——, and to ——, and all our friends, that they do not any longer take the News, as he must know that people of respectability do

not like to be imposed on, and that every body may some day or other be liable to see forged letters of their's in *****. My servant is quite at your service. If you have any letters to send ready by him, he may wait, as he is besides going that way to town.

"Heaven bless you, and believe me, for ever,

"Yours, "C. P."

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to sift the truth from the falsehood, respecting this transaction with editors of newspapers. To say the best of it, it is always to be lamented when ladies of rank and character enter into any discussion, or are in any way mixed up with similar stories. Certain it is, that after this time the Princess of Wales gradually dropped all intimacy with Lady P——. Whether she imagined *that* lady had in any way compromised her in this business does not appear—but the intercourse between them ceased. How vain for the Princess to imagine that her command would suffice to make any one discard a newspaper or journal which might chance to amuse them!—No! not even if they saw their best friends shown up in its columns. Indeed, that circumstance might be an additional reason for taking it in. Amiable! but true! *Vide* the Satirist, the Age, etc., in which, it is currently reported, people in the highest circles of fashion not only read of their friends, but write of them.

No. IV.

"Sompting Abbey, Sussex, July 29th, 1814.

"DEAR ——————,

"I am in great haste, as you may easily imagine, as I have postponed my writing to you till I could give you a definitive and comfortable account of all my proceedings.

"On Monday, the 25th, at two o'clock, I delivered my

letter for the perusal of the Prince Regent into Mr. Canning's hands, but previously my brother had sent a gentleman, his grand ecuyer, the week preceding, as he was prevented himself from coming to accompany me to Brunswick, that this gentleman should take charge of me; and through that medium I was informed already that there would be no objection made, either on the part of the ministers or the Prince Regent himself, to go abroad for some time, and unconditionally upon any other point. But knowing that it would be gratifying to you to see the answer, I have enclosed a copy, which Mr. H—— will forward to you with this letter. The same day that I sent my letters, I went to Norbury, where I stayed the night, and arrived next day for my late dinner, at nine o'clock, at Sompting. But last night, in the midst of a most violent storm of thunder and lightning, a king's messenger arrived, as if from the clouds, sent by Jupiter with his thunderbolts. It is the most gracious letter that ever was written to me from that quarter—" end well, all well;"—and I feel quite happy and comfortable at the prospect that we can now soon meet each other, and enjoy each other's society, in a warmer climate. I have desired that the man of war is to be ready by the 6th of August, that I may set sail with the full moon on the 8th, to go immediately by Cuxhaven, the shortest way to Brunswick. I shall only remain a fortnight in my native country, anxious to go by the Rhine to Switzerland, and so to Naples before the bad weather sets in. I trust to meet you there, (I mean to say in Switzerland,) and take you in my suite to Naples. I heard of Mr. Craven of your safe arrival at Paris, and how much you had been admired, which has given me great satisfaction, to hear that the Parisians have, at least, for once, shown good taste and judgment.

"I saw Princess Charlotte on Saturday, two days before I set out; she seems much more calm and resigned

to her prison at Cranbourne Lodge than I expected. She is to go afterwards to the sea-side. Warwick House is to be demolished, and a new wing built to Carlton House; and the Regent is to remove to the Duke of Cumberland's apartments in St. James's Palace. This, I believe, is all the news I can offer you. The marriage of Georgina Fitzroy and Lord Worcester took place last Monday, and Emily Pole's and Lord Fitzroy Somerset's is to be next week. They are going to Paris with the Duke of Wellington, as he is his secretary. Don't trouble yourself with answering my letter, as it certainly would not find me. In September, I shall certainly be near you in some part of Switzerland, and you may imagine how anxious I shall be to assure you again in person of my sincere and unfeigned attachment, with which

"I remain, ever yours,

"C. P."

Poor Princess! she played her enemies' game. Of course the adverse party desired nothing more than that she should leave England. "The most gracious letter that ever was written to me from that quarter." It was the fable of the Fox and the Crow. She swallowed the flattery and fell into the snare, which ultimately caused her death. The Princess Charlotte, too, could not think her mother's heart was wrapped up in her, when she left her in no very pleasant circumstances, to go whither?—she knew not herself—and why?—merely to get rid of time, and lose by change of scene and idle amusement a bitter sense of the indignities she had received;—but it is impossible not to feel that if the Princess had possessed as much *moral* courage as she had *personal* fearlessness—as much of principle as she had of good impulses,—her whole fate would have been far different from what it was. True, she had been grossly

insulted at the time when the foreign potentates came to England, and to England's monarch, almost as vassals subject to his power. Discarded by her husband from every public and private homage due to her rank;—branded with a dark stigma of crime, which her enemies dared not examine into or avow openly, and in which their machinations had been secretly, years before, defeated, when they attempted to prove their charge;—mocked by the King of Prussia's pusillanimous conduct in sending his chamberlain to her with professions of regard, but avowing that under circumstances he dared not come to her himself—he in whose cause her father, the Duke of Brunswick, had fought, and her brother lost his life;—spit upon, as it were, by the Emperor of Russia, who now would, and now would not come to visit her, and of whom it is said, that as he was actually leaving his apartment to pay her a visit, one of the R——t's ministers almost fell on his knees before him to prevent, and ultimately did prevent him from going to her;—thus persecuted, defamed, tormented—much may be said in extenuation of her unwise resolution to leave England and her cares for a time, at least, behind her—but it was a great moral mistake, and a greater political one. Her daughter too, had a short time before proved her love for her mother, by flying to her arms in a moment of offended pride—when her escrutoire had been broken open, and her correspondence seized—her favourite attendant and guardian, one of the most high-minded women in the world, and the kindest-hearted, Miss K——, turned rudely in disgrace away, and herself removed to a sort of prison, near Windsor. Whom then did Princess Charlotte fly to?—her mother. Her mode of doing this was wild, and evidently the impulse of an offended pride; but the act was dictated by nature. Where, if not in the arms of a mother, can a child find refuge?—The Princess Charlotte fled from Warwick

house unattended and unobserved, got into the first hackney coach she could find, and desired to be driven to Connaught Place. The man must have guessed that he drove a person of no mean note, as the Princess put a guinea into his hand—but he was in no wise to blame in driving her where she ordered. Her mother was out when she arrived. The Princess's chief page, seeing her arrive in such an equipage and unattended, was, as he himself declared, thunderstruck; but, of course, ushered her into the drawing room, where she awaited her mother's return. It is said the Princess, either from fear of the consequences, or from surprise, did not receive the Princess Charlotte with that warmth of affection which it would have been more natural and more fortunate for both parties, had she displayed. But, terrified lest any thing should detain her in England, the Princess of Wales was loth to offend the Regent at that moment, and therefore did all she could to dissuade her daughter from remaining with herself, and begged her to return to her allegiance to her father. It may be questioned whether this was altogether right under the immediate circumstances of the case. Had she preached obedience to her father's will, but at the same time offered her an asylum with herself, in the event of her determination to remain with her, it would have been acting in the true spirit of maternal love; but it seems that she did not, and that there was an evident bias in the Princess of Wales towards a mode of conduct which evinced greater anxiety for her own pleasure than love for her child. She sent for the Duke of York—she sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury—and, finally, they prevailed with Princess Charlotte to return to Warwick House.

The Princess of Wales was as much blamed by the adverse party on this occasion, as if she had instigated her daughter to the deed of having run away fro-

Warwick House; and though the consequences are incalculable, had Her Royal Highness pursued a different line of conduct—supported her daughter with mildness, but with steady resolve to be to her indeed a mother, in all the tenderness of the tie—yet it will always remain a problem to be solved, whether the Princess did or did not act rightly, by giving up Princess Charlotte to her father, her uncle, and the church. Certain it is, Her Royal Highness had used no influence whatever to induce Princess Charlotte to act as she did—the deed was her own, and no other person whatever had any share in it.

The sequel of this most melancholy history, must have embittered the Princess of Wales's life, and the idea that, had she remained in England, she might have saved her child's life, must have been a deep aggravation to all her sorrows.

No. V.

"MY DEAR——,

"I suppose by this time you have been informed of the result of the business in the House of Commons yesterday; though it has been *in some measure satisfactory*, I AM NOT YET SATISFIED.

"I should not have troubled you with these lines, was it not on account of a visit which you will receive tomorrow: namely, Mrs. B——k. She came this morning again, being very busy to carry messages back and forward to Lord Grey, which I had declined completely, and that she certainly never would disclose anything to Mr. A——t, though he was her great friend. I never saw any woman compromise herself in such a way as she did this morning; for which reason, I am *particularly* anxious, that if she should make any questions to you, you would be *particularly* careful, and, to avoid any questions *concerning the family of Oxfords*, Lord Byron and Co., as I cannot help thinking, that she has

more curiosity than ladies usually have; Sir F. B. must also not be named. In short, you must be as much upon your *guard as possible*. *Holland House* is, of course, entirely against *poor me*, and their have send her as a spy to Black—th.

"Heaven bless you,—I am in great haste,

"Your most truly affectionate

"C. P."

"After you have have read the newspaper, pray send it to ———; but let C——— see it."

———

How miserable must that person be who has, in fact, no one friend in whom she can confide!—Mrs B. was, I really believe, attached to Her Royal Highness; and yet the Princess doubted and feared her. The cautions contained in this letter, against this lady, were addressed to a person whom she afterwards cast off in like manner; —although I have good reason to know Her Royal Highness, in her heart, was perfectly convinced that that person remained her true friend to the last. It is a singular fact, that when the unfortunate Princess passed through Rome, and that the Duchess of D. sent word to the Cardinal Gonsalvi, if the Pope valued the friendship of the Prince R——t, he must not send a guard of honour to the Princess, a steady friend of the latter (whom Her Royal Highness would not however receive) sent her word by a famous antiquary, that if Her Royal Highness would leave on the continent every individual foreign attendant, and throw herself on the generosity of a British public, she had yet a great part to play. The Princess had confidence in the person and in the advice, (although she no longer liked the society of that person,) and, acting upon it, immediately set off that night for England. Had she acted a different part there, what might have been the consequences?

No. VI.

"DEAR ——,

"I still continue to live in the same active idleness; my party for Sunday dinner was small, as it did consist only of ten people; but Lord B——n was more lively and odd than ever, and he kept us in a roar of laughter the whole dinner time. In the evening, Catalani sung. William Spencer came with the family of Mr. C——. The daughter is the finest piano forte player I ever heard in this country; and Mr. Craven and Mr. Mercer sung their delightful Spanish songs. At supper, Mr. Lewis was more absorbed and queer than ever. Yesterday I received your amiable letter, and would have answered it sooner, but that I forgot to have a *frank*. Lord Glenbervie does not come till to-day. After the hot and dull dinner at Spring Gardens, I went to the Opera House to see a play—one act of an opera, and the ballet of Psyche, for the benefit of Kelly: it was as full as it could hold, and I returned to my solitary supper. I am rather early this morning, as I expect the Marquis. I have not yet seen *any body* that particularly *interests you* since you left this sphere. If I could be of any use to you, you know how glad I should be. I am always ready to do *mon petit possible*. *Monday the 18th will be a grand masquerade at* Mrs. Chichester's, *and if you mention it to some of your intimate acquaintance, they would procure you some tickets for your family and friends.* There is a week almost to consider of it, and if it be agreeable to you, which is *sufficient* to me.

"I had a very surprising visit yesterday from the Duke of Gloucester, and he comes the 24th to dinner; I cannot help thinking the visit was intended for you. If he has no other merit, he has, at least, that of admiring beauties, which is certainly the ninth part in a speech.(1)

(1) One has heard of a tailor's being the ninth part of a man,

I could write a volume to you, had I but time; but as it is, you escape this misfortune, luckily for you—and I only subscribe myself, with the greatest pleasure,

"Your most sincere and affectionate

"C. P.

"Kensington would be the surest place to go from on *that* day. Lady Glenbervie must not HEAR OF IT.

"*Par causa*, give me an answer soon."

There is a curious story respecting this masquerade. The Princess, it was related to me by undoubted authority, would go to the masquerade, and, with a kind of girlish folly, she enjoyed the idea of making a grand mystery about it, which was quite unnecessary. The Duchess of Y——k frequently went to similar amusements incognito, attended only by a friend or two, and nobody found fault with Her Royal Highness. The Princess might have done the same, but no!—the fun, in her estimation, consisted in doing the thing in the most ridiculous way possible; so she made two of her ladies privy to her scheme, and the programme of the revel was, that Her Royal Highness should go down a back staircase with one of her ladies, while the cavaliers awaited at a private door which led into the street, and then the *partie quarrée* was to proceed on foot to the Albany, where more ladies met Her Royal Highness, and where the change of dress was to be made. All of this actually took place, and Lady —— told me, she never was so frightened in her life, as when she found herself at the bottom of Oxford Street, at twelve at night, on her cavalier's arm, and seeing Her Royal Highness rolling on before her. It was a sensation, she told me, between laughing and crying, that she should never forget. The idea that the

and that is the idea which perhaps ran in Her Royal Highess's mind when she wrote this *lucid* illustration of the royal Duke's merit.

Princess might be recognized, and of course mobbed, and then the subsequent consequences, which would have been so fatal to Her Royal Highness, were all so distressing to her, that the party of pleasure was one of real pain to her.

This mad prank, however, Lady —— told me, passed off without discovery—and certainly, without any impropriety whatever, except that which existed in the folly of the thing itself. It was similar imprudencies to this which were so fatal to the Princess's reputation; and truly it might have been said of them, "Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle."

This anecdote is alluded to in the body of the diary, but the letter calls for a note in this place.

Whenever the Princess did not like the visit of any person, she ascribed it to the attractions or influences of some one of her household. This was a hint that the person should not come again. In the present instance, as in many others, how fatally mistaken Her Royal Highness was, in respect to the estimation in which she held the Duke of G——. To have had the countenance and friendship of so good a man, was of incalculable consequence to her, and she despised both.

No. VII.

,' DEAR ——,

"I found a pair of old earings which the *d*—— of a Q——, once gifted me with. I truly belived that the saphires ar *fals* as her *heart* and soul is, but the dimonds are *good*, and 50*l*. or 80*l*. would be very acceptable for them indeed. I am quite ashamed of giving you all this trouble, but believe me,

"Yours."

It is much to be regretted that the Princess should have conceived such a hatred against a person she ought

to have respected,—whose whole life, as it appeared to the world in general, was to be venerated and admired—and still more is it to be lamented that she should ever have expressed her sentiments:—but the reasons the Princess alleged, though probably groundless, and the mere devices of mischievous persons, were in themselves snfficient to have justified Her Royal Highness' dislike, had they been true.

In the first place, the favourite of her husband was sent for to escort her to this country, (some say by consent of the Q——,) and it is further said she gave the Princess the most insidious advice. On a particular occasion, after the birth of Princess Charlotte, she contrived, by a most unfeminine manœuvre, to render the Prince's first visit to his wife after her lying-in most unpleasant and disrespectful to his feelings. At Brighton all sorts of tricks, it is alleged, were played off upon the Princess. Spirits were mingled with her beverage, and horses were given her to ride, which were dangerous for her to manage, and made her appear ridiculous.—Lastly, there was undoubtedly a letter of Her Royal Highness's, addressed in confidence to her mother the Duchess of B————k, which was opened surreptitiously and carried to the Q——, who read the same and acted upon its contents. Many other stories are related of the same nature, and of a blacker dye. A belief in these, however devoid of truth in reality, it must be confessed was quite sufficient to excite an inimical feeling between the Royal mother-in-law and her son's wife.

No. VIII.

"The intention of Mr. Whitbread is, that some few questions will arise in Parliament this week concerning my business, and he has just given me the advice not to go to the Opera this week; for which reason I lose no

time in informing you, my dear Lady ——— that I shall not go this week.

"I am in great haste, but believe me ever,

"Your affectionate

"C. P.

"March 15.

"You are at liberty, my dear ———, to make any use of my box that you please."

Since "trifles form the sum of human things," it may be remarked in the Princess's favour, that she was perpetually balked in all the minor occurrences of daily life; and those who had most constant access to her person knew that generally speaking, she bore these teazing circumstances with great good temper;—the perpetual recurrence of trivial contradictions is more difficult to endure with equanimity, than any disappointment of more serious kind. In the latter case, there is a defence prepared, either by philosophy or religion; in the former the thing is unexpected, and, when often repeated, becomes exceedingly lacerating.

No. IX.

"MY DEAR ——,

"Pray make any use you like of my Opera box as long as you remain in town, as I have no inclination to go at present. Pray tell me what you hear, and what the general opinion of the world is about all my affairs.

"I am very angry with Miss B. that she has refused my invitation. *C'est dans les moments d'adversité* that you know your real friends; but I must honestly confess, I begin to have a great *contempt for the world.*

"Pray, my dear ——, if you can, call on Lady ——, who leaves London at the beginning of next week —and even England I may say—perhaps for ever. She will take it very kind of you, and I shall never *forget*

the pleasant moments and hours I passed at her house—the only ones I ever passed in England.

"The enclosed letter which you sent me of the unknown lady, who offers herself to come forward with any *deposition and document*, has also written to *Mr. Whitbread*, which tempted me to send the letter you enclosed to *Mr. Brougham*, as he is upon *the spot*, and in a few days I shall inform you what *the result of this* inquiry has been.

"I trust your health is good, that you may enjoy all the amusements which waltzing and suppers may offer you.

"With these sentiments I glory in subscribing myself,

"Your most truly affectionate

"C. P."

The constant restlessness of persons immersed in the cares of this life, to know what others are saying of them, what others are thinking of them, and the inefficacy of this knowledge, even when it meets their expectations, to produce peace or even pleasure, form one of the most striking illustrations of the Preacher's word—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." There is every now and then, in the Princess's notes and letters, as there was in her conversation, an under-current of acute feeling and melancholy, which required only to have had more permanency, and more justice and legitimacy of cause, to have been as respectable as it was touching: but with Her Royal Highness one circumstance drove out another, and the habit of catching at straws for diversion, or for succour, (as the emergency of the moment might demand,) rendered the efforts of her best friends, to serve or save her, fruitless.—"Whom the gods design to ruin, they blind."

Lady —— was, it must be allowed, an improper person to have been admitted to the Princess's intimacy; and

afterwards, when it was too late, Her Royal Highness was made to feel this truth. At Naples, the lady in question being reduced to great pecuniary difficulties, drew largely upon Her Royal Highness's generosity, and when the latter had no more to bestow, having literally sold some diamonds or pearls to the Duchess of Bracciano, at Rome, to enable her to do this act of kindness, —Lady —— turned upon her benefactress, and became one of her most vile detractors! But the besom of destruction has swept the —— family to the winds, and the betrayer and the betrayed are alike beyond the praise or censure of this world's applause or blame.

No. X.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I will not dwell upon all the subjects which you must have read over and over again in the newspapers, *pro et contra*, and you see now how prudent and wise it was in my friends, not to have published the other 'letters in question,' till the mind of the public was ripe for the conception of all their infernal tricks. The only punishment which has for the present been inflicted upon me is, that Princess Charlotte has received orders not to come at all; which, of course, has occasioned a very delightful letter, dictated by me, to the skilful pen of Lady Anne Hamilton, to Lord Liverpool. Mrs. Lisle, as one of the valuable witnesses of theirs, has been sent for, and with her usual grace and elegance, she will try to give herself some consequence, making it believed that she was one of my confidential friends, though she never had that honour.

"There has been a letter forwarded to me, which I beg of you to send to Lisbon; but, as one of Miss Knight's cousins goes by Thursday, if you would enclose it yourself, with a few lines addressed to Miss Knight, Warwick

House, it will reach completely. But I beg of you to mention it as your own letter, and not a commission.

"I shall come in the morning of Thursday or Friday, after my luncheon, which is four or five o'clock,—and, by that time, I trust I shall have something more interesting to communicate to you. In the mean while, believe me, your's affectionately,

"C. P."

The assumed tone of jocularity, and a straining after wit, or what Her Royal Highness conceived to be such, which are discernible in this letter, cannot deceive any one; nor conceal the worm that gnawed her heart; but the constant irritation in which the Princess and the R——t contrived to keep each other, was a perfect game of battledore and shuttlecock; and if the latter ever fell to the ground, there was always some bystander ready to pick it up again, and thus the game of torment was renewed, and lasted to their lives' end. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to ascertain what letters Her Royal Highness alludes to, as having been prudent on the part of her friends not to publish.

Poor Lady A. H. has been very unjustly condemned; for she intended to do right, though she was always doing wrong. A spirit of intrigue and petty concealment, and a false idea of prudence, prevented that open uprightness of character, which walks erect through the world and defies slander, because it has no little mean interests to serve. Nevertheless, it will be told of this lady hereafter, that she underwent all the contumely and all the opprobrium of the last public scenes of her unfortunate and misguided mistress, and never left her person in life, or her insulted remains, till they were deposited in the grave, where all things are forgotten. This moral courage on the part of Lady H., by which she could get little or nothing to compensate for the odium it entailed

upon her, will be done justice to at last, and will cover a thousand little defects of meaner kind, the growth, it may be, of timidity, of a false idea of doing good—*que sais je?* of a littleness of conception, which after all was strangely contrasted in the same character with a greatness, during the last scenes of the historic tragedy in which she was a figurante, that will ultimately reverse the judgment which has been too hastily pronounced upon her:—*mais tôt ou tard tout se sait*; and the public award is generally just at the last, though often too tardily so, to affect beneficially the happiness of the person on whom sentence is passed.

No. XI.

"A thousand thanks, dear ——, for the beautiful gown! worked by the most beautiful and delicate fingers. I trust you have been amused at the —, where you found the family, and particularly the Marquis, in high spirits.

"Pray, any day when it is convenient to you, let me have a line, to inform me, if you have an answer from Mr. ——, as suspense is worse than misfortune.

"Concerning 'Jeanne d'Arc' and myself, we go on in a humdrum way. I have been so fortunate to have contrived that we have not been one whole day alone together. The only news I have heard is, that Paddy has, very near Staines, a cottage for the Dowager Lady ——. The sign for the house will be 'Le beau Cléon et la belle Javotte,' in case any body calls on them.

"I have heard of nothing but merriment and high spirits of the royal family—that I am afraid that my prospect of intended journey and travels are put a little far back. But I will not trespass longer upon your time with all my Jeremaides. I will, therefore, only conclude with assuring you, that I remain for ever, my dear ——, "Your most sincere, and affectionate,

"Sept. 17th." "C. P."

Any person who knew the parties, must guess that the Princess designates Lady A. H. as Joan of Arc—there was a comicality in that idea which might be called happy. Who Paddy is, and who Lady J., remains a mystery. The "high spirits" of the one party of the r——l family, always seemed to have given comparatively low spirits to the poor Princess. The German clocks, where the husband and wife alternately come forth or retire, are illustrative of this fact, and one instance may serve for all—but this is not a circumstance confined to any one court or clime. Turn over the records of the past, look to the families of the present dynasties of Europe. How fares it with them?—even so: *la ressemblance et la différence*, may be read in all, leaving the foundation the same.

No. XII.

"Sunday Morning.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I shall send the postchaise in time to-morrow morning, as you must be at Blackheath at *half-past ten* o'clock, for it *is absolutely necessary* that I am at Kensington *at twelve* o'clock, for which reason I beg of you, my dear ——, to be exact. I intend to dress at Kensington, so you may take your little parcel with you to be quite smart.

"You will have read the * * * of this morning; and, to-morrow, there will be a very excellently written contradiction by Mr. Whitbread, and a Mr. Holt, in all the morning papers of Monday, as Mr. M—— is this moment in custody under Dr. Warburton again; of which the editor of the * * * is perfectly aware, but still he has obstinately insisted in his intention, and therefore he must be prosecuted, and nobody will ever like to take his paper again, which is a very just punishment for his impudence.

"The '*gentil Troubadour*' I shall give you to-mor-

row back, as the copy, and all the verses which belong to it, I find, are not in your possession.

"I will not detain you any longer—don't take the trouble to write a single line—but only be ready in time to-morrow morning, and believe me ever,

"Your sincere and affectionate

"C. P."

"You will have read the * * * of this morning," etc., etc. There was a curious story current at the time to which the paragraph refers, of Mr. M——'s having been employed by Lady E——t to write violent, ill-judged articles for the * * *, which I think I remember to have heard were libellous, and in consequence of which Mr. M. was taken into custody, not for madness, but for scurrility; and he, to defend himself, declared that he had put in the paragraph by order of the Princess. Then came an examination of the man, and a defence of Her Royal Highness, and more attacks. How the matter ended I forget; but the probability of the story is, that Lady E—— was the contriver and plotter of the whole manœuvre, which did a great deal of harm to the cause of Her Royal Highness. It was the misfortune of the Princess to be surrounded by intriguing people. Perhaps this is more or less the misfortune of all princes. If they do not detect it, they fall into the snare—if they *do*, they become suspicious, and hardened, and unnatural; like a baited animal, they are driven, as she was, to despair and death!

No. XIII.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I hope you have been amused at the opera yesterday.

"Pray, if you hear any news, be so kind to communicate them to us. I am to see Mr. Whitbread to-day,

on what further proceedings in the business will be necessary. I hear the Grand Mufti is furious against the House of Commons. Sir J—— D—— passes his days, instead of Newgate, at Carlton House.

"I have not yet seen Princess Charlotte, except by chance in the Park, which was on that day five weeks.

"I send you a letter, which if you can get a frank for, so much the better; if not, you are so kind to send it to the general post as soon as possible.

"If you hear and see any thing of the Sapios, send them this paper, and desire to know how soon the money is to be paid; it contains subscribers to his concert.

"My best compliments to Mrs. D——, and my love to Miss B——: ask her what she now thinks of the House of Commons; and believe me, my dear ——, ever "Your sincere and affectionate

"C. P.

"March 10th."

Sir J. —— was the husband of that Lady —— who proved herself to be a most unworthy person, and who acted a principal part in that notoriously dirty job, the investigation of the Princess's conduct by private commission, instituted against the Princess of Wales some years previously to the date of this letter:—a transaction which will always remain a blot on the page of English history, and which every name of note that was implicated in that unconstitutional measure, must wish erased for ever from the records of their country. But if they were erased at an earthly tribunal, they will remain still graven on a higher one.

No. XIV.

"Friday, April 23rd.

"MY DEAR ——,

"As you like sometimes high treason, I send you a copy of the verses written by Lord Byron on the discovery

of the bodies of Charles the First and Henry the Eighth: you may communicate it to any of your friends you please.

"The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, etc., etc., are to come on Wednesday at one o'clock, to Kensington, for which reason I shall send you my posichaise, to bring you here at half-past nine, as I must set off at ten o'clock precisely, to prevent a crowd. I hope you are better, and that there will be no impediment to prevent your being at this great show.

"Believe me, yours affectionately,

"C. P."

"As you like sometimes high treason." The person thus addressed must have been doubtless astonished at this assertion, being one of the most loyal in the land. The scene alluded to, of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen coming with a congratulatory address to Her Royal Highness, was one of those extraordinary triumphs, which, had they effected a corresponding demeanour on the part of her whom they ought to have warned and encouraged, might have been productive of great changes in public affairs, and have lifted her up to the station she had a right to hold in the land. But the same levity and imprudence, which seem to have been her curse throughout, turned all these expressions of attachment and respect towards her person into a farce. And even those whom her benefits and kindness had endeared her to, could scarcely avoid feeling these demonstrations of admiration and respect to be ill-placed. It is possible to render our best friends ashamed of us.

No. XV.

"Wednesday, 5th of May.

"I shall in future be called 'Queen Margaret in her sequestered bower,' my dear ——, and you will be the fair Rosamond living with me in that bower. The short

and the long of this is, blessed dear old Lady Reid be, for her good taste! I think her *house perfection*, and to-day, I believe, the contract will be signed. Some of the rooms which I have chosen for my own use are extremely dirty; but with soap and water and brushing, and a little painting, I shall make them look well. The two drawing-rooms and the dining-room are truly magnificent old rooms, which would do credit to any old manor-house in Scotland. I have taken it for seven years, as it was impossible to take it for less; but, in case my situation should change before that period, I can let it whenever I please. It is no more than *eight hundred pounds a-year*, which is extremely *cheap*: it is like a complete villa in the midst of *town*, as you know that Curzon-street, May Fair, is close to Stanhope Gate, and the other to Piccadilly, which will make it very easy for my friends to come. I hope in ten days I shall be able to live in it: though I may not be immediately quite comfortable, it is the only means to make the workmen be more speedy.

"The only news I heard on my return from my land of discovery to Kensington is, that the Regent had the impudence to plan to give a ball to the Queen and Royal family to-morrow at Carlton House, but his friends advised him not to do such a foolish thing.

"What do you think of the Queen's attack by a mad woman? I suppose the true courtiers would wish that now an address should be presented to her Majesty, as her life, and, for what heaven knows, perhaps her honour, might have been in danger.

"The city is now busy about an address to the Regent. It is to be hoped that it will be carried. I also hear that Lord Yarmouth is to leave England in course of a month. I am now in great haste to receive the address from Canterbury, and have only to add that I remain for ever, ——

"Yours affectionately,

C. P."

This house of Lady Reid's was a thorn in the Princess's side, and she firmly believed, perhaps with reason, that she was prevented from obtaining possession of it by persons inimical to her living in London.

The tide of public favour was with her at that moment: she might have sailed in with the favouring gale to fortune's highest honours; but how widely she departed from all the common rules of prudence; and how mournful was her fate! Whatever her faults and follies were, when her previous life is taken into consideration—the example set before her from her earliest years—the actual contemplation of the life of those who persecuted her—will not posterity draw a parallel which will silence too severe a judgment, and record her follies with a lenient hand?

No. XV.

"Saturday Morning.

"MY DEAR ——,

"Whoever is in your agreeable society must forget all matters of business, for which reason I must now take up my pen to trouble you with these lines, and trespass upon your leisure hour. I wish you would be kind enough to write to Lord Melville in my name, to represent to him the very melancholy situation poor Lady Findlater has been left in since the demise of the Duchess of Brunswick. She has literally no more than 300*l*. a year, which is all that she possesses in the world. The Duhcess gave her 250*l*. a year, and made her besides an allowance for candles and coals, and the rent for a small lodging-house in Manchester or Baker Street (I believe); and, if Lord Melville would espouse her cause, to get her a pension of 500*l*. a-year, without deducting the income tax, it would make the latter moments (which can only now be moments) of this poor, blind, and infirm woman, at least comfortable—and particularly coming through the chan-

nel of Lord Melville, whose father has always been her best and most steady friend. I leave all the rest, my dear Lady ——, to your skilful imagination, and the pathetic for your excellent heart; and no one is more able to express right and amiable feelings than you.

"By universal applause, the address has been carried in the city, and I expect the Sheriffs this morning. But, of course, a very civil answer will be given, that I cannot receive them, having no establishment suitable to receiving the Lord Mayor and city; and besides, being in deep mourning on the melancholy event of my mother's sudden death.

"Lord Moira has given a very satisfactory answer to Mr. Whitbread, which arrived last night, (before he leaves this country,) about the private examinations in his house—and a copy of it I shall send you of his 'reminiscences,' and I say, *mieux tard que jamais*. I send you also enclosed, a letter for Miss Rawdon, to send to Mrs. Grethed, as I do not know her proper direction. Heaven bless you, and believe me for ever yours,

"C. P."

The Princess was always inclined to do kind and noble things. She was decidedly liberal, and liked every thing upon a grand scale. When she gave a shabby present, as she frequently did, it was from ignorance, not from parsimony. Sometimes, it might be, she had nothing better at the moment to give away; and she would take up any thing which happened to lie about her room, (in which there was a sufficient quantity of trash,) and present it to a friend. The feeling which prompted the deed was genuine kindness; and she would as readily have given away an article of costly price as one of a trumpery kind, had it lain in the way. She was singularly ignorant of all works of art, and totally devoid of taste, though she

fancied she was precisely the reverse. Imitations pleased her as much as realities, and she fancied that others were like herself. She once said with some asperity, "De English are all merchants—de first question they ask is the value of a gift in money." There was a wrong and a right side in many of her sayings; but she saw most things through a distorting medium.

END OF VOL. I.

Schip

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